3226

BURIED CITIES RECOVERED.

OR,

Explorations in Bible Lands,

GIVING THE RESULTS OF RECENT RESEARCHES IN THE ORIENT, AND RECOVERY OF MANY PLACES IN SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY LONG CONSIDERED LOST.

Illustrated with New Maps & Numerous Original Engravings.

BY

FRANK S. DeHASS, D. D.

Member of the American Geographical Society, and late United States Consul in Palestine.

FIFTH EDITION, WITH APPENDIX:

CONTAINING A FULL ACCOUNT OF EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS, RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES IN THE LIGHT OF PROPHECY, AND WONDERFUL CONFIRMATION OF REVELATION BY LATE DISCOVERIES.

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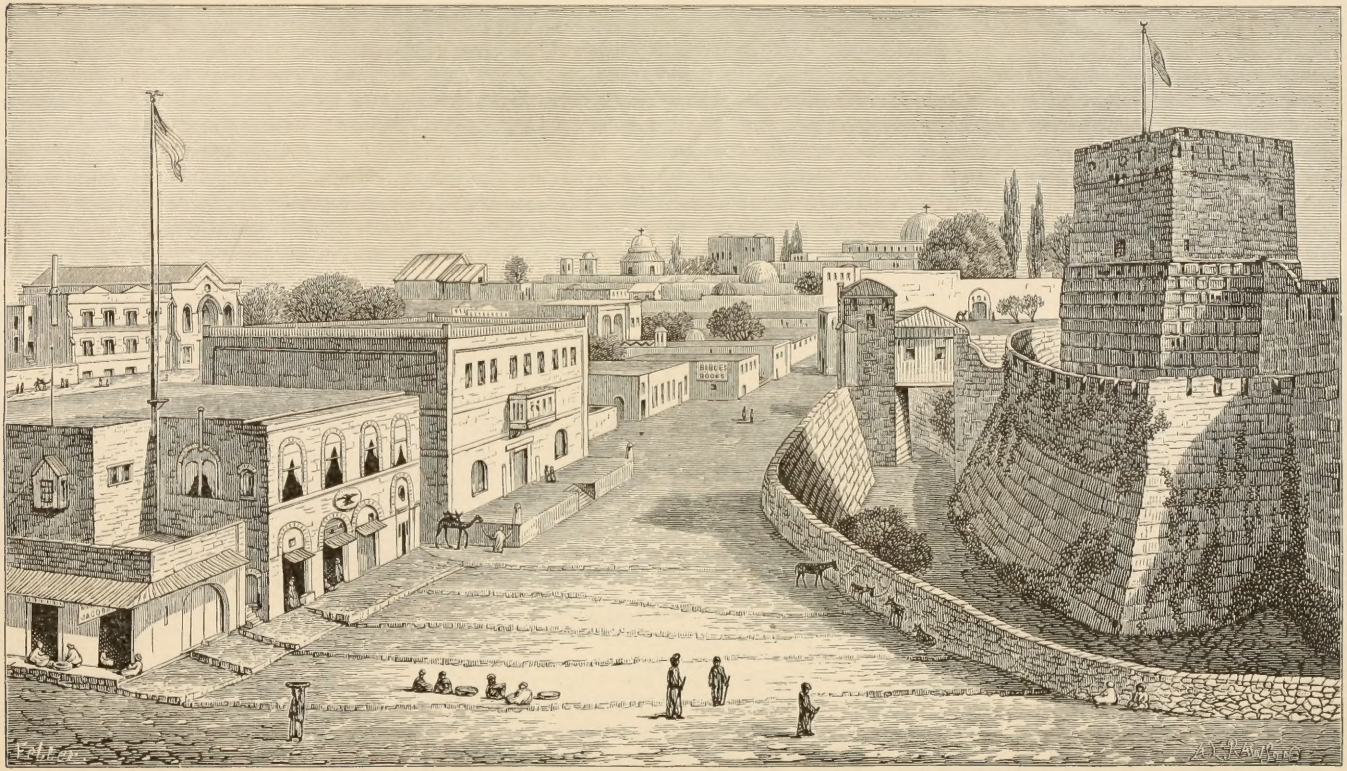
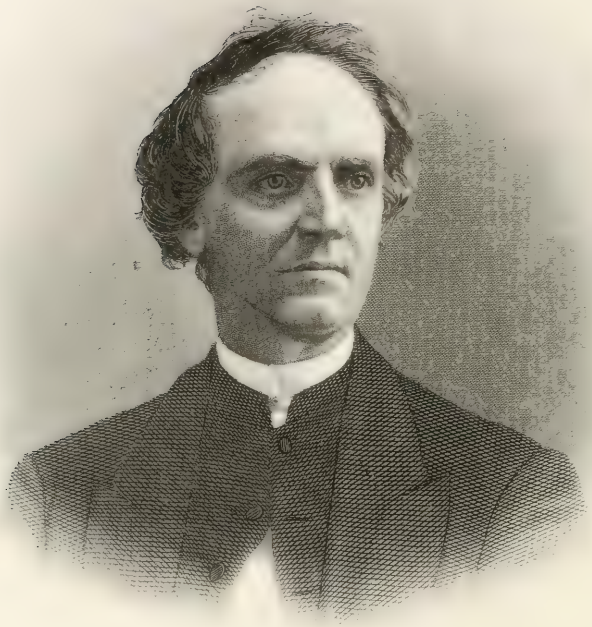
EGYPTIAN GATE-WAY.

MAP OF THE
HOLY LAND
Corrected by
F. S. DE HASS, D. D.
1880.
Scale of Miles
0 5 10 15 20 25
Beirût
Baalbek
Helbon
Damascus
Haran
ARAM?
PADAN
Rashciya
MT. HERMON
Hasbeiya
Kefr-Hauwar
Dan Laish
Cæsarea Philippi
Kenah
Ladder of Tyre
Kedesh
Waters of Merom
Achzib
Accho Ptolemais
Ramah
Hazore
Chorazin
Bethsaida
Capernaum
Gerza or Gersa
Aphek
Ashtaroth
Kenath
Jotapata
Cana
Magdala
Tiberias
Cape Carmel
Bethlehem
Nazareth
Athlit
Jolineam
Endor
Nain
Dor
Megiddo
Jezreel
Cæsarea Palæstina
Taanach
Engannim
Dothan
Bethshan
Pella
Tibneh
Gadara
Adraha
Land of Uz
Bozrah
Kerioth
Salcah
Ruins
Succoth
Ashteroth
Aphek
Beth-gamul
Ajlûn
Mahanaim
Jerash
Meneh
SAMARIA
MT. EBAL
MT. GERIZIM
Shechem
Salem
Antipatris
Gilgal
Damieh
MT. GILEAD
Lebonah
Shiloh
Joppa
Ramleh
Lydda
Bethel
Ai
Rubah
Jericho
Ephraim
Rimmon
Rabbath Ammon
Arak el Emir
Jabneel
Aijalon
Emmaus
Kirjath-jearim
Gilgal
Heshbon
Elealeh
Timnath
JEBUSALEM
Bethshemesh
Bethany
Bethlehem
Heights of Nebo
MT. PISGAH
Ashdod
Jarmuth
Gibeah
Etam
Herodium
Medaba
Ashkelon
Gath
Adullam
Halhul
Ramah
Hebron
Aroer
Machærus
MT. ATTARUS
Dibon
Gaza
Eglon
Adoraim
Etam
Arnon
Gerar
Anab
Jattir
Kerioth
Shihan
Rabbath Moab
Beersheba
Masada
Zoar
Kerak
Aroer
Pillar of Salt
MTS. OF MOAB
Elusa
JEBEL USDUM
Rehoboth
Kadesh Barnea
Bozrah
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PHŒNICIA
MOUNTS OF NAPHTALI
GALILEE
SEA OF GALILEE
Waters of Merom
Valley of Lebanon
ANTI LEBANON
MOUNTS OF LEBANON
ITURÆA
TRACHONITIS
BATANÆA
AURANITIS
ARABIA DESERTA
PHILISTIA
SAMARIA
JUDÆA
PEREA
AMMONITES
MOABITES
EDOM
IDUMÆA
Wilderness of Judea
Wilderness of Zin
Wilderness of Paran
Wilderness of Shur
Wilderness of Sin
Wilderness of Kadesh
Road to Egypt
Road to Hebron
Road to Tadmor
Roman Road
Pilgrims' Road
Jordan
Arnon
Jabbok
Hieromax
Kishon
Brook Cherith
Valley of Jezreel
Plain of Esdraelon
Plain of Sharon
Plain of Philistines
R. Abana
R. Pharpar
L. Phiala
L. Asphaltites
Dead Sea
Ruins
Burak
Phæno
ARGOB
LEJAH
Edrei
Nefran
Zoheleth
Serpent's Stone
Bozrah
Kerioth
Salcah
Beth-gamul
Meneh
Ruins
TRIBAL REFERENCES.
I. JUDAH.
1. Maon 6. Libnah
2. Carmel 7. Lachish
3. Juttah 8. Hezor
4. Dumah 9. Makkedah
5. Tekoa 10. Adullum Cave
II. SIMEON.
III. BENJAMIN.
1. Rimmon 5. Anathoth
2. Gibeon 6. Nob
3. Michmash 7. Gibeah
4. Geba 8. Mizpeh
IV. DAN.
V. EPHRAIM.
VI. MANASSEH.
VII. ZEBULON.
VIII. ISSACHAR.
IX. ASHER.
X. NAPHTALI.
XI. MANASSEH.
XII. GAD.
XIII. REUBEN.
35° 30' 36° 30'
Longitude East 30 from Greenwich

MEDITERRANEAN SEA
MOUTHS OF THE NILE
Rosetta Mth.
Rosetta
Abouk
Ramita
ALEXANDRIA
Abooseer
Mareotis
Boomnah
Damanhoor
Ramaneh
Atfeh
Foouh
Damietta
Damietta Mth.
Menzaleh
Mansoora
Menzaleh
Port Said
Tanitic Mth.
Pelusiac Mth.
L. Sirbonis
El Arish
Teeneh
Tanis
Kantara
Ballah L.
Tanta
Ismaila
L. Timsah
Serapeum
Bitter L.
Basin
Boundary between Egypt and Palestine
Desert
LOWER EGYPT
Kom
Tagazig
Raemses R.
GOSHEN
Natron Lakes
Werdan
Shabra
Tel el Yahoodeh
Heliopolis
Boolak
Gizeh
CAIRO
Pyramids
Fostat
Suez
J. Attaka
Ayun Musa
Memphis R.
Tibbin
Dashoor
Dimeh
Birket el Korn
E. Soof
Alfeeh
Fayoum
Mar Anton
Benisoef
Dayr Byad
Convt. of St. Anthony
Peninsula of Sinai
Gulf of Suez
ROUTE OF ISRAELITES
Marah
J. et Tih
Bibeh
MIDDLE EGYPT
El Haybee
Aboo Girgeh
Convt. of St. Paul
Convt.
Mt. Sinai
Aboo Maharg
Wah el Belmesa
El Kasr
or Lesser Oasis
El Kofoor
Sitteh
Taneh
Minieh
Beni Hassan
Mellawee
El Kossayr
Manfaloot
El Wasta
Sioot
Abootig
Gow el Kebeer (Antæopolis)
Meshteh
Tahtah
Akhmin
Soohag
UPPER EGYPT
Girgeh
Kasr el Sayd
Keneh
Farshoot
How
Dendera
J. Ramleh
Negadeh
Koos
Medinet Haboo
Rs. of Thebes
Karnak
Luxor
Asfoon
Esneh
El Kab
Edfoo
El Booha
El Haman
Silsilis
Hajar Silsileh
Koom Ombo
Naga
Oasis of Spring
Coorcoor
Elephantine I.
1st. Cataract
Assouan (Syene)
El Berbe (Philæ)
NUBIA
Bahr bela ma or River without water
El Khargeh
Wah el Khargeh
or Great Oasis
EGYPT
Scale of Miles
0 20 40 60 80
Long. East of Greenwich
29 30 31 32 33 34
31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24



AMERICAN CONSULATE AND TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM.



Yours Truly

F. S. Der Hoff

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DEDICATION.

TO MY NUMEROUS FRIENDS,

WHO HAVE REQUESTED THE PUBLICATION OF THESE SKETCHES;

TO THE WIFE OF MY YOUTH,

WHO ACCOMPANIED ME IN ALL MY TRAVELS THROUGH THE ORIENT;

TO MY AGED MOTHER,

WHO EARLY TURNED MY WAYWARD FEET INTO THE PATH OF LIFE;

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY HONORED AND SAINTED FATHER,

WHO, AS HIS SON WAS EXPLORING THE EARTHLY, PEACEFULLY DEPARTED FOR THE HEAVENLY, CANAAN;

AND ABOVE ALL,

TO GOD,

WHO HATH GRACIOUSLY PRESERVED ME IN ALL MY JOURNEYINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD,

I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE

This Souvenir of the Holy Land

M. McGregor.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

The demand for this book has been so great, a Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged, is herewith issued, giving the very latest researches in the East. Though much has been written on the history, geography and antiquity of these countries, much more remains to be written, as every day new discoveries are being made.

It was the intention of the author when writing his "Travels and Explorations in Bible Lands," to prepare a companion volume on the Buried Cities of the Old World. He, however, instead of this, has enlarged his recent work by an Appendix, containing the latest discoveries made in Egypt, Assyria, Chaldæa, Asia Minor, Greece and Italy, thus engrossing the whole in one royal octavo volume without additional cost.

During the last half century Europe and America have been vying with each other in the recovery of lost arts, lost languages and lost cities; while the Church has been looking anxiously on to see how far the discoveries made agree with Revelation. The results of these explorations are embodied in this work, which furnishes in concise form a great amount of valuable information not readily obtained from other sources.

We have changed the title to "Buried Cities Recovered," as it better expresses the present character of the book. Still we do not publish our Explorations as a scientific work for the antiquarian, but as a humble contribution to Biblical archæology for the home circle, believing that such a volume will add greatly to our knowledge and appreciation of the Scriptures.

The Author.

New York, *November*, 1882.

INTRODUCTION.

THE author's object in accepting an appointment under the United States Government, and making his home for several years in Palestine, was not the honor or emoluments of office; but a desire to visit the lands of the Bible, that he might examine and see for himself how far the manners, customs, and traditions of the people and topography of those countries, agreed with the inspired word.

The sketches embraced in this volume were originally written for the author's own gratification, amidst the vivid scenes where the events described occurred; and it is a remarkable fact that almost every place mentioned in the Bible where any great event transpired may still be visited and identified, and generally identified by their old Hebrew names in the Arabic form—a most wonderful philological corroboration of the Biblical narrative.

Recent explorations in the East have resulted in the recovery of many places in sacred history long regarded as lost; and as the facts brought out by these explorations are not accessible to the general reader, the author has compiled them in this concise form, and at the request of numerous friends gives them to the public in the hope that they may contribute in some degree to the elucidation of the Scriptures, correct some of the errors that many travelers have fallen into

by a too hasty or superficial view of the places visited, and furnish all students of the Bible with the results of the latest researches in these lands, so full of sacred and historic lore.

Personally, the author does not claim to have made all these discoveries; but, having visited and carefully examined the excavations made by Mariette Bey in Egypt, Dr. Schliemann at Troy, Dr. Wood in Asia Minor, and General Cesnola on Cyprus, and having been with Warren, Wilson, Drake, Ganneau, Conder, Maudslay, and others, in and around Jerusalem —also having traveled with Dr. Strong's party through Moab, and followed Dr. Porter through the Hauran—he writes from observations personally made, relying, however, in some instances, for the correctness of his statements on the surveys and investigations of the eminent archæologists named.

Palestine, the great center of religious interest, though comparatively a small mountainous country, has, nevertheless, been the theater of the most stirring and momentous events in the history of our world. Learned divines, historians, and antiquarians for ages have been visiting this land, giving us glowing descriptions of their travels and the results of their investigations, until our libraries teem with volumes on these subjects; and yet the desire to know more about this country was never greater than at present. No other land is so fruitful a theme for meditation or so hallowed in its associations; and, what is remarkable, it never loses its interest. The whole country seems to breathe an inspiration, and to the devout mind is fragrant with the most sacred memories.

The scene of God's revelations to man, the land that sug-

gested to the Jewish prophets their beautiful imagery, and to the great Teacher illustrations of his doctrines and narratives, can no more be exhausted than Deity himself. The more we read and know about Palestine the more interest it awakens. The influence of the name of Jesus, and the glory of his personal presence, seem to pervade the whole land, and the weary footprints of the "Man of Sorrows" are too deeply stamped upon its rocks ever to be effaced.

The writer's official position, and his connection with the American and English Palestine Exploration Societies, afforded him many facilities in his researches he otherwise could not have enjoyed: and under the conviction that these investigations must tend to further corroborate the inspired record, and that every new volume written on the subject must add to the knowledge and strengthen the faith of all lovers of the truth, he casts these fresh leaves on the waters, with the sincere prayer that they may not return void, but correct in some measure the perverse tendency of the age to doubt the credibility of God's Holy Word.

F. S. DE HASS.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1880.

PART I.

EGYPT IN ITS RELATION TO THE BIBLE.

"The LORD did bring the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt . . . with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm." Exod. xii, 51; Deut. xxvi, 8.

RECENT TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS

IN

BIBLE LANDS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR INHERITANCE IN EGYPT.

Relation of Egypt to Palestine—The Bible written on her Monuments—Oldest Civilized Portion of our Globe—Egyptian Chronology—No Conflict with the Mosaic Account—The Hieroglyphics not reliable as Chronological Records—History Lost in Mystery—The "Rosetta Stone"—Religion of the Old Egyptians—Their Worship compared with that of the Hebrews.

EGYPT and Palestine are so closely related, and their histories so interwoven, it is difficult to separate them, or to write about the one without including the other. Many of the prophecies of the Bible refer to Egypt, and their striking fulfillment may be seen in the present condition of this country; and many other important events recorded in the Scriptures transpired here. Abraham, when driven by famine from Canaan, found here a home and plenty; the beautiful narrative of Joseph is located here; Jacob and his sons settled here; and for four hundred and thirty years this land was the asylum and heritage of the Church: here Moses was born, and the Passover instituted; the wife of Solomon was a daughter of the reigning Pharaoh; and hither the holy family fled for safety from the bloody

sword of Herod; thus fulfilling the prophecy, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."[1] And, what is very remarkable, many names mentioned in the Scriptures, such as Ham, Mizraim, Potiphar, Shishak, Asenath the wife of Joseph, and others, are still found written on her monuments, and many incidents of the Bible are recorded in sculpture and hieroglyphics on her grand temples. In one place we have what appears to be a representation of Joseph introducing his

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

brethren to Pharaoh; in another, the Hebrews making brick, with a decree ordering them to build the temple and quarry stone for Rameses; their task-masters standing by with scourge in hand urging them "not to be idle;" and in still another, an account of the exodus, or a race of strangers going up out of Egypt and settling in Syria, under a leader by the name of Osarsiph, which is identical with that of Moses, the name being derived from Osiris, the golden Apis. Also, an account of plentiful harvests, and the filling of the royal

[1] Matthew ii, 15.

granaries with corn, followed by a great famine, agreeing with that which prevailed in the time of Joseph.[1]

Egypt is probably the oldest civilized portion of our globe. Little, however, is known of her history prior to Abraham; in fact, nothing reliable. The works of Manetho, her only historian, who wrote B. C. 285, have long since been lost, and all we know of his writings is what has been transmitted to us by later authors, after passing through many hands, and, no doubt, greatly perverted.

EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE—HEBREWS MAKING BRICK.

Some claim for this country a much higher antiquity than the Mosaic chronology or the facts will warrant, as must appear to every candid reader who investigates the subject. In dealing with this question of chronology we shall do so with reverence and freedom—reverence for every thing sacred and venerable, freedom in regard to the opinions and theories of others—with the one desire to arrive at the truth in relation to the age of those wonderful remains that mark the development of our world's civilization.

It is claimed, for example, that on the ancestral tablets only

[1] See BRUGSCH's "Histoire d'Egypte," second edition, p. 177.

lately recovered the names of certain Pharaohs are found, each reigning so many years, and when you come to compute the whole list it carries you back beyond our era five thousand years or more. Which is true. But then they overlook the important fact that these kings did not reign successively, but, in many instances, contemporaneously, rival Pharaohs being on the thrones of Upper and Lower Egypt at the same time, and in other instances father and son were associated in the government of the country. Then there are many gaps or omissions in these tablets which, when supplied with the proper data, remove all difficulties in harmonizing the Hebrew and Egyptian chronology.

It is further argued that the sediment deposited during the annual overflow of the Nile accumulates at the rate of so many inches in a century, and, as from twenty to thirty feet of this alluvial deposit are found over some of these buried cities, they, therefore, must be from six to eight thousand years old. This, however, does not follow, as the deposit some years is much greater than others, and forms in the eddies over these ruins much faster than out on the naked plain. This whole argument reminds me of the logic of a noted humorist,[1] who, in ridiculing the theories of some of our modern scientists, says: "It can be easily demonstrated that the Mississippi River, by washing out new channels across her great bends, has shortened the distance between Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, and New Orleans, at least one hundred and sixty miles in the last two hundred years;" which being admitted, he then very amusingly concludes, "that if this process continues for two thousand years longer, New Orleans will be where Cairo now stands!" And this is about the weight

[1] Mark Twain.

of the arguments advanced against the chronology of the Bible. It is also a notable fact that the oldest relics found in the oldest tombs of Egypt are wooden coffins and idols, in many instances not the least decayed; embalmed mummies, the linen wrappings upon them scarcely soiled; rolls of papyri

WOODEN STATUE. ONE OF THE OLDEST RELICS FOUND IN EGYPT.

as legible as if written on but yesterday; eggs, looking as fresh as if just taken from the nest; garden seeds and wheat, said still to retain their vitality; loaves of bread, different kinds of vegetables, even honey in the comb; nothing to warrant a more remote antiquity than the Mosaic account, especially if we adopt the Septuagint standard. And what makes these statements of the skeptic appear even more absurd is the fact that in some of these cities which they affirm have been buried ten thousand years or more, recently have been found coins and pieces of pottery belonging to the Greek and Roman period. And the zodiac carved on the ceiling of the temple at Denderah, which at first was claimed by the French to be from fifteen to seventeen thousand years old, has since been proven to belong to the first century of our era.

We admit that, next to the Bible, the monuments of Egypt contain the earliest chronological history of our race, but these records are not entirely reliable, in part owing to the lack of proper data and the vagueness of the Egyptian year, and are not sufficient to set aside the authority of God's word. Even learned Egyptologists cannot agree on certain dates, as by comparing the statements of Bunsen, Wilkinson, Mariette, and other eminent archæologists, you will find a discrepancy of from one to three thousand years in their calculations. So that the early history of this ancient people is lost in mythical conjectures, and a deep mystery still hangs over the land of the once mighty Pharaohs. The Nile, so mysterious in its source, but more mysterious in its annual rise, sweeps on in its course for thousands of miles under a cloudless sky, causing the parched desert to rejoice, and the rainless region through which it flows to blossom as the rose. Along the banks of this sacred river, half-buried in the ever-drifting

sands, are the ruins of many temples, the fires on whose altars have long since been extinguished, and the remains of a thousand cities whose histories are lost in the misty past.

Standing upon the great rock-bed of the Libyan desert are those wonderful Pyramids whose origin is also involved in impenetrable mystery. Who conceived or executed these stupendous monuments will, more than likely, forever remain unknown. Looking down upon the placid waters of this renowned stream reclines the colossal Sphinx, the local deity of the ancient Egyptians, invested with the same mystery. And in whatever direction you turn your eyes the mind is appalled as it contemplates lone obelisks, of vast dimensions; gigantic statues, wonderful to behold; grand edifices, forming a labyrinth of gorgeous halls; the origin of all being enshrouded in the most profound mystery. And yet this obscurity imparts a peculiar charm and romance to the country. One can spend days and weeks amid these ruins without any sense of weariness, not knowing what moment he may discover the hidden key to some secret door that may unlock the mysteries of ages or lead to mines of untold wealth.

Since the discovery by the French of the celebrated "Rosetta Stone,"[1] at the mouth of the Nile in the summer of 1799, and its translation by Champollion, much additional light has been shed on the hitherto obscure history of this country. And the explorations still going on under the direction of that indefatigable archæologist, Mariette Bey, furnish us with

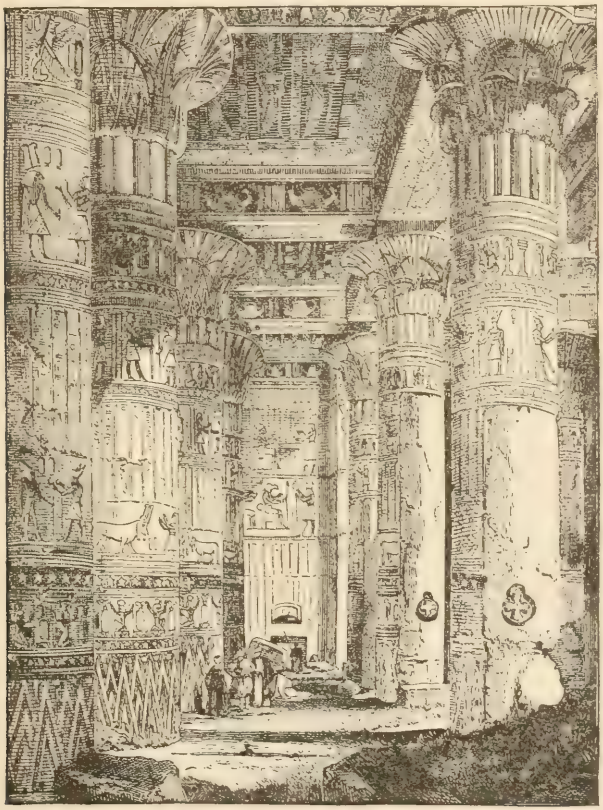
[1] This stone, now in the British Museum, is a trilingual tablet of black basalt, containing a decree in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes, B. C. 196, written in three different languages—the Greek, the hieroglyphic, or sacred language of the priests, and the demotic, or common dialect of the people. The deciphering of this stone afforded a key to the hitherto mysterious hieroglyphics on these monuments, which can now be read with as much ease as any other dead language.

many additional facts touching the occupancy of the land by the Jews, and the religion of the old Egyptians, proving very conclusively that the latter had no clear idea of the immortality of the human soul, or the resurrection of the body, or other biblical truths, before the settlement of the Hebrews among them. We also find that in their religious sentiments they were very much like the Jews, both being of a deeply spiritual turn of mind, ever contemplating the future, but in other respects very dissimilar.

The Egyptians were polytheists and pantheists, God, according to their idea, not being a person, but an essence diffused throughout all nature—animate and inanimate. Many of their gods were creations of their own fancy, some of them the most ludicrous monstrosities. Osiris, their principal divinity, was represented in Apis, the sacred bull; Athor, either as a cow or with cow's horns on her head; Thoth, with the head of an ibis; Anubis, always with a jackal's head; Kneph, with the head of a ram; Pasht, with a lion's or cat's head; Sevak, with the head of a crocodile; Horus, with that of a hawk, Typhon, their evil genius, as an ass, with many others equally fanciful. Almost every animal, bird, and insect that lives, and every vegetable that grows, was with them an object of divine worship, under the impression that the gods were personified in these objects.

On the other hand, the Hebrews believed in but one Supreme Being, invisible, allwise, and eternal! Among the Egyptians every temple was full of idols, and the walls, ceilings, and columns were covered with sculptures, paintings, and inscriptions from top to bottom, within and without, all in honor of their gods. And every statue and work of art, from the colossi to the smallest scarabee, bore the image of, and was

dedicated to some god. But among the Jews every thing was spiritual, intellectual, and typical of something purer, grander, and more enduring. God was supreme in their thoughts and affections. They worshiped not by sight, but by



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

faith, as seeing the Invisible himself; no idol, no painting, no inscription of any kind, has ever been found upon all the monuments of Israel in the Holy Land. After the conquest of

Palestine by Alexander we find some traces of Grecian sculpture and inscriptions, but on the works of the old Hebrews there is nothing to indicate their name, age, or object, which no one can but regret, as most of these remains are without name or history.

After these general remarks in reference to the history, chronology, and religious ideas of this ancient nation, we shall proceed to notice some of their most interesting monumental remains, showing their connection with our faith and with the sojourn of Israel in "the land of Ham."

THE LOTUS OF THE NILE.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA—SEAT OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

Royal City of Alexander the Great—Ancient Splendor—The Pharos—Christianity early Planted here—Cleopatra's Needle—Pompey's Pillar—Modern City—Backsheesh—Oriental Scenes—Veiled Women—Dogs—Donkeys—Failure of the Khedive to conquer Abyssinia—Suez Canal probably first projected by Joseph.

THE tourist from America or Europe visiting Egypt generally lands at Alexandria, founded by the great general whose name it bears, B. C. 332. The city was laid out by Dinocrates, architect of the famous temple of Diana, at Ephesus, who on one occasion proposed cutting Mount Athos into a colossal statue of Alexander, holding a city in one hand and pouring out a river from the other. Alexandria, being situated in the Delta of the Nile, near to Asia and convenient to Europe, was long regarded as only second to imperial Rome, and is still the largest commercial city in Africa. It is not our purpose, however, to attempt any detailed description of the magnificence of ancient Alexandria, with its four thousand palaces, grand temples, beautiful gardens, numerous schools, and rich collections of art. The far-seeing Macedonian designed it as the emporium for the entire East, and from its peculiar circular shape one would suppose that the mighty conqueror really intended throwing his mantle over the whole world. As a strategic point Napoleon considered it of the first importance, and made it the base of operations in his attempted conquest of Asia.

For many centuries this city was the great center of trade

and learning, wealth and power. Here the Ptolemies, Cleopatras, and Cæsars reigned in all their glory; here science, literature, and every branch of philosophy flourished; here the Hebrew Scriptures were first translated into the Greek, B. C. 280. Here, also, stood the famous Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, a light-house five hundred and fifty feet high, erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, throwing out its beacon light for a hundred miles over the midnight sea. This tower was

MODERN ALEXANDRIA.

designed as a memorial of the king, who ordered his name to be inscribed on its pediment; the architect, however, first cut his own name in the solid marble, placing over it, in stucco, the name of Ptolemy, which in a few years crumbled to dust, leaving that of Sostratus, the architect, emblazoned through after ages on the front of this unrivaled monument.

Christianity was early planted here, according to some histori-

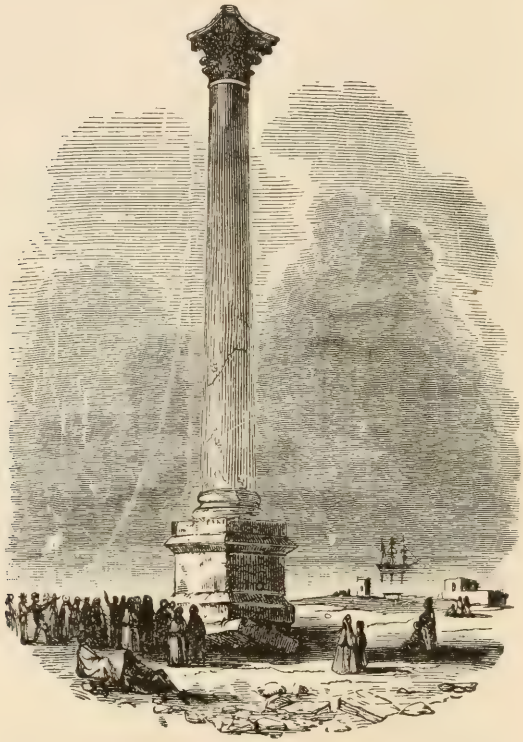
ans, by the Apostle Peter. St. Mark, it is believed, was the first Bishop of the Church, and suffered martyrdom here. Clement, Athanasius, Origen, Cyril, and other eminent divines, were educated here, and the eloquent Apollos was a native of this city. From lower Egypt Christianity rapidly extended to Cyrene, Libya, central and upper Egypt; so that by the middle of the third century there were not less than twenty bishoprics in Egypt; and in a corrupt form the Church still exists among the Copts, or natives of the country. This old seat of pagan philosophy and mysticism soon became the seat of Christian literature, and the Alexandrian School ranked among the oldest and highest Christian institutions of learning in the primitive Church. But little remains of her ancient grandeur. Most of the old city lies imbedded beneath the deposits of the Nile and sands of the desert. Her invaluable library of 700,000 MSS., containing a copy of every work then known, and collected with so much labor and expense, was consigned to the flames by order of Caliph Omar, after the fall of the city, A. D. 641.

The Serapeum, the last temple of paganism in Alexandria, with its exquisite statues and vast treasures, was destroyed by Theodosius. Even the tomb of Alexander himself can no longer be identified, and not a vestige of the celebrated Pharos remains. A single obelisk, one of the so-called Cleopatra's Needles, and Pompey's Pillar, a beautiful red granite Corinthian column, one hundred feet high, including base and capital, and ten feet in diameter—the largest monolith in the world—still stand as old landmarks of this once opulent city.

Egypt, under the lately deposed Khedive, Ismail Pasha, grandson of Mohammed Ali, has rapidly advanced in civilization. Many Europeans are settling in the country; new railroads and canals are being constructed; Christian Churches and schools

are every-where springing up; and Alexandria is sharing largely in this general prosperity, is lifting her head out of the dust of ages, and is fast recovering some of her ancient glory.

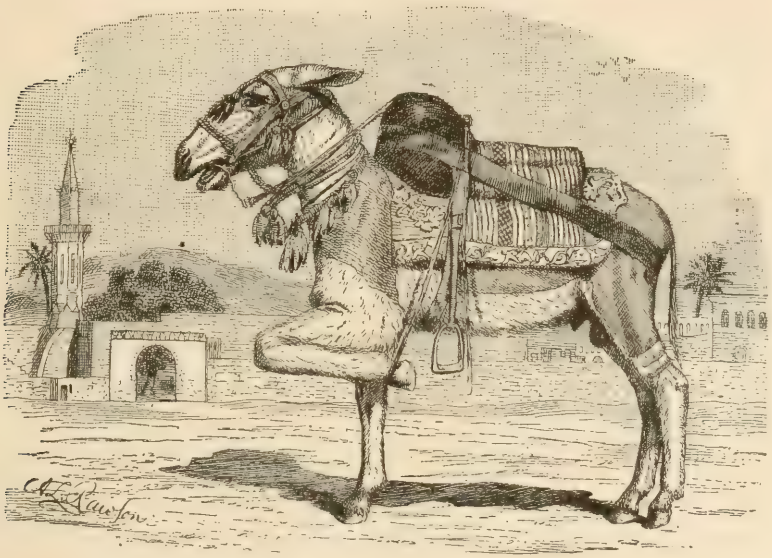
The city contains a population of at least two hundred thousand, made up chiefly of Egyptians, Nubians, Arabs, and Turks;



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

and as you land in this motley crowd the first word that greets your ears will probably be *backsheesh*—an Arabic word you will never forget. It simply means some small gratuity, and wherever you stroll gangs of half-naked natives will follow

you pleading for backsheesh. Enter any mosque, and it is backsheesh; go up or come down the pyramids, or go anywhere else, and you hear nothing but backsheesh! O howadji! backsheesh!! backsheesh!!! Like all Oriental cities, the streets of Alexandria are narrow and filthy; crowded with Arabs, dogs, and donkeys. The latter are used instead of street-



ALEXANDRIAN DONKEY.

cars for all short excursions, and are certainly very convenient little animals—especially for a tall man, as he can ride and walk at the same time; and the dogs, like those of Cairo, are very *dog*matic, leading lazy, independent lives, having no masters to serve, or homes to guard—miserable, ugly curs, ever growling and snarling at all who disturb them as they lie coiled up in the streets.

This is the land of sunshine and legends, of superstition and

oppression. Every thing to the stranger appears different from every thing else he has ever seen before. The turbaned Turk, in his gay attire, sitting in his cozy bazaar; the long caravans of camels, jogging quietly along, with nose erect and eye set as on Mecca; and the women, veiled from head to foot, moving about like phantoms, make up such a picture as can only be seen in the Orient. In the East you scarcely ever see a woman's face on the streets. A man does not even see his intended wife's before marriage, and not then unless he has paid for her. In Mohammedan countries all brides are sold to the highest bidder, the same as horses or camels, the money to be paid on delivery. Even after marriage the wife is kept like a prisoner in the harem, and always closely veiled when she appears in public. The Arabs have a proverb, "When a wife has seen the guest, she cares no more for her husband;" hence all freedom is denied her, and she spends her days dreaming of a liberty she has never enjoyed. Some men are so jealous of their wives, it is said, they will not allow them out on a moonlight night, lest the man in the moon should see them. One of the Khedive's wives being sick, he sent for our American physician to visit her; but the doctor said he could do nothing in the case unless he could see the patient; but as that privilege could not b granted, he insisted at least on seeing her tongue. So they arranged to stretch a sheet over an opening in the wall, with a small slit cut in it, through which the patient protruded her tongue, and thus the doctor was enabled to prescribe.

What the Khedive lacks in the development of his country are men and means to carry out his projects. His dominion at present is confined to the narrow valley of the Nile, with a population of only 5,000,000, not enough for a great nation; but far away to the south of him lies Abyssinia, rich in prod-

nets, with a population equal to his own, a prize his father long coveted. Two years ago the late Khedive sent an army into this territory, with a view of annexing it to Egypt, as he had done with Nubia. All counted on the success of the campaign; but the Abyssinians, being nominally Christians, fired with religious ardor, defeated the Egyptians in every engagement, and almost exterminated the invading army. This reverse had a depressing effect on the Khedive, who fully calculated on the easy conquest and absorption of Abyssinia, and had gone so far as to select his commissioners to arrange details, one of whom was the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, and another the Coptic Patriarch at Cairo. The King of Abyssinia, however, was not to be conquered thus easily, and when commanded by the Khedive to lay down his arms and surrender, Johannes very nobly and defiantly replied, "Not till you have restored to me every foot of territory between Jerusalem and Abyssinia." Since then peace has been established between the two countries, the Khedive indemnifying King John for the expenses of the war.

One of the greatest works of the century, if not the greatest, was the completion in 1869 of the Suez Canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, at an outlay of $130,000,000! The canal is eighty-six and a half miles long, two hundred and fifty feet wide, and of sufficient depth to allow the largest vessels to pass through without difficulty, thus saving in the voyage from Europe and America to India or China from five to seven thousand miles in distance, and about a month in time.

This great achievement was no new conception of the French, but the completion of a scheme that had been under contemplation for three thousand years. It is recorded by Strabo,

and other historians, that Rameses II., B. C. 1340, cut a canal between the Red Sea and the Nile. Others attribute the work to Sethi I., a century earlier, under whom Joseph served as governor, who may have been the original projector of this grand improvement.[1] Eight centuries later, according to Herodotus, Necho II. enlarged this canal, sacrificing 120,000 men on the work, and sent a fleet through it to circumnavigate Africa.

SUEZ CANAL.

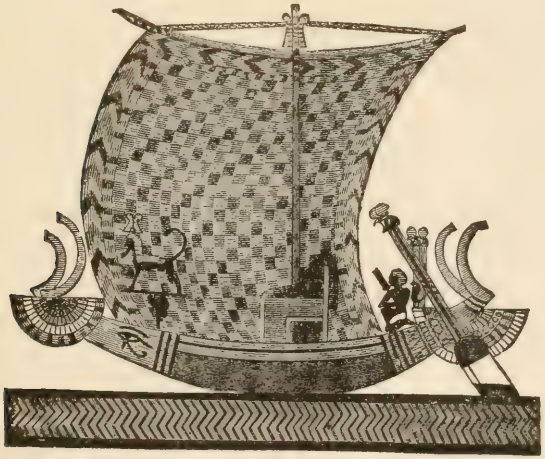
When the Persians, under Cambyses, B. C. 525, conquered the country, they found the canal no longer navigable; but Darius, son of Hystaspes, re-opened it. In the course of centuries it again became obstructed with the sand, and was restored once more by the Emperor Trajan, in the beginning of our era, from which period it appears to have been kept open until finally filled up and destroyed by the Arab Caliphs.

It remained, however, for Napoleon III. to complete this grand work of ages on a large scale, by cutting through Menzaleh

[1] Joseph introduced the system of irrigation into Egypt by cutting canals that still bear his name, and distributing the waters of the Nile over the neighboring desert, thus reclaiming a large district of waste territory.

and the Bitter Lakes a maritime canal from sea to sea; which has proved as grand a success as the enterprise itself. During the last year 1,494 vessels, carrying 80,805 passengers, passed over this highway of the seas; the receipts from freight and passengers amounted to $5,755,205, and its traffic is yearly increasing.

England, who at first ridiculed the idea of a ship-canal across the Isthmus as visionary, was the first to profit by it; and seeing the importance of keeping up regular and rapid communication with her East Indian Colonies, has lately purchased the Khedive's interest in this great improvement; and, with Cyprus in her possession, will before many years control not only the canal, but Egypt and the whole Levant.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOAT.

CHAPTER III.

HELIOPOLIS AND THE PYRAMIDS.

The On of Scripture—Grand Temple of the Sun—Ancient Seat of Learning—Legend of the Phœnix—One solitary Obelisk all that remains—The Pyramids of Ghizeh—Their Origin Invested with Mystery—Probably Tombs for their Gods and Kings—Latest Speculations—Cheops identical with Joseph, the Hebrew—Piazzi Smyth's Theory—Colossal Sphinx—Interesting Legend—Reflections.

HELIOPOLIS, the On of Scripture, and one of the oldest cities in Egypt, was situated at the head of the Delta, a few miles north of Cairo, the present capital, and on the borders of what was anciently the land of Goshen. This was the city of the grand Temple of the Sun, where the golden Apis was worshiped, and was the great seat of learning among the old Egyptians. Asenath, the wife of Joseph, was a daughter of the high-priest of this temple.[1] Here Moses was educated for his responsible mission. Here Plato and other Greeks obtained most of their knowledge of philosophy and astronomy; and it was here, according to the legend, the fabled Phœnix was consumed. This bird was exceedingly beautiful, about the size of an eagle, with a plumage that shone like gold around its neck, a purple body, and a tail of blue and rose-colored feathers. It wore a coxcomb under its neck, and a magnificent crest on its head. This splendid-looking bird was supposed to live five hundred years, then burn itself, and rise again from its own ashes young, strong, and more beautiful than ever—a symbol of the resurrection of the human body.

[1] Gen. xli, 45.

The new birth of this fabulous creature always took place at Heliopolis. The priest of the temple kindled a fire of spices on the altar, and the old bird, weary of life, after hovering for a few moments over the fumes, alighted in the flames and was soon consumed. On the second day after the burning a small worm appeared among the ashes on the altar, and on the third day the Phœnix rose again, more beautiful than ever, with powers of endurance warranted to last five hundred years longer.

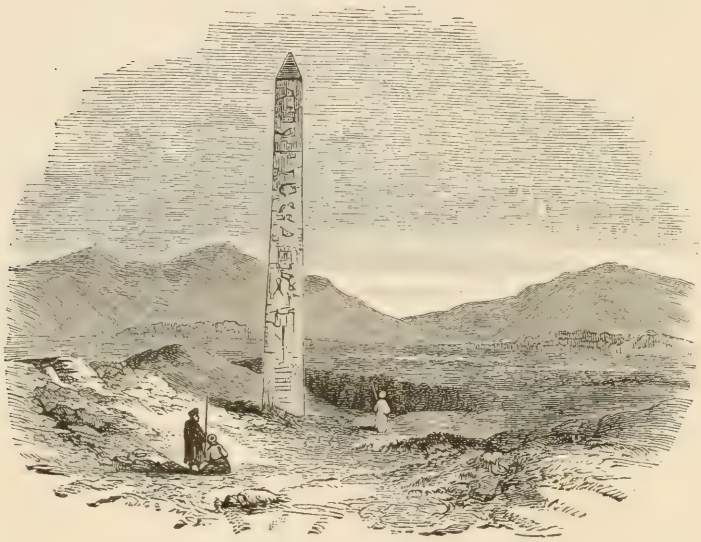
The Temple stood at one end of a large inclosure, three miles around, the walls of which may still be traced. Through this outer court there ran an avenue of marble sphinxes and granite obelisks terminating at the main entrance to the temple—all of which have been destroyed or removed save one lone obelisk, the oldest in Egypt, still standing as erect as when first elevated upon its pedestal four thousand years ago, guarding like an old sentinel the tomb of this long-buried city.

This tapering shaft of red granite, which has withstood the storms and earthquakes of so many centuries, is about seventy feet high, and six feet three inches square at its base. The four faces are beautifully polished and covered with hieroglyphics and symbolical figures deeply cut in the hard rock, showing great skill, and that it was erected as a monumental record by Osirtasen I., probably B.C. 2080 years, if not earlier.

The Egyptian name for these columns has been lost. They were called "obelisks" or needles by the Greeks, and the two that were removed from here to Alexandria by the Romans were known as "Cleopatra's Needles," though that renowned woman had nothing to do with them. One of these famous needles has just been taken to England; the other has been promised to America, and in a few months may be seen at the

entrance to the Central Park, New York, thus connecting the earliest and latest civilizations of our world.[1]

The Heliopolis obelisk formerly stood on an eminence; now its base is at least six feet below the neighboring plain, indicating how the whole lower valley of the Nile is gradually filling up. Within ten minutes' walk of this old landmark is the celebrated "Fountain of the Sun," that supplied the temple with fresh,



OBELISK

sweet water, the only living spring in Egypt; and overshadowing this fountain is the venerable sycamore-tree, gnarled with age, under whose broad branches, it is said, the Holy Family encamped when they fled to Egypt from the wrath of Herod.

[1] The author was in Alexandria at the time the English removed their obelisk, and through Mr. J. Baldwin Hay, formerly U. S. Consul-General at Beirut, presented to the late Khedive, on the 16th of July, 1877, a request that the remaining needle be given to the United States, which the Viceroy afterward consented to do.

With the conquest of Egypt by the Persians the glory of this city departed. With the rise of Alexandria under the Greeks she lost her prestige; and with the birth of Christianity Heliopolis died!

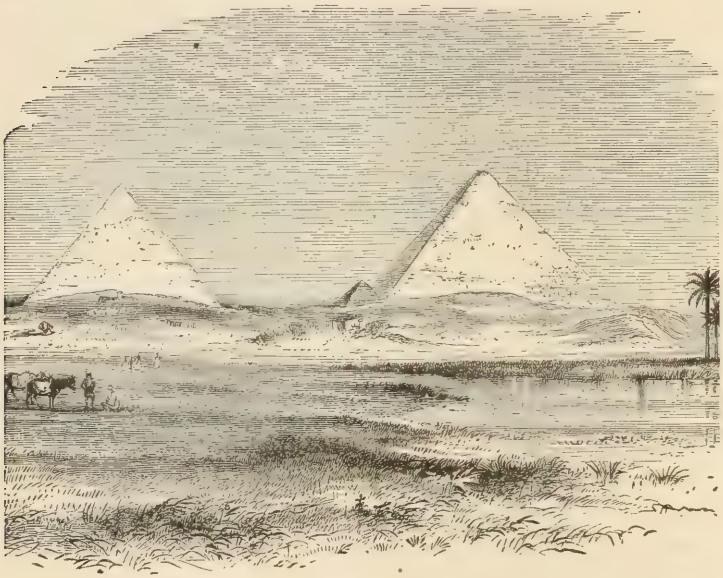
The greatest mystery, and oldest chronological records in Egypt, if not in the world, are the Pyramids—about seventy of which are still standing in the Valley of the Nile. They belong to the pre-historic age, and are among the earliest monuments of man. Herodotus, B. C. 443, speaks of them as of great antiquity, but was as ignorant of their origin as we are.

The most famous are those near Ghizeh, midway between Cairo and Memphis. They stand about one hundred feet above the overflow of the Nile, on the rocky ridge forming the eastern border of the great African desert; and the earthquakes of forty centuries have failed to move them from their firm foundations.

The largest, known as the Pyramid of Cheops, is seven hundred and sixty-four feet square at the base, and rises at an angle of fifty-two degrees to the height of four hundred and eighty feet, (originally it was about twenty feet higher,) containing ninety million cubic feet, and covering an area of more than thirteen acres; being larger than Madison Square, New York, and twice the height of Trinity Church spire. All this is solid masonry, of the most massive kind. Some of the stones are from twenty to thirty feet long, varying in thickness from three to five feet, evenly dressed and laid with mortar in regular courses. There is enough material in this pyramid to build a city large as Washington, including all the public edifices. According to Herodotus, four hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in the erection of this single monument. They are all constructed on the same general principle:

"Oriented," or facing the four cardinal points, with vaults or chambers within, and a passage leading thereto.

They evidently were erected as tombs or mausoleums for their gods and kings, as they are always located in the midst of mummy pits. All stand west of the Nile, which was considered the region of death; and in all explored, sarcophagi or mummies have been found; in one, an embalmed bull.



PYRAMIDS.

The entrance to the Great Pyramid, the corner-stone of our civilization, which was originally closed, is a narrow passage three feet five inches wide, and three feet eleven inches high, on the north face, fifty feet above the base. This gangway appears to have been cut after the pyramid was built. On entering this contracted passage you descend at an angle of twenty-seven degrees for about one hundred feet, when you are

stopped suddenly by a granite plug closing up the entry entirely. Here, to avoid this obstruction, you make a short *detour* to the right upon your hands and knees, and by clambering over some broken stones, and through a hole fourteen inches in diameter, torch in hand, and almost stifled with dust and smoke, you emerge into an ascending passage, no larger than the one you entered, and rising at the same angle, up which you climb with great difficulty into the grand gallery that leads to the queen's and king's chamber; the latter a room thirty-four feet long, seventeen wide, and nineteen high, faced with red granite, highly polished, single slabs, extending from wall to wall overhead, forming the ceiling. This chamber is almost under the apex, and about three hundred and fifty feet from the outer entrance; and it is a curious fact that this is the only pyramid containing two such large apartments, with an ascending gallery leading thereto.

None but those who have full command of themselves should venture into this dark, prison-like tomb. No doubt many deaths have resulted from the fear produced by the awful gloom and confined atmosphere of this dismal palace of the dead. One lady of our party was carried out almost suffocated and partially paralyzed.

Nothing was found in the pyramid when opened by Caliph Mahmoud, A. D. 850, but the empty, lidless sarcophagus of the once mighty, but now unknown, builder of this vast sepulchral monument.

With the aid of two or three Arabs you can ascend to the top of Cheops, and enjoy one of the grandest views on earth. Beneath your feet repose the dead of forty centuries. To the north you have the meanderings of the Nile through the evergreen Delta; to the west, the desert—the great African desert

—the very synonym of utter desolation; to the south, Memphis and her pyramids, where Joseph ruled the land under her most powerful and wisest Pharaoh; and to the east you can see the little island of Rodah, where it is said Moses was found in his "ark of bulrushes;" and beyond, Cairo, with its numerous domes and minarets; and still beyond, the citadel where the Mamelukes were massacred by order of Mohammed Ali, March 1, 1811.

And the interest of this panorama is heightened by the associations it awakens. You stand upon a monument whose history is lost in mystery; dating back, at least, to the patriarchal age; which must have witnessed the conquest of the country by Darius, Cambyses, and Alexander; which was a problem to Pythagoras, Strabo, and Herodotus; on which the Cleopatras, Ptolemies, and Cæsars must have gazed with amazement; and which inspired the army of the great Napoleon with ardor when battling beneath its shadow.

Many theories have been advanced touching the age and object of the pyramids. Josephus, and other ancient historians, were of the opinion that some of them were built by the Hebrews during their oppression, which is very plausible, as several near Memphis are composed of large sun-dried brick, made without straw.

Another theory is that the Great Pyramid was constructed by Joseph when governor of Egypt. The celebrated archæologist, Col. Howard Vyse, has discovered upon some of the stones of this pyramid certain hieroglyphics that answer to the name of Shoofoo—rendered by Herodotus Cheops, and Suphis by Manetho, but which is in reality the identical name of Joseph the Hebrew. It is, therefore, inferred that Joseph, during the long famine, when he gathered the people into the cities, and

was compelled to feed and find them employment, engaged them in the construction of this grand monument, perhaps for astronomical purposes, or as a depository for valuable records; and that, by order of Pharaoh, he was buried in it at his death, and when his people returned to Canaan they carried his remains with them, which will account for the empty sarcophagus, and the pyramid being closed again after first opened.

It is also a singular coincidence that the description given by Herodotus of Cheops answers exactly the character of Joseph; who, he says, closed the temples of the Egyptians, and forcibly employed the people in building this pyramid; and that the same cartouch found here above the king's chamber, containing the name of Suphis, has been discovered in Wady Magharah, on the route of the Israelites through the wilderness of Sinai.

Josephus[1] speaks of the ancients erecting two pillars for the preservation of the early history of the world, and their knowledge of the heavenly bodies; one of stone in Egypt, which may apply to this pyramid; the other of brick, "in the land of Siriad," which may refer to the Temple of Belus. And as the Pyramid of Cheops was originally beautifully cased with marble and covered with hieroglyphics, may it not have been constructed for the twofold purpose of a tomb or depository for valuable records, and also as a historical and astronomical monument of the wisdom of the ancients, their knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and their discoveries in the natural sciences—so in case the world should be destroyed again by water or fire, some account of its history and inventions might be preserved? The other pyramids, being of a later date, were

[1] Antiquities, i, 2.

probably erected in imitation of this one, and evidently as tombs of royalty.

But the most curious theory is that advanced by Piazzi Smyth, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and those who adopt his views. From certain calculation based upon a granite "boss," or projection on one of the stones in the vestibule of the king's chamber, which they regard as a standard for the inch and cubit, they claim that this pyramid was built by inspiration, the same as Solomon's Temple or Noah's Ark, under the direction of the Great Architect of the universe, for astronomical purposes, and as a physical revelation—to determine the precession of the equinoxes, the sun's mean distance from the earth, the cardinal points of the earth's astronomical axis, the interval between its erection and the second coming of Christ, and many other mysteries of the moral and material universe.

A symbolical meaning is also attached to almost every portion of the structure. The long, narrow gangway by which you enter, is interpreted to represent the Jewish dispensation; the grand gallery, the Christian Church; the king's chamber, the heavenly world; and the sarcophagus, or coffer therein, the throne of the Eternal. It is also claimed that the "well" leading down to the base of the pyramid represents the way to perdition; the souterrain or cavern below, hades or the grave; the inclining wall, the impending judgment of God; and the supposed tomb of Cheops, far down in the solid rock, hell, or the prison of the damned. All which we regard as very apocryphal: nothing more than "extravagant nonsense." If one is allowed to establish his own standard of weights and measurements, he can prove almost anything from it; and this whole argument reminds me of the absurd speculations con

cerning Jacob's pillow, or the "Stone of Destiny" in the coronation chair of England.

Five minutes' walk from this unsolved problem is another equally as wonderful. We refer to the colossal Sphinx. This enigma of history, which recent discoveries show to be older

THE SPHINX.

than the pyramids, has the head of a man and the body of a lion in a recumbent posture—a combination of great wisdom and strength.

According to the legend, this fabulous monster visited different cities, propounding certain riddles, which if the people failed to guess, they were at once destroyed, with their city. Finally this nondescript came to Egypt with the conundrum, What animal is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and three at night? They called together their seers, and the answer was *man;* who in his infancy, or morning of life, creeps upon his hands and feet; in his meridian,

stands erect; and in his old age, or evening of life, leans upon his staff for support. The question having been answered, the Sphinx, so the story runs, immediately destroyed itself, or was turned into stone, as it now appears.

This gigantic idol, the local deity of the old Egyptians, is perhaps the largest image ever worshiped. The body measures one hundred and forty feet long, not including the fore paws, which extended about fifty feet in front, and between which stood the altar, from which the smoke of incense went up into its huge nostrils. The head, including the helmet, is one hundred and two feet in circumference, and the body, just back of the neck, forty feet in diameter. It is all cut out of one block of stone, *in situ*, being a portion of the native limestone rock that here crops out of the desert.

The features are purely Egyptian, and the red paint can still be seen upon the face and neck. What events have transpired under those sightless eyes which look out so pensively and wistfully, as if they had some great secret to reveal! Ah, could those thick lips speak, what volumes they would relate! What mysteries they would unravel! What a flood of light they would pour upon the early history of our race! Alas, they are sealed forever! Here this representative of royalty has patiently reclined for four thousand years, watching with sleepless vigilance the ashes of the mighty dead reposing beneath its gaze. One cannot but feel a degree of reverence for this monster idol when he considers its great antiquity; that it has witnessed the rise and fall of the greatest empires of earth, is older than the pyramids, and yet reclines upon its stony couch to-day, as it did before a verse in the Bible was written, when darkness prevailed over the land, and the Nile, at its base, poured down rivers of blood.

CHAPTER IV.

MEMPHIS, THE NOPH OF SCRIPTURE.

Royal City of Osiris—Scene of the Miracles of Moses—Statue of Rameses II.—Necropolis of Egypt—Mummy Pits—Victims of Divine Vengeance—Fulfillment of Prophecy—Mausoleum of Apis—Grand Temple of Serapis—Tomb of Tih—Interesting Sculptures.

SITUATED on the western bank of the Nile, a few miles south of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, is Memphis, the Noph of Scripture, founded by Menes, the first recorded King of Egypt, and for a thousand years the capital of the old monarchy, and the most magnificent city in Egypt. It was here Joseph served as governor, and Pharaoh reigned in the days of Moses and the patriarchs; and no doubt some of the buildings whose ruins may still be seen in this vicinity were constructed by the Hebrews during their long bondage. The embankments that once protected the city from the inundations of the river have ages ago been washed away, and the rich alluvial deposits of twenty centuries have well-nigh obliterated the site of this once celebrated place, and a beautiful grove of date-bearing palm-trees now wave their long, feathery branches over the tomb of the city of Osiris. Scarcely a vestige remains of the grand temples that were once the chief glory of Memphis. Some blocks of granite, broken columns, mounds of sun-dried brick, massive foundations, and a colossal statue of Rameses II., lying with his face in a pool of water, as if bemoaning the departure of his glory and the fate of his kingdom, are all that remain by which the place can now be identified.

This statue, originally about fifty feet high, was one of two that stood in front of the great gate-way leading to the grand temple of Phtah or Osiris. An amulet is suspended from the neck, somewhat like the breastplate of the high-priest among the Jews, and the name of Rameses the Great may still be seen engraved upon his girdle, and on the scroll which he holds in his hand. The face is well preserved, looks youthful, and by many is considered beautiful.

A life-size figure of his daughter is represented standing by his side, which possesses additional interest from the fact that this is probably the Pharaoh's daughter who adopted Moses; and his son, Menephtah, who succeeded him in the empire, and whose statue may be seen in the museum at Cairo, is supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus who pursued the Israelites, and was destroyed with the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

The present condition of Memphis fulfills almost literally the predictions of the Jewish prophets concerning her: "I will destroy the idols out of Noph; . . . the pomp of her strength shall cease; . . . a cloud shall cover her, for Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant."[1]

Directly back of these ruins—back of the forest of palm-trees—and about four miles back from the river, you strike the great Libyan desert and the Necropolis of Memphis. The contrast between the green valley of the Nile and the bleak African desert is like that of life and death; making it an appropriate sepulcher for the myriads that repose beneath its shadowing wings.

This vast cemetery, the oldest and largest in the world, extending from the Pyramids of Ghizeh on the north to those of Dashur on the south, a distance of perhaps twenty miles,

[1] Ezek. xxx, 13–18; Jer. xlvi, 19.

is estimated to contain at least twenty-five million human bodies, besides innumerable ibises and embalmed animals. In strolling through this metropolis of the dead one is shocked at the number of skulls and other human remains that lie bleaching in the sun; often the head or feet of a mummy protruding from the sand, and the desert around strewn with arms and legs, hands and feet, sometimes whole bodies, still wrapped in their winding sheets, calling vividly to mind Ezekiel's vision of dry bones, for "Behold, there were very many . . . and, lo, they were very dry," and continually prompting the inquiry, "Can these bones live?" and the answer, "O Lord God, thou knowest."[1]

MUMMY CASE.

We entered several pits that appeared to be the burial-places for the lower classes, and found long galleries cut in the limestone rock that underlies the desert, filled with mummies piled one upon another six and eight courses deep, like cord-wood, all carefully embalmed, and looking as fresh as if laid but yesterday in their quiet tombs; and yet these countless thousands were the men and women who lived in the days of Abraham and Joseph and Moses!

We spent hours in going from pit to pit, wandering through the courts of death between walls of human mummies, some beautifully encased, with their arms folded across their breasts, hold

[1] Ezek. xxxvii, 3.

ing some little charm or idol in their embrace, just as they were laid to rest by loving friends three or four thousand years ago. And, what is most revolting, the natives are using these mummies for fuel, and fertilizing their fields with the dust and ashes of their ancestors! Even stripping them of their winding-sheets, and sending cargoes of the linen wrappings to Europe and America for the manufacture of paper. Some of the linen was of the finest texture, over five hundred threads to each inch of warp.

For scientific purposes we examined many of these remains, and to our surprise found them mostly young persons, their heads thickly coated with straight black hair, all their teeth sound, their bodies well proportioned and of full habit, as if they had died suddenly. They also appeared to have been embalmed hastily—simply wrapped in swathing bands and dipped in common pitch or bitumen.

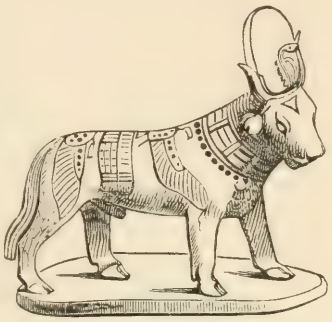
As it was here, or near this, that Moses wrought his miracles before Pharaoh, and as this was the Necropolis for all Egypt, may not some of these be the victims of divine wrath who perished on that eventful night, when the destroying angel swept through the land, cutting off "the first-born," the flower and hope of the family, in every Egyptian household? And may not Hosea have reference to this visitation when he says: "Egypt shall gather them up; Memphis shall bury them."[1] How solemn the reflection!

In the center of this Necropolis are the pyramids of Sakara, the royal tombs of the Memphite kings, bald with age, and looking as old as the sand hills among which they stand. There are eleven in the group, the largest of which is curiously built in stages or terraces diminishing as they go up, and is claimed

[1] Hosea ix, 6.

to be the most ancient monument in the world, which seems plausible, as Memphis signifies the City of the Pyramids, or home of the dead, and may have derived its name from this venerable ruin.

Ten minutes' walk over the ridge to the north of this Pyramid brings you to the Serapeum or Mausoleum of Apis, a most remarkable ruin, and until within a few years buried to the depth of seventy feet beneath the ever-drifting sands. Apis, or the sacred bull, was regarded as the incarnation of Osiris, the god of the Nile, and greatest divinity in Egypt. Memphis was the seat of his worship, and the Serapeum his place of burial Here is a vast temple twelve hundred feet long, excavated in the solid rock, over which once stood the temple of Serapis, where the sacred cubit and other symbols were kept, and funeral services held—a still more elegant edifice, now entirely gone, as is also the avenue of sphinxes that led up to its grand portal. Opening out of this subterranean tomb to the right and left, but never directly opposite one another, are long rows of large vaulted recesses or mortuary chapels hewn also out of the native rock, in each of which is a colossal sarcophagus, thirteen feet long by eight wide and eleven high, all but the lid cut out of a solid block of red, gray, or black granite, polished beautifully. An idea of the immense size of these sarcophagi may be had, when I state that five of us ascended by a ladder to the top of one, the lid of which was partly removed, and then by the aid of another ladder we descended into the interior, and could stand



APIS.

erect in it and walk about with ease, there being room enough for as many more. Some of the sarcophagi bear hieroglyphic inscriptions by which their date may be determined, and the side walls of the chapels are covered with inscribed tablets or *ex votos*, giving full details of the age, death, and burial of the Apis, and the persons present on the occasion. Ten of these sarcophagi appear never to have been used; they are in the vaults with their lids lying by their sides, but for some cause have never been occupied. Here, in this grand Mausoleum, the Apis mummies were deposited; here they reposed, not in regal, but divine, state; and in the magnificent temple of Serapis the sacred bull through long centuries was worshiped with greater pomp than any other god in Egypt!

A little to the north-east of the Serapeum is the Tomb of Tih, one of the oldest and best preserved in Egypt, dating back to the fifth dynasty of the old empire, at least four thousand years, and yet the walls are as plumb and straight as if the work of yesterday. Tih was a priest of Memphis, and appears to have been a man of great wealth. No description of ours can do justice to this beautiful tomb. The whole interior is covered with paintings and sculpture in bass-relief, representing all the events of note in his life, and all the customs of the old Egyptians. In one hall Tih is pictured with his wife and sons, overseeing his servants at work on his farm. In the foreground cattle are browsing in the meadows, oxen plowing in the fields, and others treading out the grain. In the distance may be seen the river, with boats sailing, men fishing, and birds of all kinds on the water or flying through the air. On another sculpture servants may be seen reaping the harvest under the eye of their task-masters, others binding up the sheaves, and others again gathering them into heaps with three-pronged forks, very

much after the present style. And in other apartments his numerous friends are represented bringing their offerings of oxen, fruits, vegetables, and other articles, for the anniversary ceremonies in honor of the dead. All the figures are full of life, of exquisite workmanship, and the coloring remarkably fresh.

Tih evidently looked upon this life as transitory, and the future as eternal. His farm buildings where he resided, as here shown, though elegantly designed and richly decorated, are constructed of wood and other perishable materials; while his tomb, which was also built during his life-time, is constructed of stone in the most substantial manner, as if designed to last forever. It is also a noteworthy fact that all symbolical representations of the resurrection of the human body, and the life of the soul in the great future, so common on Egyptian monuments, are wanting here, and are never found on tombs of the old Empire prior to the settlement of the Hebrews in Egypt.

There are many other temples and tombs in this vicinity, but they are mostly rendered inaccessible by the sand drifts that for so many ages have preserved these works of antiquity. Truly "saith the Lord, . . . I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia."[1]

[1] Ezekiel xxix, 8–10.

EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

CHAPTER V.

THEBES, THE NO-AMON OF THE BIBLE.

Hundred-gated Thebes—Without Wall or Gates—Land of the Winged Globe—Grand Temples of Karnak and Luxor—Similarity to the Temple of Solomon—Egyptian Idols—Historic Sculpture—Medeenet Haboo—The Ramesium—Colossal Statue of Rameses II.—The Vocal Memnon—Tombs of the Kings.

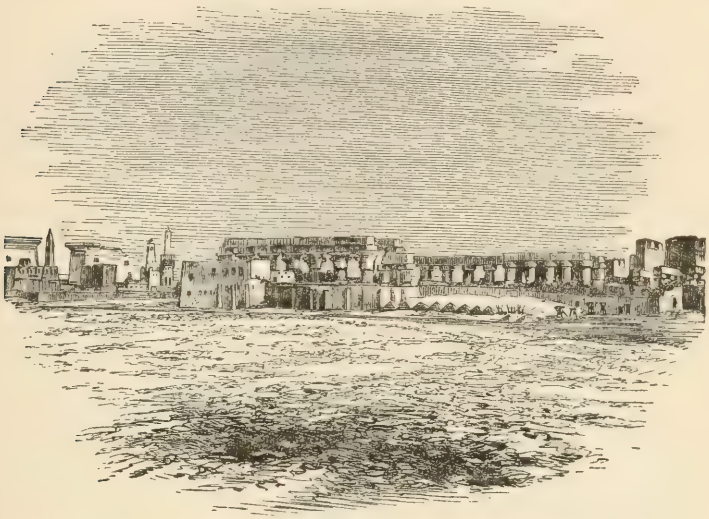
THEBES, the No-Amon of the Bible, long the capital of Upper Egypt, and rival of Memphis and Nineveh, was situated on both banks of the Nile, about six hundred miles from the sea. Its early history is involved in much obscurity, there being no reliable records preserved beyond the eighteenth dynasty, B. C. 1500.

Strabo, Diodorus, and other ancient historians speak in the most glowing terms of the wealth, power, and magnificence of this city, and Homer has immortalized it as "hundred-gated Thebes." The poet must have had reference to the propylæ, or gates of her numerous temples and palaces, as recent researches prove conclusively that the city never could have been inclosed with walls, that the river was always its principal defense; and, what is remarkable, the Scriptures clearly state this fact. A correct rendering of the description of this city as given by the Prophet Nahum,[1] represents it as situated on the river—that is, on the river Nile—there being no other river in Egypt—having "the waters round about it," . . . "whose ramparts were the sea-like river, and her walls the sea-like river." And if the old Grecian bard had consulted

[1] Nahum iii, 8.

the Bible, he probably would not have been guilty of the above misnomer.

A large portion of Thebes was built on an island in the midst of the river, and the other portions were surrounded by



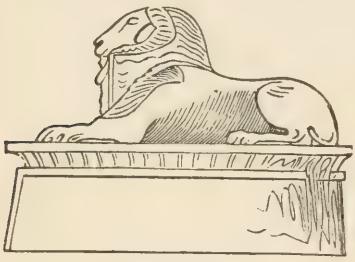
RUINS OF LUXOR.

deep, wide canals, which may still be traced, so that the place literally was "among the rivers," and of great strength.

About all that remains of this once populous city, east of the river, are the world-renowned ruins of her grand temples at Karnak and Luxor—two modern villages that have sprung up under the shadow of these unrivaled edifices.

The temples of Thebes were stone structures of the most massive workmanship, but the city proper was built of sun-dried bricks, and, owing to the annual inundations of the Nile, has long since crumbled to dust, and is now buried from ten to twenty feet beneath the surface of the plain. And we fear

the same fate awaits her more enduring monuments, as the bed of the river and whole valley of the Lower Nile are gradually filling up from the deposits left by each overflow; and the water, saturated with niter, now comes up every season several feet in her temples, and is slowly but surely eating away their foundations, and in time must utterly destroy the last vestige of Egypt's once splendid metropolis.



THEBAN SPHINX.

The great Temple of Karnak, dedicated to Amon, the Egyptian Jupiter, and presiding divinity of Thebes, is situated about half a mile east of the river, and one mile and a half north of the temple at Luxor, the two having originally been connected by an avenue of colossal statues and ram-headed sphinxes.

Any description we might attempt of this, the grandest monumental work ever executed by man, must fall so far short of the reality that we hesitate even to approach the subject. To describe in detail a single column of this edifice would fill a volume. And yet no two of the forest of columns that adorn this immense building are alike—the sculpture, coloring, and inscriptions on each being different.

The temple area was a square of about ninety acres, one third of which was covered by the buildings of the temple proper. Leading to this sacred inclosure were twelve principal gates facing the four cardinal points, three upon each side, one within the other at regular distances, and connected by colonnades or avenues of sphinxes. These gate-ways to her temples are among the grandest remains in Egypt. They generally

consist of two lofty pyramidal towers of massive masonry, with the pylon, or portal, between them. Obelisks and colossal statues usually stood on either side of the entrance, and on the stone lintel over the pylon, cut in alto-relievo, was always to be seen that mysterious symbol of divinity and eternity, a globe with two large, outspread wings. May not Isaiah refer to this figure when he speaks of "The land shadowing with wings,"[1] which literally means the land of the winged globe?

WINGED GLOBE.

In approaching the Karnak temple from the west, you first ascend a raised platform, passing over which, under the gaze of a double row of colossal sphinxes, much mutilated, you come to the outer propylon, an immense gate-way three hundred and seventy feet front by fifty deep, and one hundred and forty feet high, through which you enter a court about three hundred feet square, with covered corridors along the sides, and the remains of a colonnade down the center. This brings you to a second gate-way almost as large as the first, guarded by two cyclopean statues of Rameses II. Passing this pylon, the lintel of which is one stone over forty feet long, you emerge into the grand hall of Sethi I., father of Rameses the Great, and supposed to be the Pharaoh Joseph served as governor. This, perhaps the grandest hall ever constructed by the genius of man, certainly the grandest of all the monuments in Egypt, is three hundred and twenty-nine feet long by one hundred and seventy wide, and in the clear-story eighty

[1] Isaiah xviii, 1.

feet high. The stone ceiling, resting on stone girders, is supported by one hundred and thirty-four immense columns, the largest sixty-six feet high without the base, and within a few inches of thirty-six feet in circumference, the smallest over forty-two feet high and twenty-eight feet in circumference, all beautifully sculptured, with capitals representing the full-blown lotus and papyrus. The effect when one first enters this gor-

TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

geous hall is so bewildering that you involuntarily exclaim, Wonderful! wonderful!

Continuing through the "Hall of Columns," and passing another massive gate-way, near which stands a graceful obelisk dedicated to Thothmes I., you enter an inner court surrounded by a peristyle of twenty-eight giant Osiride pillars, represent-

ing Osiris, with arms crossed upon his breast, holding in one hand the knotted scourge, and in the other the key of the Nile or symbol of life. In this court once stood two red granite obelisks ninety-two feet high and eight square—the largest in Egypt, if not in the world. One lies broken on the pavement, shattered to fragments apparently by lightning; the other still stands erect, as if defying the thunder-bolt that laid its comrade in the dust.

Passing yet another pylon and two smaller obelisks, you come to the Sanctuary itself, within which was the "Holy of Holies," the abode of Amon. This is the oldest and most sacred portion of the temple, belonging to the twelfth dynasty, B.C. 2000; but owing to its ruinous condition, it affords little satisfaction to the visitor. Still beyond this is another court, then comes the columnar edifice of Thothmes III., the Hall of Ancestors, and many smaller chapels, all fast going to decay. But, to form a correct idea of this magnifi cent temple, you must wander through its long colonnades, explore its mysterious passages, reconstruct its demolished parts, replace its idols, rekindle the fires upon its altars, re-people its courts with thousands of devout worshipers, study the religious and historic scenes pictured upon its walls, finally, ascend to its highest pinnacle and take a bird's-eye view of the whole vast structure, and then, but not till then, will you be able to comprehend the magnitude and grandeur of the great Temple of Karnak! We have been thus particular in describing Karnak, because this magnificent edifice was erected when Joseph ruled the land; and as he had charge of all internal improvements, Jacob's favorite son may have been the architect of this, the grandest temple in the world.

This main temple was but the center of a system of many

smaller ones, dedicated to different divinities. In one of them we found the image of a colossal hawk, the symbol of Amon, and of Ra, the physical sun. The reigning king was considered the sun of Egypt, and regarded as the offspring of the sun, and hence was called Pharaoh, from "Phra," the sun. In another large temple the only idols found were about fifty cats; and in another, the floor of which was alabaster, we found nothing but a huge monkey in black basalt, or, as Darwin would say, man in one of his early stages of development. Unfortunately, however, for this development theory, all the specimens of the early Egyptians thus far discovered show a much more perfect and better-developed race than the present generation—that they are physically degenerating rather than progressing, and without the aid of divine grace are more likely to retrograde to monkeys with tails than ever to advance to angels with wings by any mere process of evolution, though continued through countless ages.

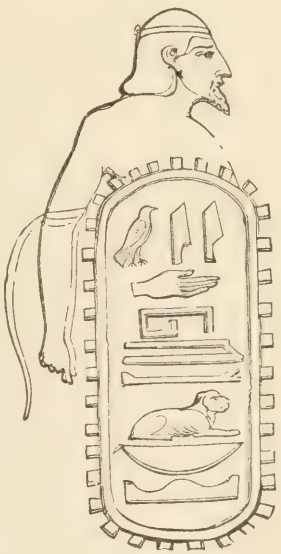
And is it not unaccountably strange that a people capable of building such wonderful and enduring monuments should be so superstitious and degraded as to worship such deities as birds, cats, monkeys, and the like?

As Strabo observed, Thebes had many temples, but we omit details, as there was a great similarity in Egyptian temples. There was also a striking resemblance in them to the Temple of Solomon.

They all had their *sanctum sanctorum*, or most holy place, the abode of the deity to whom the temple was dedicated, and into which not even the high priest was allowed to enter. This was located in the center or at one end of the sanctuary, which was overhung with rich white drapery, like the tabernacle of the Jews. In this sanctuary stood the altar of incense,

where the priests officiated, and here was kept the sacred ark containing the golden sistrum, or emblem of the deity. This building, which stood alone, was surrounded by many small chapels, dedicated to different gods, and used for different purposes. Then came the outer courts, halls, and other temples, the votive offerings of successive kings through many generations, in acknowledgment of mercies received, victories achieved, or some great event in their reign; the whole being inclosed with strong high walls. One peculiar feature of Egyptian temples is, the largest and grandest halls are the farthest removed from the sanctuary, as each successive Pharaoh endeavored to outrival his predecessors.

These temples are all profusely decorated; the ceilings are often of azure blue, studded with golden stars; and every wall and column, architrave and frieze, statue and obelisk, covered with pictorial representations in sculpture or painting of every important event in the history of their nation or career of their kings. So we have here the history of the oldest nation in the world, beautifully preserved in bass-reliefs and hieroglyphics, so legibly written that both the learned and illiterate can read it without difficulty.



REHOBOAM.

Among the many beautiful historic scenes here presented is one on the outer wall of the grand hall, representing the conquest of Palestine by Shishonk I., the Shishak of Scripture, who, after taking Jerusalem and plundering the temple, returns with great

treasures and many prisoners; among them, with a rope round his neck and his arms lashed behind, may be seen Rehoboam, King of Judah, the son and successor of Solomon. The name of Judah Malek on the shield, and the purely Jewish features of the prisoners, especially their beards, indicate clearly the country and people this sculpture is intended to represent.

The larger portion of ancient Thebes probably lay east of the Nile, and though the name applied equally to both districts, that portion west of the river was frequently called "The Libyan suburb," and was under the special protection of Athor, the Egyptian Venus, to whom the Theban Necropolis—where it was fancied she received the setting sun in her embrace—was dedicated.

At the base of the Libyan range of mountains, west of the river, and about three miles west of Luxor, stands the temple Medeenet Haboo—the most ancient and splendid on that side of the river, and second only to Karnak. Much of it is in ruins; but enough remains to show its dimensions, and the artistic skill displayed in its workmanship.

This temple dates back to Queen Hatasoo, daughter of Thothmes I., who erected it and the two large obelisks at Karnak in honor of her father. This princess is supposed by many to be the Pharaoh's daughter who adopted Moses, and would have made him her successor to the throne had he not refused to be called her son; but in the sculptures she never appears in female attire, as women probably were not allowed to reign in Egypt, and her sex can only be determined by the feminine form of speech in her ovals. It also appears that her brother and successor, Thothmes II., in most instances erased the name of his sister from her cartouches, and substituted his own. The fraud, however, may be easily detected, as her name on some of

EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

the shields can still be traced, and on the Pharaonic square of others, where the name of Thothmes II. has been inserted on the oval, may be read, "*She* built this temple," etc. Nothing could be more elaborate or beautiful than some of the scenes here pictured, and the preservation of the coloring after so many centuries is truly wonderful. This is partly owing to the following circumstance: When Theodosius, Bishop of Alexandria, in his pious but mistaken zeal, issued his celebrated edict, A. D. 391, for the suppression of idolatry throughout Egypt, and ordered the temples to be divested of every vestige of idolatrous worship, many works of art were destroyed, and it is painful to see how, with pick and chisel, many of these beautiful temples have been defaced. Here, however, the bass-reliefs were so deeply cut in the hard granite, that instead of erasing the sculptures they merely plastered them over. This temple was afterward converted into a Christian church, as the frescoing clearly proves, and occasionally very ludicrous scenes are met with where the stucco has partly fallen off. In one of the halls where this plastering has scaled off may be seen a long procession of priests and princes, with Rameses III. at their head, presenting their offerings and burning incense before Athor, under the symbol of a cow; and just above, where the frescoing still adheres to the wall, may be seen St. Peter with the keys and crosier, raising his hand as if in the act of pronouncing a benediction on the pagan worshipers.

From some battle scenes here represented it would appear that among the old Egyptians the barbarous practice prevailed of cutting out the tongues of the enemy slain, and disabling the captured by cutting off their right hands. In one picture, three thousand five hundred and thirty-five tongues and three

thousand hands are presented as so many trophies, for which the king is rewarding the victors. Several other larger heaps of hands and tongues remain to be counted, which the scribes are carefully doing one by one in presence of his majesty and generals; the captive chiefs standing by witnessing the performance. In another place the king is represented as trampling the slain beneath his feet, and putting out the eyes of the captured, or dragging them behind his chariot.

Some of the domestic and social scenes here pictured are no less interesting; and any one observing their style of dress, table-ware, musical instruments, and the furniture of their

TABLE-WARE—DISH AND VASE.[1]

dwellings, will see that this ancient people enjoyed a higher state of civilization than is generally conceded them. The ladies appear in gloves, with flowing flounces on their dresses, carrying fans and parasols of ostrich feathers; some wearing fancy head-dresses, others bracelets and necklaces of gold and precious stones, in the very latest style of jewelry worn in Paris and New York. In their private apartments may be seen rich sofas and chairs, vases of porcelain and glass, vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, in design equal to any thing modern. The finest devices found among Grecian remains may be seen here

[1] The inscription on the vase is the name of Menephta, the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

on monuments of the earliest period, and were evidently borrowed by the Greeks from the Egyptians.

In some respects the most important feature of this temple, and of other ruins in the vicinity, is the use of the arch; the origin of which has so long been a matter of dispute, but is generally conceded to the Romans. Some cavilers have questioned the antiquity of certain ruins in Palestine on account of the arch being found among the remains; but we find here stone and brick arches, pointed and circular, dating back at least a thousand years before Rome was founded, and there can be no doubt as to their age, as every brick bears the stamp and name of the Pharaoh during whose reign it was made. Mr. Layard also, in his explorations at Nimroud, discovered the arch, and arched gate-ways are frequently seen on the oldest Assyrian bass-reliefs, so that the arches under the temple site at Jerusalem are no argument against the antiquity of those remains.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BRICK.

Among the tombs on the edge of the desert, and about one mile north of Medeenet Haboo, stands the Ramesium, or temple of Rameses II., the unrivaled Memnomium of Strabo.

In point of architectural symmetry and elegance of design this temple equals any other in Egypt. But many of its beautiful columns are gone, the rich coloring on the walls is fast fading out, and its grand propylon is nothing but a heap of rubbish.

The celebrity of this temple or tomb of Rameses II. was chiefly owing to the colossal statue that once stood in the outer court on the left of the main entrance. This enormous statue—the largest in Egypt—was a monolith of syenite granite gracefully proportioned, and is supposed to have weighed in its rough state

not less than one thousand tons. It was erected about B. C. 1320, and designed to represent Rameses the Great seated on his throne in a quiet, easy attitude, as if resting from his conquests and enjoying the peace his arms had won. The statue measured twenty-two feet four inches across the shoulders, and when entire must have been at least seventy-five feet high. But some powerful hand has hurled it from its throne, and now

THE RAMESIUM.

it lies broken on the ground, its fragments scattered in every direction. Portions of it are in almost every museum of Europe.

In looking upon these gigantic remains one cannot but wonder how, without the aid of machinery unknown to us, such a ponderous body could be transported over land such a distance; and how it was ever raised on its pedestal after leaving the sculptor's hands. But to me the greater wonder is, how, before the discovery of gunpowder, such a solid mass of such hard

material could be broken into so many pieces without the mark of any instrument being left upon its polished surface. Some think it was done by the Persians; there is nothing, however, to indicate it. Others attribute its destruction to an earthquake, but the base on which it rested is still *in situ*, and furnishes no evidence of ever having been disturbed. The fragments of this colossus lying around bear some marks of having been

THE COLOSSI.

scathed by lightning, and as storms accompanied by vivid lightning are frequent in this region, and granite almost a non-conductor, is it not more than probable that this great statue of Egypt's greatest king was destroyed by a thunder-bolt from heaven?

The prophecies concerning this city, the "No" of Scripture, seem to imply some such visitation. "Thus saith the Lord

God, I will also destroy the idols, . . . and will execute judgments in No. . . . No shall be rent asunder."[1]

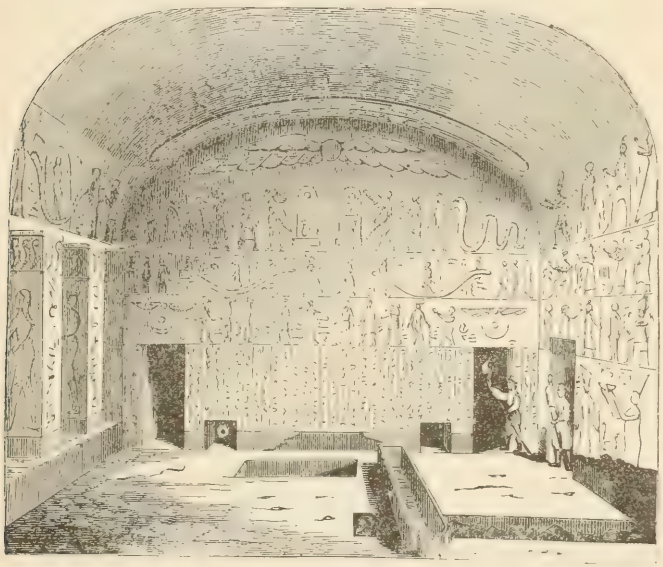
Towering above the green plain, about ten minutes' walk directly east of the Ramesium, sitting pensively on their crumbling thrones as if grieving over their departed glory, are the renowned Colossi of Amunoph III., the only two that survive a long avenue of similar statues that once guarded the approach to the grand temple in their rear. They originally were monoliths, but are now much broken and weather-beaten, looking like old men who have outlived their generation and are quietly awaiting their departure.

That a correct idea may be had of the immense size of these statues, we give the dimension of certain parts: across the shoulders, eighteen feet three inches; the leg, from the knee to the sole of the foot, nineteen feet eight inches; the foot itself, ten feet six inches long; and the arm, from the top of the shoulder to the tip of the fingers, thirty-four feet three inches. The whole height, including the pedestal, is about seventy feet. Amunoph is represented in a sitting posture, his wife and mother standing on either side of the throne. The latter statues, though eighteen feet high, look very small by the side of the central figure—not reaching to the knees.

The statues stand about fifty feet apart, facing the east, and the one on the north is the famous Vocal Statue of Memnon, which was said to greet his mother Aurora every morning at sunrise with a song of praise. It is now much defaced and in no musical mood; at least, we waited long in vain for some soul-stirring strain, forgetting that it only gratified the curiosity of *distinguished* visitors, and such only at sunrise—an hour we are not often guilty of disturbing.

[1] Ezekiel xxx, 13–16.

If the statue ever emitted any musical sounds, they were probably produced by fine wires, invisible from the ground, stretched across the lap from hand to hand. This simple arrangement would produce the effect, and we know the Egyptians of that period had in use stringed instruments constructed on this principle, and must have been familiar with the Æolian harp.



TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

All the temples west of the river were located on the edge of the desert, above the inundations, and at the base of the Libyan range. Here, as at Memphis, the whole desert for miles around is one vast necropolis, where embalmed millions wait in silence the voice divine that shall call them to life again.

High up on the mountain side, back of these mummy pits,

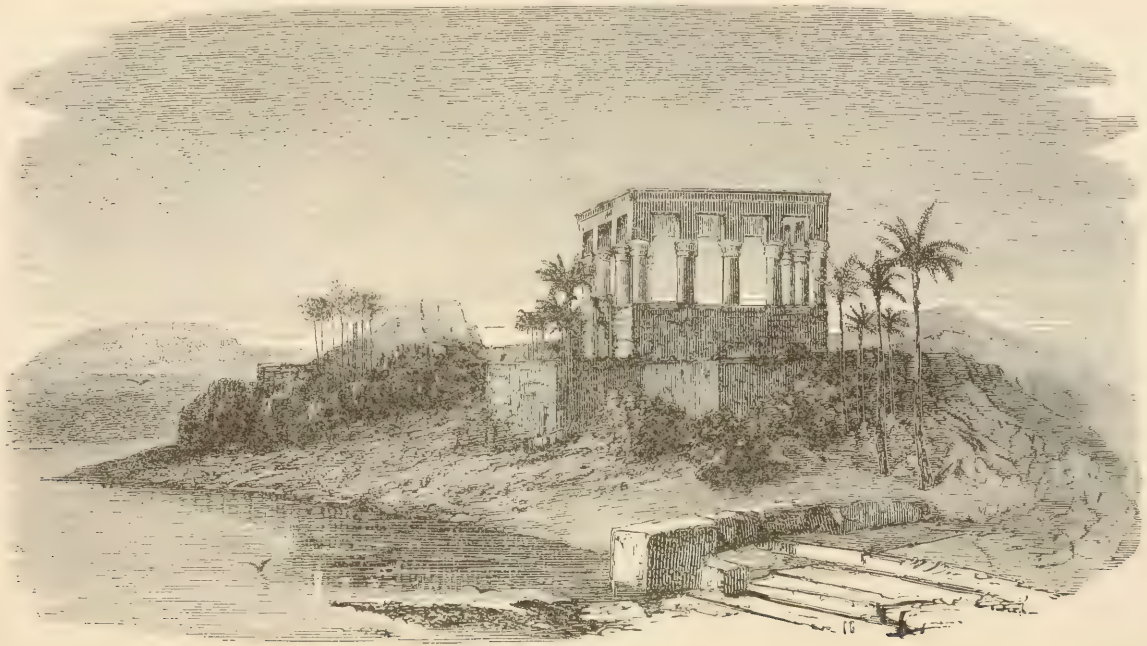
at the head of a wild, deep, tortuous valley, far removed from the fertile plain and all signs of life, under the shadow of over-hanging rocks and the everlasting hills, are the tombs of the kings of Egypt.

They are all hewn out of the natural rock, some of them penetrating the mountain to a great depth, containing numerous apartments, beautifully decorated with sculptures and paintings, delineating the life of the occupant, the coloring looking as bright as the day it was put on.

There is no great difficulty in finding the outer entrance to these tombs, but it is next to impossible to discover the vault that contains the mummy. These old Pharaohs seem to have had a dread of being disturbed in their sleep of death. All their ingenuity has been exhausted in efforts to conceal their place of sepulture. No lock could be more complicated than the entrance to some of these vaults. But we must forego any further description of these tombs of royalty. What pomp and wealth, what power and glory, lie buried here! Truly, "the fashion of this world passeth away."

Thebes was first taken by the Babylonians, afterward by the Persians under Cambyses, B.C. 525, who destroyed or mutilated many of her monuments. Still later it was conquered by Alexander the Great, and finally, after a three years' siege, almost totally destroyed by Ptolemy Lathyrus, B.C. 81.

It was this last invasion, followed by the removal of the seat of government, first to Bubastis and then to Alexandria, that dealt the death-blow to the capital of Upper Egypt, and left these grand temples of her gods to be polluted by the numerous bats, jackals, and hyenas, that now nightly hold vigils in their courts.



PHILÆ, ON THE NILE.

CHAPTER VI.

ISLAND OF PHILÆ—LAST SEAT OF IDOLATRY IN EGYPT.

Assouan—Granite Quarries of Syene—Mode of moving large Stones—Cataracts of the Nile—Ancient Ethiopia—Island of Philæ—Last Seat of Idolatry—Curious Sculptures—Aboo Simbel—Fulfillment of Prophecy.

ASSOUAN, the frontier city of Egypt, situated at the foot of the First Cataract, eight hundred miles above Alexandria, will conclude our sketches on the land of the Pharaohs. This is quite a trading-post with the interior, and large quantities of dates, ivory, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, ebony clubs—and we suspect slaves—are brought across the desert, or down the Nile, and reshipped here for Cairo and other points below. The Khedive is building a railroad from here to Khartoom, in the Soodan, at the junction of the Blue and White Nile, which will greatly increase the trade of Assouan. To see the cars and hear the shrill whistle of the locomotive off in this remote corner of the earth impresses one with the march of civilization, and makes him feel really homesick. The railroad from Cairo up the river is now within three hundred and fifty miles of here; so in a few years we can penetrate Africa by steam.

Directly opposite here is the beautiful island of Elephantine, covered with crumbling ruins, among them the Nilometer mentioned by Strabo—the oldest of which any traces remain. Back of Assouan about one mile, you come to the granite quarries of Syene, that furnished the material for all the enormous statues and obelisks we find in Egypt. One huge block ninety-five feet long by eleven square, partly dressed, from

some cause still lies in the quarry, never having been removed, and is not likely soon to be disturbed.

A wide, solid road-bed was constructed from the quarries to the river, about one mile, over which these ponderous blocks of granite were moved on sledges or skids with rollers placed beneath them, by direct physical force, thousands of slaves being employed in moving a single stone. Portions of this roadway may still be seen, and the whole process truthfully represented in their sculptures, even to the overseers directing the work.

The brilliancy of the stars in the clear atmosphere and cloudless sky of this region is truly wonderful. Venus, as the morning star, appears like a miniature sun, emitting almost light enough to read by; and the Southern Cross—at least to one who never saw it before—is simply magnificent. The Cataracts of the Nile are nothing more than a succession of rapids, where the river forces its way through innumerable rocks and small islands that obstruct its passage. The greatest descent in any one of the rapids at the First Cataract is from six to eight feet in perhaps two hundred yards. There must have been at one time, either here or at Silsilis, forty miles below, a much greater fall, as the water-line and alluvial deposits along the shore, thirty to forty feet above the highest inundations of late years, clearly prove. The probability is, the rocky ledge crossing the river at this point or below has been swept away, and the whole upper valley of the Nile lowered to its present level.

This is now, and always has been, the southern boundary of Egypt proper. True, some of the Pharaohs extended their dominions far south of this, but were never able to hold the country, and in turn some of the Ethiopian kings invaded and conquered Upper Egypt; but the "tower of Syene,"[1] that

[1] Ezekiel xxix, 10.

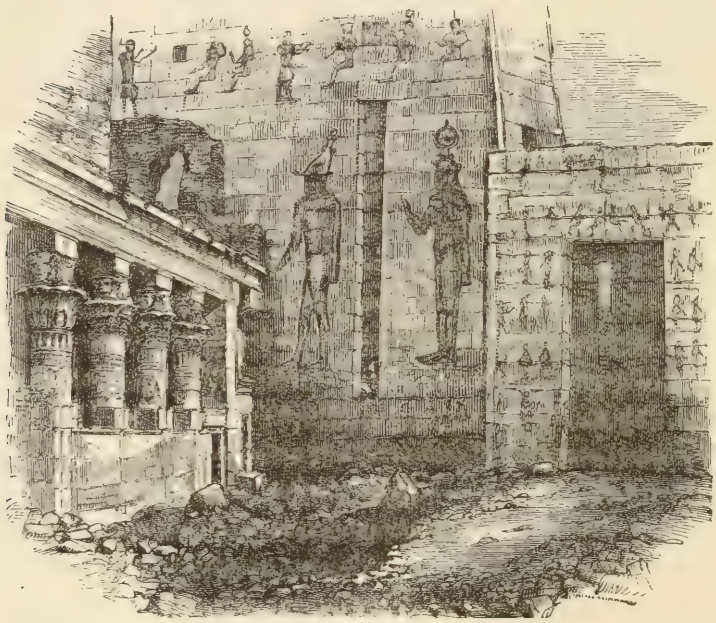
forms a part of the granite barrier through which the Nile here forces its way, is now, as in the days of Ezekiel, the natural border of Egypt.

All the territory south of this for a thousand miles is known as Nubia, the Ethiopia of the Scriptures, or the "country of the Cushites;" the inhabitants, as the name signifies, being black or of a dark complexion. Egypt is repeatedly called in Scripture "the land of Ham," but the other sons of Noah are not mentioned in connection with any particular portion of the earth.

Four of the sons of Ham are also named as the progenitors of four great nations: Mizraim, and probably his father, settled in Egypt; Cush, to the south, in Ethiopia—the Greek name for Cush; Phut, in Libya, to the west of Egypt, from whom the Libyans and Moors descended; and Canaan, on the east and north, in Syria and Palestine. And, what is singular in this connection, we find all these names, or names very similar, in the hieroglyphics on many of the monuments of Egypt. And may not the groups of four different complexioned people, red, brown, black, and white, representing the four great divisions of the human race, found in several of the "tombs of the kings" at Thebes, refer to these four sons of Ham and their descendants?

The scenery in the neighborhood of the Lower Cataract is very fine. The towering cliffs on either hand appear like embattled fortresses commanding the river at every point, and the great blocks of red and black granite that line the shores, and rise out of the water in every fantastic shape, look like so many giants stationed here to guard this gate-way to the interior of Africa. Many of these rocks are covered with hieroglyphics and tablets of great historical value. The old Egyptians appear to have left their mark every-where they went, and made

a written record of almost every event that transpired. Their temples and tombs are covered with inscriptions. Every brick bears the name of the Pharaoh under whose reign it was made; and upon every charm, bracelet, and ring, you will find some device. In their campaigns the name of every soldier is written down, the cost of the war, the amount of booty in gold, horses



EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

and chariots captured, with the number of the enemy slain, and prisoners taken. In their sculpture scribes may be seen in the market-place noting down the articles sold, and on the farm taking an account of all the products, down to the number of eggs laid by each hen. So, here upon these tablets, we not only have an account of the military expeditions to the Soodan, three thousand five hundred years ago, but of the Pharaohs

who worked these quarries, and where almost every stone was taken to, and for what purpose applied.

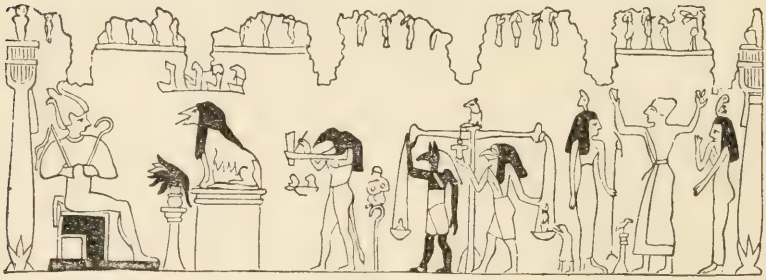
At the head of the rapids, six miles above Assouan, is the small picturesque island of Philæ, with extensive ruins of a temple dedicated to Isis, but of comparatively modern date. And it is an important fact that in point of age the higher you ascend the Nile the more modern the remains, showing clearly that Egyptian civilization began in the Delta, and gradually extended upward, or to the south. Some of the ruins here, and those at Meroe, the highest up the river, belong to the Christian era.

This island was considered very sacred by the early Egyptians as one of the traditional burial-places of Osiris, their principal deity. It was believed that no bird would fly over it, nor fish swim near it; and no one was allowed to approach it except when the priest came to crown the reputed tomb of Osiris, whose very name was held so sacredly that only the priests were permitted to utter it.

Though there is nothing grand about the ruins at Philæ, the effect of "Pharaoh's Bed," and the long colonnade and lofty propylon as you approach the place by water, is very fine. The temple itself is neither large nor symmetrical; but some of the tablets and subjects delineated in the sculptures are both interesting and curious. On one of the outer chapels is either the original or a copy of the inscription found on the famous Rosetta stone. Here, however, the Greek text is wanting, which would indicate that it is earlier than the one found at the mouth of the Nile by the French. In one of the courts we have Julius Cæsar worshiping Isis, and in another his coronation by that goddess, beautifully executed and richly colored, showing that the conquerors and foreign rulers of Egypt did

not attempt to abolish her religious institutions. Hence, we find the language and worship of the ancient Egyptians retained by the Greeks and Romans, and the names of Alexander and the Ptolemies and Cæsars inscribed in hieroglyphics on the temples here and elsewhere.

Among other curious sculptures in one of the chapels connected with this temple, we have a scene of the last judgment. Osiris, the judge of the dead, is represented seated on his throne; Thoth, the recording angel, stands near him with a tablet in his hands, on which all the deeds of the deceased are recorded; Horus weighs every action in the scales of justice and



THE LAST JUDGMENT.

truth; and as the souls are ushered into Amenti—the region of departed spirits—the judge passes sentence upon them, and they are either admitted into the palace of Osiris, their state of blessedness, or changed into some bird or beast, generally into pigs, and sent back into this world to "root, hog, or die." This seems to have been their idea of our probationary state, the very doctrine of a second probation now being revived and taught by some new-light divines, which is nothing more than a rehash of the mummied theology of the old Egyptians, served up by sensational preachers as a dainty dish for enlightened American audiences.

It would appear from this, that the old Egyptians had some vague idea of a future state; but it was not the "life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel." They believed in the doctrine of transmigration—that when the soul left the body it entered some bird or animal, and, after passing through different stages of reward or punishment, finally resumed the human form.

But the most curious sculpture about this whole temple is in a little chapel on the terrace at the head of the staircase, where Osiris is represented in his mysterious character as the manifestation of divinity in the flesh appearing on earth for the benefit of mankind, but is opposed in his mission and finally put to death by Typhon, the evil genius of Egypt. Osiris is afterward restored to life, destroys Typhon, and becomes judge of the dead and king of Hades. The dead must all appear before his judgment-seat, where they are either absolved from sin and enter a state of felicity, or are driven from his presence as brutes.

There is a singular analogy here to the office and mission of Christ, and many have been puzzled to know how the Egyptians obtained these ideas of the Saviour's incarnation and office. To me the case is very plain. Christianity was early introduced into Egypt. It extended rapidly up the Nile, and in the fourth century became the established religion of Egypt. Philæ was the last seat of idolatry in the Roman Empire, and from an *ex-voto* in this very chapel we learn that Isis and Osiris were worshiped here as late as A. D. 453, over a century after idolatry had been abolished in Egypt by an imperial decree. And is it not more than probable that the Egyptian idolaters, in their intercourse with Christians during this period, obtained some correct ideas of the twofold character

of Christ? And how very natural for them, as they saw their own religion dying out, to appropriate to their favorite deity some of the attributes of the Christian's Messiah.

If this was one of their oldest temples, and these sculptures belonged to a period before the Exodus, then we could only account for these illustrations by some special revelation foreshadowing the coming of Christ. But being comparatively a modern temple, and these sculptures belonging probably to the third or fourth centuries of our era, we find no difficulty in accounting for their appearance here.

There is nothing of special interest above Philæ until you reach the great rock-hewn temple of Aboo-Simbel, at the entrance of which sit the finely proportioned colossal figures of Rameses II., among the largest and decidedly the most beautiful of all the colossi in Egypt. As in all the other temples, we find here some valuable historical tablets and highly finished sculptures, but being excavated in the mountain side, and the entrance half choked up with sand, nothing can be seen without the aid of candles or torches, the smoke from which gives the place rather a gloomy appearance.

The present condition of Egypt strikingly fulfills the prophecies concerning her, and, what is remarkable, the ruin of this nation was brought about, as foretold, by internal dissensions: "I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians: and they shall fight every one against his brother, . . . city against city, and kingdom against kingdom; . . . and I will . . . give [them] over into the hands of a cruel lord: and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord." "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: . . and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."[1]

[1] Isaiah xix, 2; Ezekiel xxix, 15; xxx, 13.

And more remarkable still, is the fulfillment of the prophecy touching the reeds that once abounded along her water-courses, the papyrus being now unknown in Egypt: "The reeds and flags shall wither . . . the paper-reeds by the brooks . . . shall wither . . . and be no more."[1]

Thus, in the literal fulfillment of these predictions, as well as in the harmony of biblical and Egyptian chronology, and in the perfect agreement between the narratives of Scripture and the arts and productions, manners and social life, of this ancient people, we have beautifully set forth the truth of the inspired record, so that they who half a century ago sneered at the Bible as a budget of fables, errors, and contradictions, now regard it as the infallible word and wisdom of God.

[1] Isaiah xix, 6, 7.

LAMP AND STAND.

CHAPTER VII.

ISRAEL'S DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT—PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

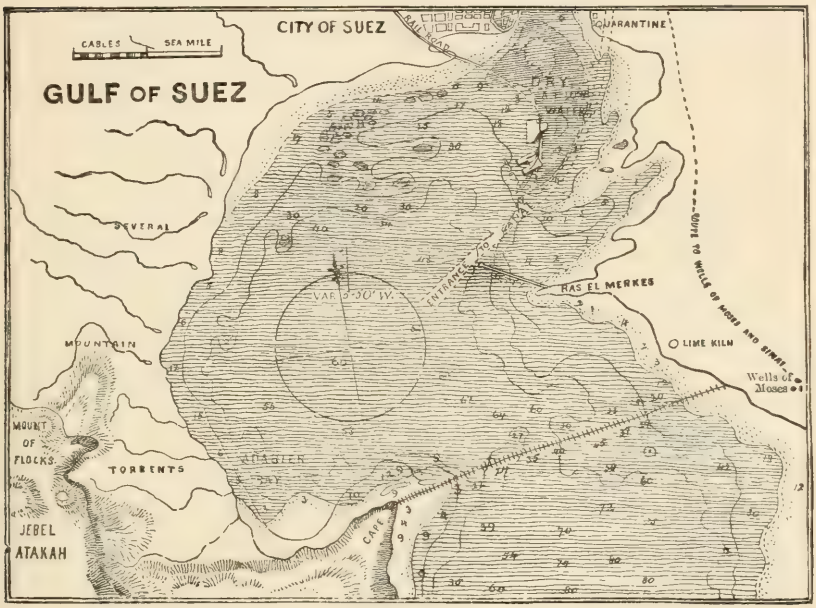
Deliverance of the Hebrews from Bondage—Traditional Crossing-place—Location of Rameses—Their probable Route—Topography of the Country—Significance of Names—Safe Passage of the Sea—Destruction of Pharaoh's Army—Wells of Moses—Journey through the Wilderness—Petra.

THE Exodus, which terminated the patriarchal dispensation, and from which we are to date Israel's national career, occurred, according to our received chronology, B. C. 1491. And the traditional site of their passage of the Red Sea is a few miles south of where the new ship canal enters the Gulf of Suez.

The deliverance of the Hebrews from their long and severe bondage, and the punishment of the Egyptians by the miraculous interference of Providence, constitute an important epoch in the history of God's people, and add a peculiar interest to the scene of their wonderful deliverance. Some, who would explain away the miracle entirely, contend that they crossed the head of the sea, near Suez; but, having carefully examined the whole ground, we are persuaded that the passage was effected ten miles south of there—from Ras Atâkah to the Wells of Moses. The sea at this point is about eight miles wide, and from ten to forty feet deep. The crossing at Suez is a shallow ford on the great caravan route to Arabia and Syria, less than a mile wide, where there is really no sea to divide, and where it would be utterly impossible to engulf

an army like Pharaoh's. Or, had Moses made a short detour to the left, he could have avoided the sea entirely, and there would have been no necessity for any miracle, nor any occasion for the consternation that prevailed in the camp of Israel.

Others think the sea at one time extended much farther north than at present, but existing traces of the ancient canal,



RED SEA.—PROBABLE CROSSING-PLACE BY THE ISRAELITES.

probably constructed before the exodus, and enlarged by Necho II. B. C. 650, disprove this theory. Besides, Marah could not have been reached on the third day by the northern route; and they would have found an abundant supply of water at the Wells of Moses the first day after their passage; yet it appears they were three days in coming to water after crossing the sea. The only difficulty in settling this ques-

tion lies in locating Rameses, their starting-point. Robinson, Lepsius, and others fix it on the railroad near the desert, about seventy-five miles north-east of Cairo; but more recent discoveries at Tel-el Yahoodeh—"the Mounds of the Jews"—twenty miles north of Cairo, and in sight of Heliopolis, are very strong arguments in support of Rameses being there. This was in "the land of Goshen," and "the very best of the land" belonging to Pharaoh, of which Rameses appears to have been the capital or treasure city, and where Onias in after years built his temple.

Among the discoveries here made were the remains of a magnificent palace, paved with alabaster, the walls of encaustic bricks beautifully wrought, many of them bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions, and the oval of Rameses II. inlaid with glass. Rameses, in a sitting posture, was also found upon the sculptures. These, and other ruins of dwellings and villages in the neighborhood, clearly of Jewish origin, would indicate that this at least was one of the cities of the Hebrews, and more likely Rameses than any other place named.

It is very clear from the narrative that the land of Goshen lay east of the Nile, and from the frequent communications between Moses and the court of Pharaoh, the rendezvous of the Israelites must have been near to Memphis, the capital. From Josephus we learn[1] that they took their journey by Latopolis, where Babylon in Egypt—now Cairo—was afterward built by the Persians. If, then, the ruins we have been describing are those of Rameses, the probability is the Hebrews first came to Latopolis, where they obtained from the Egyptians the costly gifts in gold, silver, and raiment, as a reward for their long service, and then journeyed eastward by the direct caravan

[1] Antiquities, ii, 15.

road to Succoth, and next to "Etham, on the edge of the wilderness."[1] From this it appears they did not strike the desert until the close of the second day. From Robinson's location of Rameses they would have reached it within a few hours. Here, on the third day of their exodus, they were commanded to "turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth;"[2] or, more properly, return and encamp again in the mouth of the valley, namely, Wady Tawarik, "between Migdol and the sea," which would be their third camping-place, their next being "over against Baal-Zephon, . . . by the sea." Baal-Zephon signifies mountain, or watch-tower, of the north, and must refer to Jebel Atâkah, the most northerly mountain in Africa, which, in the morning sunlight, beams like fire. From this it would seem that at first they were going by the usual route from Memphis to Gaza and Damascus, round the head of the sea, when the Almighty, for the purpose, no doubt, of displaying his power in their salvation, directed them to the place where they finally crossed.

The distance through Wady Tawarik from old Cairo is a little over fifty miles, and can easily be traveled in three days, though from the pillar of fire going before them "by night" it would appear they traveled day and night. There is a station and fountain about one third the way still called by the natives the Station of Moses, that would answer very well for Succoth, where they pitched their tents at the close of the first day's march. Their next encampment was at Etham, about eighteen miles from Succoth, which we must be careful not to confound with Etham east of the sea.[3] Here God, in the cloudy pillar, directed them to retrace their line of march, and changed their course abruptly to the right into Wady Tawarik, between

[1] Exodus xiii, 20. [2] Exodus xiv, 2. [3] Numbers xxxiii, 8.

Migdol, perhaps Atâkah, and the sea, with the wilderness of Tih in their rear shutting them in, and cutting off their retreat.

This also accords with Josephus, who says, "That Pharaoh followed the Israelites with six hundred chariots, fifty thousand horsemen, and two hundred thousand footmen, all armed; that the Egyptians drove them into a narrow place, shutting them up between inaccessible precipices; and that there was on either side of them a ridge of impassable mountains terminating at the sea."[1] All which agrees with this locality and the inspired account, but is not true of any other point.

In fact, this is the only route that satisfies all the conditions of the narrative, which is further established by the topography of the land, and the names of places along this line. Wady el Tih, through which they would naturally pass, is still known as "The Valley of Wandering;" Jebel Gharbûn, near Etham, where they turned back, signifies the Mountain of Doubt; Jebel Atâkah, that cut off their escape, and where Jehovah interposed in their behalf, the Mountain of Deliverance; and even the Gulf at this point appears to have derived its name from the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host, as Suez literally means Destruction.

In determining this question it should be remembered that the event is every-where referred to in the Scriptures as a miraculous deliverance; that the narrative expressly states that the path of the Israelites was "through the midst—or, more literally, the *heart*—of the sea;" that "the floods stood upright as an heap," and "the waters were a wall on their right hand and on their left;"[2] and that "the Egyptians pursued them into the midst of the sea," where the Lord destroyed them all. "There remained not so much as one of them; the

[1] Antiquities, ii, 15. [2] Exodus xiv, 22, 28.

depths covered them, they sank to the bottom as a stone, they sank as lead in the mighty waters."[1] All which implies a wide, deep sea, and is no way applicable to the narrow, shallow ford at Suez, where really there was no sea to divide, no mountains to shut the Israelites in, no occasion for any divine interposition; and where it would be impossible to overwhelm and destroy an army like Pharaoh's "in the depths of the sea." They who would explain away the miracle contend that the

WELLS OF MOSES.

wind blew back the waters from the head of the gulf, which seems very absurd to one standing upon the spot. "A strong east wind"[2] would never drive the water out of the bay of Suez, but at Ras Atâkah would force the tide back into the sea, and aid in opening a passage from east to west, literally piling up the waters in "an heap" around Suez. All this renders the traditional site the probable crossing-place; and Ayun

[1] Exodus xiv, 10. [2] Exodus xiv, 21.

Musa, on the Asiatic side, more than likely the spot where Miriam struck her timbrels, and all Israel praised the Lord who had triumphed so gloriously in the overthrow of Pharaoh and his chariots in the sea.[1]

Ayun Musa, or the Wells of Moses, are simply several fountains of brackish water bubbling up through the hot sands, surrounded with a grove of palm, tamarisk, and other trees, forming a cool oasis in the desert about twelve miles south of Suez, and probably marking the first encampment of the Israelites in the "Wilderness of Shur," east of the Red Sea.

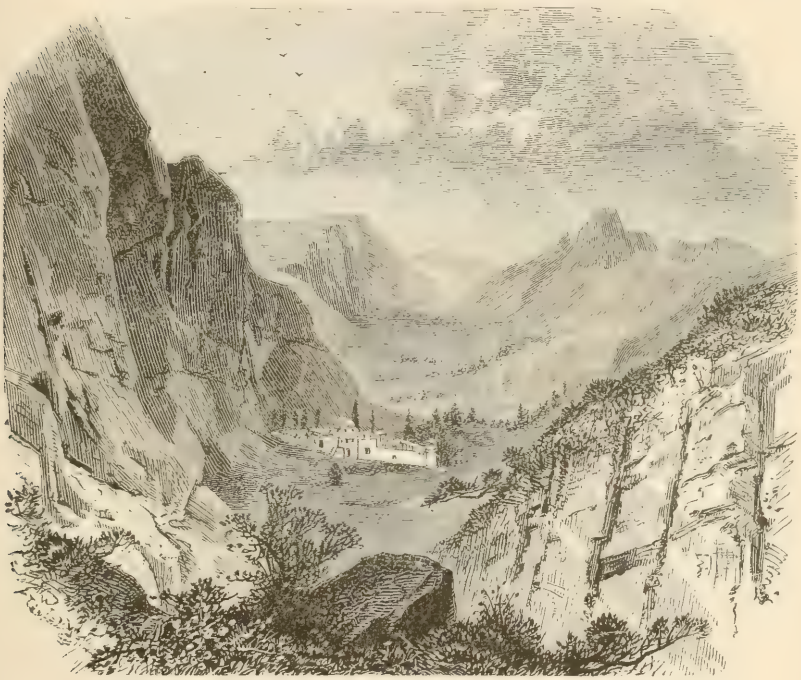
All travel through the desert is on the camel. This animal has great power of endurance, and will go from six to seven days, if necessary, without eating or drinking. Wherever you find the Arab you find the camel, and these children of the desert consider it a very beautiful animal. If you want to compliment an Arab lady, just tell her she is as beautiful as a camel, and you will see her dark skin tinge at once with a blush. The camel is purely a domestic beast, not being found in a wild state anywhere on the globe. The only difference between the dromedary and camel is the difference between a riding-horse and a work-horse. The dromedary is the graceful, well-formed camel, and is kept only for the saddle. Naturally there are no two-humped camels or dromedaries. The elevation on their backs is a fatty substance on which they subsist during long journeys. In some countries this hump is cut into when they are quite young, and by a simple process separated, so that it grows into two elevations, being more convenient for the saddle. The camel is the "ship of the desert," and is used almost exclusively for transportation purposes.

The caravans usually start from the Wells of Moses for the

[1] Exodus xv, 1–21.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

peninsula of Sinai, and in from six to eight days, by way of Wady Feiran, you are at the old Convent of St. Catharine, over five thousand feet above the sea, and at the base of Ras Sufsafeh, a spur of Jebel Musa, the traditional Mount Sinai, which meets all the conditions of the text better than any other



THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE.

peak of the Horeb range. The legal mountain towers two thousand feet above the convent, and seven thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea at Tor.

The plain of Er Rahah, where the Israelites encamped for about eleven months, lies to the north of Jebel Musa, and is sufficiently large to have accommodated the hosts of Israel,

and to afford them a grand view of that sublime display of Jehovah's majesty and power when "He came down in sight of all the people,"[1] and from the flaming crest of this mountain—that still bears the marks of having been scathed with lightning—delivered his own law, containing the moral code of the universe, to his own chosen Israel.

INSCRIBED ROCKS—WADY MUKATTEB.

The journey from here to Palestine, by the way of Akabah and Petra, generally takes from two to three weeks, frequently crossing and sometimes following the supposed track of the Israelites through the Desert, where their route may be traced in places by the ash-beds of their camp-fires, and the inscribed rocks that mark their line of march. And we here learn the full force of that expression, "They went out into the waste

[1] Exodus xix, 11.

howling wilderness."[1] Many rocks crop out of the Desert, round which the sand gathers in hillocks, and the wind blowing among these sand-hills often produces the most mournful sounds, sometimes resembling the wailing of mourners for the dead, and at other times the howling of a pack of wolves thirsting for your blood.

Akabah, three days' journey from Sinai, is a wretched Arab village at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, possessing no interest whatever, further than marking the route of the Israelites in their wanderings, and the site of ancient Ezion-Geber, the extreme southern limit of the kingdom of Israel under Solomon, and where that king built his fleets, and landed his gold from Ophir, three thousand years ago.[2]

An interesting discovery has lately been made by Captain Burton, who was sent out two years ago by the ex-Khedive, to explore the country east of the Gulf of Akabah. Landing in Arabia, Burton forced his way a few miles into the interior, and recovered what he considers the old cities of the Midianites, deserted and in ruins. He also found ancient gold mines once extensively worked, which he supposes to be the long lost mines of Ophir, and during the last year has taken out a colony from Egypt to re-occupy these cities and work the old gold mines of Solomon.

Three days hard traveling from Akabah through Wady Arabah, twice traversed by the Israelites during the exodus, brings us to Petra, the long-lost capital of Arabia Petræa, or ancient Edom, the Idumea of the Greeks—very remarkable ruins—nothing like them anywhere. Petra was at first inhabited by the Horites, or "Dwellers in Caves," and it would appear that its inhabitants have always lived in caves; that after the conquest of

[1] Deuteronomy xxxii, 10. [2] 1 Kings ix, 26–28.

the place by the Greeks and Romans, the natural rock dwellings of the aborigines were only enlarged and beautified, so that Petra has always been what its name imports, "A city in the clefts of the rocks," almost every house in it being hewn out of the

GATE-WAY TO PETRA.

solid rock—a variegated sandstone in which the crimson, orange, blue, and other natural tints blend so richly as to give to the palaces, temples, theaters, and tombs, the appearance of being beautifully frescoed.

EL KUZNEH, PETRA.

This city is mentioned by Pliny, Strabo, Josephus, and others; but about the sixth century of our era it disappeared from history, and for twelve hundred years its very site was unknown, and only within the present century recovered by Burckhardt. It is situated in a wild, rugged region, almost inaccessible, with many deep ravines, the rocks appearing to have been rent asunder by earthquakes, and standing two or three hundred feet high, almost perpendicular, and in places not more than ten or twenty feet apart, so that the city was surrounded with natural walls, strong gates closing the narrow defiles through which access only could be had.

In entering the city by the chasm of the Sik, which is over a mile long, you first pass many beautiful tombs with niches cut in the face of the cliff for statues and inscribed tablets, then under a picturesque arch spanning the ravine, supported by two Corinthian columns, called the Gate-way; when suddenly El Kuzneh, the Treasury, rises like a vision before you. The entire edifice, which is one hundred feet front by one hundred and fifty high, (except two columns of the portico, one of which has fallen,) is cut out of the rose-tinted rock, looking more like an apparition than any thing real.

This is the gem of Petra's monuments, and yet nothing is known of its history or object. It is called the Treasury, from a legend that it was built by a certain king as a depository for his valuables, and the Arabs believe that the inaccessible urn high up on its pediment still contains much gold and many rare jewels.

There are other edifices in Petra much larger than the Treasury. The amphitheater has an arena one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, with thirty-three tiers of seats and many private boxes, capable of seating an audience of three thousand or

more, all cut out of the living rock. Another monument, known as Ed Deir, the Convent, measuring one hundred and fifty feet front and two hundred and forty high, its façade ornamented with two rows of eight Corinthian columns one above the other, the lower tier of columns fifty feet high and seven feet in diameter, is a vast monolith—the entire edifice being hewn out of one massive block of stone. But no description of ours can do justice to these unique remains of a past civilization. They must be seen to be appreciated.

In the present desolate condition of Petra we see how literally the judgments of God denounced against it have been executed. "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill, though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished; . . . no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it."[1] Its ancient inhabitants have all been cut off, and so far as known, not an Edomite to-day is to be found in all the world.

Near this Aaron died, and in a rock-hewn tomb covered with a welly, on the highest summit of Mount Hor, the brother of the great lawgiver sleeps his last long sleep.[2]

The usual route from here to Palestine is across the desert to Beer-sheba by way of Ain el Weibeh, a fountain in Wady Jeib, the supposed site of Kadesh-barnea, and is, probably, Meribah-Kadesh, where Miriam died, and Moses committed the offense for which he was excluded from the land he traveled so far to possess.

[1] Jer. xlix, 16–18. [2] Num. xx, 28.

PART II.

THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

"In that same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." Gen. xv, 18.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROMISED LAND.

God's Covenant with the Patriarchs—Jacob's Name changed to Israel—Land of Israel under Solomon—Primitive Inhabitants of Canaan—Character of the Country—Present Condition of Palestine, Moral, Social, Political—Turkish Rule—Future Prospects.

OF Enoch it is said, that he "walked with God," and of Abraham that he was the "friend of God," but of Jacob the honorable mention is made, he "prevailed with God," and from this circumstance his name was changed to Israel, a name by which his descendants have ever since been known. And the covenant God first made with Abram before he left "Ur of the Chaldees,"[1] that he should become "a great nation" in whom "all the families of the earth should be blessed," was afterward renewed with Jacob when the Almighty appeared to him, first at Peniel, then at Bethel, and said unto him, "Thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name, and the land which I gave Abraham and Isaac, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed after thee will I give the land."[2]

The twelve sons of this illustrious man were the twelve patriarchs and progenitors of the twelve tribes of Israel, God's chosen people, whose history by many centuries is the oldest, and, in fact, the only reliable history of our world and race. Blot out Jewish history, and what would we know of the origin of man or the world, of God or the future?

[1] Genesis xii, 1. [2] Genesis xxxv, 10–12.

Under David and Solomon "the land of Israel" became one of the largest, most powerful, and wealthy kingdoms of the world, extending north and south from Ezion-geber on the Red Sea, "unto the entering in of Hamath"[1] in northern Syria, and east and west "from the river of Egypt, unto the great river, the river Euphrates,"[2] covering an area of two hundred thousand square miles, equal to some of the largest kingdoms of Europe; and in point of riches and wisdom Solomon is said to have surpassed "all the kings of the earth;"[3] and all neighboring nations acknowledged his power, and contributed to his wealth by sending him every year costly presents in gold, silver, and other articles. So great was his affluence that "all his drinking-vessels were of pure gold; none were silver; it was not any thing accounted of in the days of Solomon."[4] When the Queen of Sheba visited him, and beheld the splendor of his court, "there was no more spirit in her," and she exclaimed, "The half of thy greatness and wisdom was not told me. Blessed be the Lord thy God, who delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel."[5] After the death of Solomon this magnificent kingdom began to decline, and in a few years the boundaries of the Holy Land were contracted to the limited territory, "from Dan to Beer-sheba."[6] In modern times the Land of Promise is better known as Palestine or Palestina, the Greek form of Philistine, a once powerful nation who occupied the rich plain of Philistia, between the Judean mountains and the Mediterranean Sea, and have stamped their name on the whole of the land of Israel.

Palestine was first inhabited by the Hittites, Amorites, Jebusites, and other Canaanitish tribes, being all descendants of Ca-

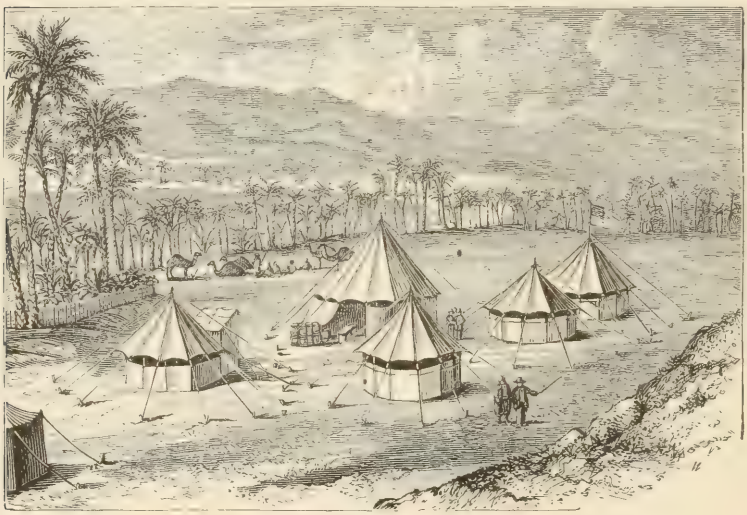
[1] Judges iii, 3; 1 Kings ix, 26. [2] Genesis xv, 18. [3] 2 Chronicles ix, 22, 24.
[4] 2 Chronicles ix, 20. [5] 1 Kings x, 9. [6] 1 Kings iv, 25.

naan, son of Ham, and grandson of Noah, who is supposed to have lived and died here. Hence, the country was early called the "Land of Canaan,"[1] which properly applied only to Western Palestine, as the nations east of the Jordan were of Semitic origin. The first settlements of the Canaanites were in the low valley of the Jordan, and on the plains of Philistia and Phœnicia, "by the sea,"[2] as the name signifies dwellers in the low lands, or by the sea; and we are informed that Zidon, the eldest son of Canaan, founded the city that bears his name, and was father of the Sidonians and Phœnicians. Canaan had ten other sons who were heads of as many tribes dwelling in this land, so that most if not all of the nations occupying Syria in the days of the patriarchs were Canaanites. These tribes, on account of their idolatry and great wickedness, were driven out or exterminated by the Israelites, who, except at short intervals, held the country until David's illustrious successor—our world's Redeemer—came and set up his spiritual kingdom, confined to no particular land or race, being a kingdom of righteousness and peace, and destined to prevail in the earth until all "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."[3]

Western Palestine, that is, "from Dan to Beer-sheba," is only about one hundred and fifty miles long, by one third that distance wide, and yet this narrow strip of territory, of no particular value in itself, is replete with historic and sacred interest. Forming, as it does, the key to Western Asia, it has been held at different periods by all the great nations of antiquity, and may very properly be styled "the battle-field of the world." The surface of the country is broken and rocky, the spurs of the Lebanon range of mountains extending the entire length of

[1] Genesis xiii, 12. [2] Numbers xiii, 29. [3] Revelation xi, 15.

the land, forming the great divide between the Mediterranean on the west, and the Jordan valley on the east. The soil, however, is exceedingly rich, and capable of sustaining ten times the present population. It is still a country "of corn and oil and wine." The olive and vine grow luxuriantly on the limestone ridges, and the fertile plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, under proper cultivation, would still yield a hundred-fold of wheat, barley, or other cereals; and the yield of these prod-



TENT-LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND.

ucts must always have been great, as the numerous ancient oil and wine presses cut in the solid rock, and the many threshing-floors every-where to be seen, fully attest.

There are no roads or public conveyances in Palestine proper, except between Jaffa and Jerusalem; so in making the tour of the Holy Land you are required to employ a dragoman, who will furnish tents, horses, beds, and every thing else necessary for the journey. And there is something very romantic in

this tent life. Just fancy the pleasure of traveling over the same hills and through the same valleys once trodden by the weary feet of God's eternal Son. Camping on Olivet, lunching at Jericho, bathing in the Jordan, drinking from Jacob's well, sleeping in Nazareth, and then spending a Sunday on Carmel, Tabor, or some other mount of equal interest. Could any thing be more inspiring?

The present population of Palestine is not over four hundred thousand, and appears yearly to be diminishing. No new villages are springing up, and the old ones are slowly going to decay. The people, too, are becoming impoverished; there is less wealth among the fellaheen, fewer horses, camels, and stock of all kinds, than formerly. Fruit and forest trees are also disappearing. Carmel was almost stripped of its timber for the Suez canal, and as fruit trees are taxed whether they bear or not, few are planted. Every thing appears to be finished; there is no progress, no improvement of any kind.

These evils are in part owing to the frequent incursions of the Bedouins, and consequent insecurity of life and property. These wild Arabs of the desert are as uncivilized as they were three thousand years ago, and the government seems to have no control over them. Within a year they have plundered villages and robbed caravans in sight of Jerusalem. But this condition of things is mainly due to Turkish rule, or rather misrule. The people have no constitutional government, no courts of justice, no trials by jury. The Sultan claims to own the country and every thing in it. The taxes, which amount to from ten to fifty per cent., are not equally assessed, but farmed out to the highest bidder, who frequently is some merciless agent of the Government. This system of taxation is crushing the nation to death, and has brought about the present

wretched condition of Turkey, which is due almost wholly to the rapacity, corruption, and cruelty of the pashas and their tax-collectors, who have literally sucked the life-blood out of the land. It is no object for the oppressed tillers of the soil to raise any thing beyond their immediate wants, as they are despoiled of all their surplus crops by these rapacious task-masters.

If half the extortion is true these collectors are charged with, they must be worse than the publicans of old. Then, all the able-bodied men are pressed into the army, leaving only the aged and the women to cultivate the land. These peasant women do most of the manual labor, are generally treated as slaves, never as the equals of man, and, like all women in the Orient, occupy a subordinate position, and have no rights that man is bound to respect. They are good field hands, and many of them very powerful. During the late war the Russians, having captured a Turkish fortress in which there were many females, the Russian officer in command issued an order permitting all the women to leave, taking with them any thing they could carry. He, however, was greatly surprised when he saw every woman march out with a man on her back!

In the Ottoman Empire all soldiers are conscripted, and no substitutes allowed. It is a singular fact, however, that the men who can afford to pay liberal *backsheesh* are never drafted. The law provides that only one out of a family shall be taken, but the demand for men is so great they take all old enough to serve. The law also exempts an only son and the husband of a helpless wife; no respect, however, is paid to this statute. After the conscription they are allowed to return home for a few weeks, but should they fail to report for duty at the proper time, and can't be found, the next akin—perhaps the father, or

an elder brother—is arrested, and held as a hostage till the soldier is delivered up, who is severely bastinadoed as a deserter. You can conceive of nothing more heart-rending than the removal of these conscripts from their villages. The friends gather round them and sit and weep for hours. The whole village is in mourning, and when finally they are marched off their relatives follow them as to the grave.

On one occasion we witnessed the departure of a regiment of these men for the seat of war. It was an affecting scene to see them first kiss and then embrace their loved ones. A long caravan of camels led the way with the baggage; then came the soldiers on foot, followed by their friends—wives with their babes either sitting on their shoulders or slung over their backs, and mothers weeping as if their hearts would break. One, both aged and blind, was led up that she might touch once more her son and only support, and as she laid her wrinkled hand upon his face his manly heart gave way, and he wept like a little child. Poor wretches! well might they weep! for they serve without pay, have nothing to leave for the support of their families, and not one in ten will ever return again.

But the saddest scene was after the soldiers had all left, when the crowd dispersed, and the wives and children, mothers and sisters, came back through the gates of the city to their desolate homes, with no means to support, no religion to comfort, no Government to protect them.

Foreigners are not subject to these outrages, and are about the only privileged class in the country. Turkey by her treaties with foreign nations transfers all authority over foreigners to their respective consuls. So that a citizen of another country, residing in Turkey, is under the exclusive jurisdiction of his consul, who alone has power to arrest, try, and punish him;

and all charges against him must be presented in the consular court of his own country, of which the Consul is judge and jury. The result is, we have a dozen or more independent tribunals representing the leading nations of the world, clothed with almost absolute authority, and exercising, in some cases, the power of life and death. Each consulate is the head of the government it represents, and has its own subjects, courts, officers, and prison, and the execution, if not the making, of its own laws. The decisions of these different courts are often partial, and sometimes conflict with each other, and, there being no court of appeals or international court having appellate jurisdiction in such cases, many questions can never be settled, and the guilty often go unpunished; so that really, with all these courts and governors, there is very little justice, and very poor government.

Jerusalem is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants—twenty thousand of whom are Jews, the remainder being about equally divided between Mohammedans and Christians. The Christian population is made up of Greeks, Latins, Arminians, Syrians, Copts, and a few Protestants. With the exception of those earnest workers connected with the Protestant missions there is very little vital piety among any of them, every thing formal, ceremonial, mechanical. The late Right Rev. Bishop Gobat, Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, was a liberal, intelligent, godly man, and did much for his Master's cause. After spending more than half a century in hard missionary work in Abyssinia and Syria, in his eightieth year he resigned his office, and with it his life, as within a few months thereafter death closed his eventful career. May his mantle fall on some worthy Elisha!

About the only difference between the Greek and Latin

Churches is the absence in the former of all images, and then the privilege is allowed her priesthood of marrying once. A friend of mine, stopping on one occasion with a Greek priest, observed him washing the clothes, and doing many other little turns the good housewife usually attends to with us, and was prompted to inquire of the priest if his wife was sick? "O, no!" was the reply, "but you know we priests are only al-

A POLISH JEW.

lowed one wife, and if I permitted my wife to expose herself she might take cold and die; then what would become of me? I could never marry again." Sure enough; what would become of our poor widowers if they could never marry again?

What the future of Palestine is to be under the protectorate of England time alone can tell. How far the Sublime Porte will carry out the proposed reforms remains to be seen. We predict, however, an utter failure, as the great mass of the popu-

lation are bigoted Mohammedans, who would rather die than submit to Christian rule. And as to the return of God's scattered Israel to the Promised Land, we must wait further developments. There are now about thirty thousand Jews in all Palestine. They are mostly from Poland and Russia, and come here not to develop the country, but from religious motives, to mourn over the desolation of Zion, and to die, that their bodies may sleep with their fathers in holy ground. They are generally aged and poor, living on the alms of their people collected in Europe and America. It will require a different class of immigrants altogether to restore this cursed land to what it once was. The latest programme for Palestine is not Jewish, but papal occupancy. The Jesuits of Europe are dissatisfied with the state of things in Italy, and there is a movement on foot to make Jerusalem the head of the Latin Church. Commissioners have been appointed to negotiate for the territory. Engineers have surveyed a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Money is being collected for this road, and the erection of a magnificent palace for his holiness on Mount Zion, to which the wealth of the Vatican is to be transferred; here the successors to St. Peter are to reign, and the "City of the Great King" is to be the future head of the Romish Pontificate. Lord Beaconsfield, however, may have something to say in the future disposition of Palestine.

CHAPTER II.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

Oldest Sea port in the World—Difficulty of landing—Oriental Life—Plain of Sharon—City of the Great King—First impressions—Jews' Wailing-place—Ruin and desolation—Interest awakened by the Holy Places.

JAFFA, or ancient Joppa, the port of Jerusalem, and oldest sea-port in the world, the very same from which Jonah embarked on his eventful voyage, and where, it is said, Noah launched his ark upon the shoreless deep, is one of the most dangerous harbors to enter, and, when the weather is stormy, to land is almost impossible.

We had been favored with pleasant weather and a pleasant passage over the Mediterranean, and were promising ourselves a pleasant landing the next morning at Jaffa, when about midnight, the last night we were out, all at once there arose a fearful storm, and as we approached the port in the early morn the wind was blowing a gale, and the waves threatened to engulf the little boats that ventured out to take the passengers ashore. Many on board were pilgrims on their way to the holy places, and it was frightful to see the poor wretches swung out over the sides of the ship by ropes tied round their waists, and, after dangling in the air till the proper moment, dropped into the boats below, the sea being too rough to land them in the usual way. Finally, it came our turn to quit the ship. How this was accomplished we shall leave for some one else to relate. The great difficulty was in getting into the small boat, which one moment would rise level with the

steamer's deck, and the next sink with the receding waters until lost to view under the sides of the ship. With fear and trembling we waited our opportunity, and, as the little boat rose on the swell of the sea, made the leap; it seemed like leaping into the jaws of death, but a gracious Providence ordered it otherwise. Though now safely in the boat, we were still a mile from shore. I shall never forget that ride. The storm raged with increasing violence. I thought of Jonah's adventure on this same coast, of Paul's shipwreck in this same sea, and of Andromeda chained to the rocks over which the waves were now dashing, threatening us with the same fate. One billow broke over us, and when my wife exclaimed, "We are lost! we are lost!" I thought for a moment we were gone. Another wave like it would certainly swamp us; and it is coming; we see its foaming crest on our starboard; it is also seen at the same moment by the helmsman. "Hard-a-port!" he shouts to the six swarthy men at the oars. The wave strikes us harmlessly, and, lifting us like a feather on its heaving bosom, bears us safely to the shore.

Jaffa contains a population of perhaps fifteen thousand, notwithstanding it has been destroyed and rebuilt a dozen times. The last scene in its bloody history was enacted by Napoleon I. in 1799, when he cruelly put to death its garrison of four thousand Albanians, after stipulating, as a condition of surrender, that their lives should be spared; and then poisoned his own soldiers who were too sick to follow him in his retreat from Syria, after his repulse at Acre. The site of Simon's house, "the tanner" with whom Peter was stopping when he raised Tabitha to life, and where he had his vision of the Gospel dispensation, is still, with good authority, pointed out "by the sea-side."

JAFFA.

The city, being situated on a commanding bluff, crowned with the governor's palace, presents a picturesque appearance from the water; but no sooner do your feet touch the shore than all these first impressions are dissipated. The streets are crooked, narrow, and filthy; crowded with camels, donkeys and dogs, beggars, lepers, and half-naked Arabs, rendering it difficult to pass between them. The moment, however, you leave the city the whole scene is changed. You are now in

the land of sacred and classic lore, of dreams and legends, of sunshine and flowers. And the groves of bananas, oranges and pomegranates, inclosed with hedges of blooming cacti; the veiled women reclining under the palm-trees, or strolling among the tombs; and the turbaned men, with their long beards and flowing robes sitting in the city gates, or smoking their nargilehs under their "own vine and fig-tree," remind one of patriarchal times, and present a scene only to be met with in the East.

Jerusalem is two thousand six hundred feet above, and thirty-five miles east of Jaffa; and apart from the wretched people

KIRJATH-JEARIM—EMMAUS.

you meet by the way, some blind, others lame, and all in rags, nothing could be more delightful than this ride of ten hours. For twenty miles the road lies over the flowery Plain of Sharon, the country of the old Philistines, and through the very corn-fields destroyed by Samson's foxes. We begin ascending the Mountains of Judea from the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua defeated the five kings of the Amorites. The road from here crosses a succession of ridges, from the summits of

which we get grand views of the Land of Canaan; from one point in particular, near Emmaus, where Christ revealed himself to two of his disciples on the day of his resurrection, the whole plain of Sharon, from Carmel to Askelon, dotted with villages, with the blue sea on the distant horizon, may be seen. But we have no time to muse on the landscape. The object of our journey and our heart's desire lies just beyond the ridge before us—the highest of the range. We spur up our jaded horses, and soon cross the great mountain barrier between the Dead Sea and Mediterranean, when lo! Jerusalem, all aglow in the gleams of a gorgeous sunset, bursts upon our vision, and with hearts throbbing with unutterable emotion we ride through the "Gates of Zion," and dismount in the "City of God."

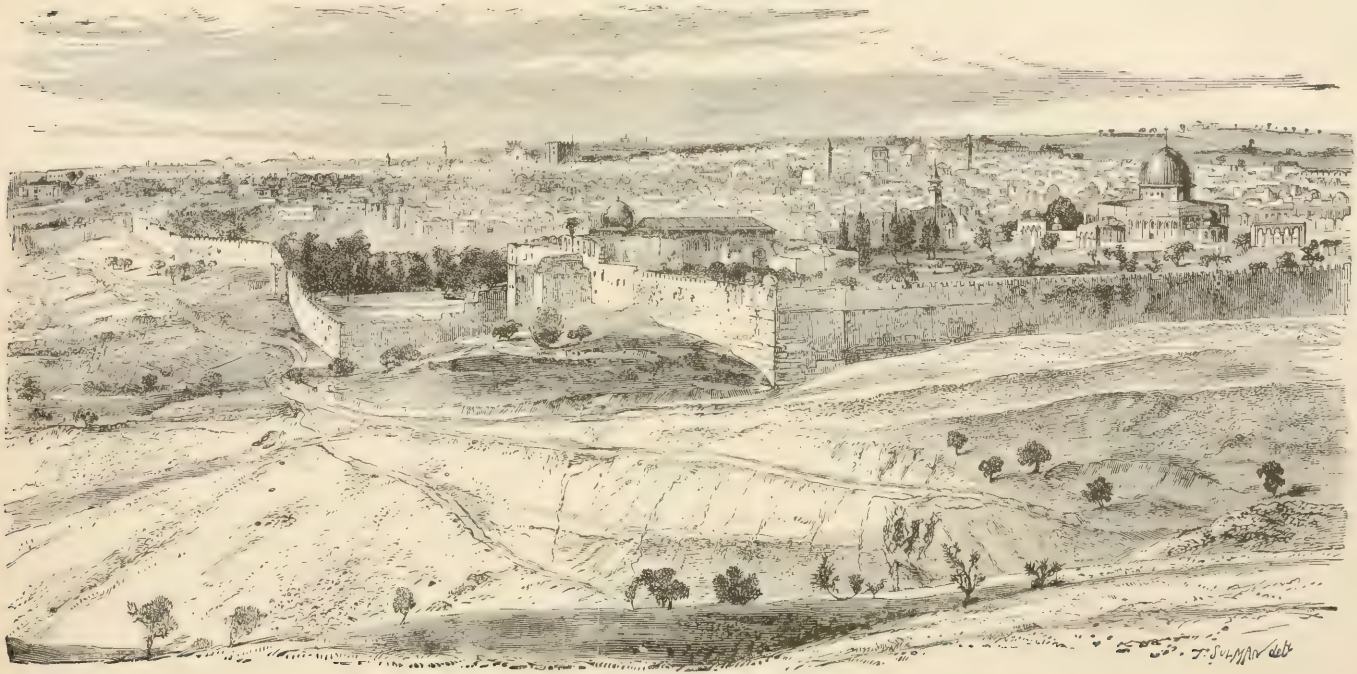
If in visiting the battle-fields of Marathon or Bunker Hill one feels inspired with patriotic ardor, is it not a cold philosophy which would suppress our religious emotions when we visit the scene of our Lord's great triumph over death and hell? Such objects of interest as Bethany, Gethsemane and Golgotha give wings to our faith, and warm the heart with increased zeal. Though we may not be able to determine the precise spot where the events occurred which render sacred these places, such is the influence of the name of Jesus, and the glory of his personal presence, the whole land seems fragrant with his memory. What hallowed recollections the walls and towers of Zion awaken! What influences have gone out from this center! Toward Calvary the hearts of millions daily turn for comfort, and when we have forgotten every other event of time, the Cross, with its bleeding, dying Victim, the tomb of Joseph, radiant with immortality, and Olivet, flashing with the glory of our ascending King, will still be fresh in our memories.

True, visiting these places is not devotion, nor can they make us better or wiser, and yet, as music soothes the soul, and the presence of a friend cheers the heart, so the sight of these sacred spots fills us with emotions of pleasure we can never express.

"Even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him."

Alas for our race, if we had to come to the Jordan to be baptized, or to Jerusalem to worship! We rejoice in the pure, simple, majestic system of salvation by faith in Christ, stripped of all the forms, legends, and superstitious rites that a corrupt priesthood would substitute for divine worship. Let us bless heaven for the simple truth, the priceless gift of God to man!

Why God selected this city before all others for the habitation of his holiness will, perhaps, never be known; but so long as our race occupies this globe the name of Jerusalem will be sacred. It must always be regarded as the capital of Christendom, the great center of religious interest, and the most memorable spot on earth. Even they who discard our faith must reverence this city for its great antiquity and historic associations. Long before Rome, or Athens, or Thebes were founded, Jerusalem lifted her towers from the crest of Mount Zion. Though dethroned and impoverished, she is still invested with imperishable dignity. In Solomon's time she was "the perfection of beauty," the "joy of the whole earth;" great in wealth, powerful in war, and luxurious in peace. Her gorgeous Temple—the first ever built with hands for the invisible Jehovah—and her magnificent palaces were unrivaled. When Titus beheld her beauty he felt grieved to mar her works of art with the sword and torch. Richard, the lion-hearted King of England, counted it honor enough to look



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

upon her battlements from the top of Scopus. The army of Crusaders, after fighting their way to the very portals of the Holy City, fell upon their knees, covered their faces with their shields, and wept like children, considering themselves unworthy even to behold her glory; and countless thousands of noble knights have laid down their lives for the privilege of standing within her gates. This reverence for the place continues to the present. Jew, Mussulman, and Christian still consider her the Queen city, and pilgrims from all lands, in great numbers, annually visit her. Many of them come to die, esteeming it a privilege to be buried in the soil made sacred by the ashes of the Patriarchs and the blood of our world's Redeemer.

The first impression on entering the city is one of disappointment. There is nothing cheerful about the place; a mass of stone houses of Saracenic style, without windows, courts, gardens, or any comforts; narrow, gloomy streets, without drainage, lamps, or sidewalks. On Mount Moriah you see the crescent elevated above the rock over which the grand temple of Solomon once lifted its golden dome. Mount Zion, the site of the royal city of David, is now mostly without the walls, and used as a cemetery. Ophel, once the most magnificent part of the city, is now either "plowed as a field," or overrun with weeds and prickly-pear. The valley through which flowed "the sweet gliding Kedron" is filled up with loose stones to a depth of from forty to fifty feet, and is now entirely dry; and much of the city within the walls is in the same deplorable condition—open courts filled with garbage, whole squares deserted or given up to the lepers and dogs, and the entire city "trodden down by the Gentiles." But beneath this accumulation of filth, covered with rubbish, lies the "City of the Great King." Dig down almost anywhere within the old walls, fifty

or a hundred feet, and you will come upon broken columns, grand gate-ways, massive substructures, and other remains of a great city—in fact, city over city, house on top of house, generation above generation. This buried city is the Jerusalem of Christ. It was through these subterranean streets that the "Man of sorrows" bore the weighty instrument of his torture and death to the scene of his crucifixion; and in the present ruined condition of the place we see the literal fulfillment of the prophecy he uttered in reference to this city, "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."[1]

This rubbish is the accumulation of ages. Jerusalem has been destroyed a score of times by war, fire, and earthquakes, and when the place was rebuilt the rubbish was not removed, but merely leveled off, and a new city built on the ruins of the old.

Then the streets of all Oriental cities are very narrow, and the people spend most of their time in the open air, throwing all their garbage, ashes, and every thing else into the streets. So if we suppose this offal to accumulate at the rate of but one inch in a year, we have in twenty centuries one hundred and sixty feet of *débris*.

In digging a foundation for a mission school on Mount Zion, they, at a depth of twenty feet, came upon a large column standing erect, belonging to some ancient edifice, which they concluded to use as a corner-stone for the foundation; and when the house was completed, they began digging in the court-yard for a cistern, when they struck upon a massive stone tower, probably belonging to the same edifice the column did, which they thought would answer for a cistern; but when cleaning it

[1] Matthew xxiv, 2.

out before cementing, they found it full of human skulls and bones, the skeletons, perhaps, of soldiers who fell in defense of their citadel; and that old tower is the cistern of the mission school to-day.

Those who feel disappointed in the wretched outward appearance of Jerusalem forget that according to prophecy the

THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.

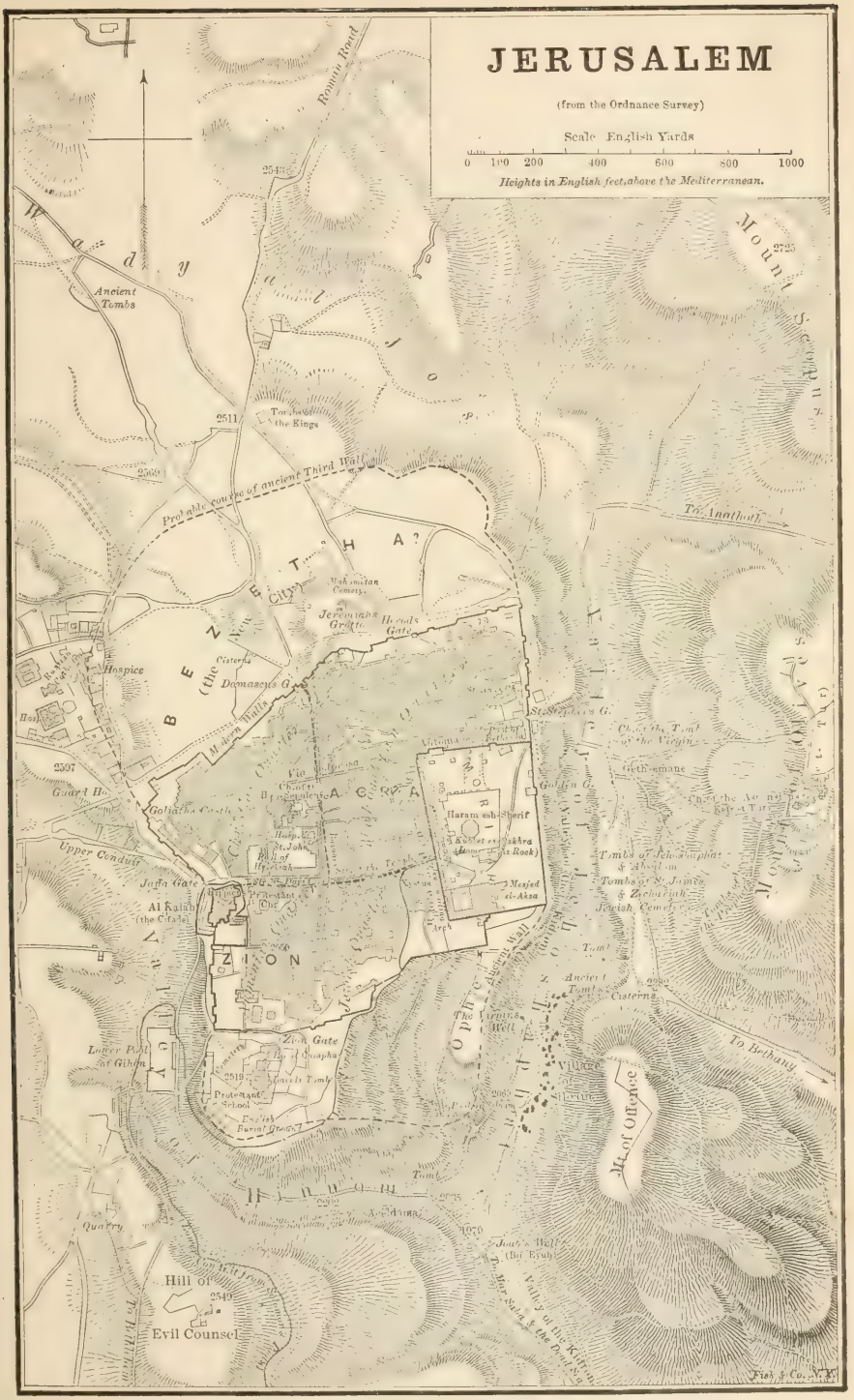
place was to be "laid waste," and become a "heap of rubbish," and that, if it presented any other appearance than it does, it would lose all interest to the Christian, as it would falsify the predictions concerning it.

Over this waste the Jews are constantly pouring their lamenta-

tions, and nothing could be more touchingly sad than a visit to their "wailing-place" on the western side of the old temple wall, they not being allowed to enter the inclosure of their own sanctuary. Here, on the eve of their Sabbath, hundreds of the children of Abraham may be seen kissing the cold stones, some praying or reading portions of Scripture, and others weeping as if their hearts would break over the desolation of Zion.

They come from all lands—are of every age, from youth to fourscore years; and this sobbing, sorrowing multitude have been coming through a long course of years, century after century, ever since the destruction of their temple and city by the Romans. What superstition, what devotion, what faith! Among their lamentations may be heard, "O, may our Father in his infinite mercy compassionate his orphans, and gather his dispersed children to the holy land! O Lord, return to thy city! build thine holy oracles, dwell in thine house, and gather in thy scattered flock. May it please God, who is mighty in works, thus to command."

And it is so with the whole country. You see nothing but ruin and desolation every-where. The people are poor and ignorant, the land neglected and barren, and the towns filthy and cheerless. Yet many of these insignificant and ruined villages possess greater interest to the enlightened Christian than the most ancient and renowned cities of the pagan world. What is Nineveh, or Babylon, or Thebes, in comparison with Bethel, or Bethlehem, or Nazareth? Many count it a great privilege to visit the tomb of Washington, or Napoleon; how much more to visit the tomb of such a man as Abraham, or Joseph, or David!


JERUSALEM
(from the Ordnance Survey)
Scale English Yards
0 100 200 400 600 800 1000
Heights in English feet, above the Mediterranean.
Roman Road
Ancient Tombs
Tombs of the Kings
Probable course of ancient Third Wall
To Anathoth
Mount Scopus
Mahometan Cemetery
Jeremiahs Grotto
Herods Gate
Hospice
Cisterns
Damascus G.
Modern Walls
St. Stephens G.
Chief the Tomb of the Virgin
Gethsemane
Golden G.
Goliaths Castle
Upper Conduit
Jaffa Gate
Al Kalah (the Cifade)
Protestant Ch.
Haram esh-Sherif
Mesjed el-Aksa
Tombs of Jehoshaphat & Absalom
Tombs of St. James & Zechariah
Jewish Cemetery
Ancient Wall
Ancient Tombs
Cisterns
The Virgins Well
Zion Gate
Lower Pool of Gihon
Protestant School
English Burial Ground
Village of Siloam
Mt. of Offence
To Bethany
Quarry
Hill of Evil Counsel
Joab's Well (Bir Eyub)
Valley of the Kidron
Fisk & Co. N.Y.

CHAPTER III.

A WALK ABOUT ZION.

Stroll around the Holy City—Points of Interest—Suggestive of Christ's Parables—Identity of the Holy Places—The Enduring Word—Result of Scientific Investigation.

NO city in the world is more sacred in its associations than Jerusalem, and none more charming as a place of residence. The average summer temperature is from eighty-four to eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit, and the winters are equally mild and pleasant—birds singing and flowers blooming the year round.

Fancy for a moment yourself in the City of David; getting up early to see the sun rise over the mountains of Moab; then going down to the tomb of Christ, or up into the "courts of the Lord's house" on Moriah, for morning prayers; or strolling along Via Dolorosa, under the Ecce Homo Arch, by the Judgment-hall of Pilate, and out of St. Stephen's gate; crossing the Kedron on a little stone bridge, and turning into the garden of Gethsemane on your left for meditation; sitting down under one of the old olive trees perhaps marking the spot of our Lord's agony, and gathering beautiful wild flowers from beneath your feet, crimsoned as with his bloody sweat; then, continuing your stroll over Olivet by the Church of the Ascension, pausing for a moment to rest on the traditional rock where Christ sat when he wept over the doomed city of the Jews, and on out to Bethany, visiting the reputed house of Simon the leper, and of Mary and Martha, and the tomb of their brother Lazarus. Then, returning by the tombs of the prophets, and

ECCE HOMO ARCH.

wandering on down the Kedron Valley to the Pool of Siloam, bathing your eyes in its limpid waters, that they may never ache again; and sweeping round into the valley of Hinnom; climbing up to Aceldama, on the slopes of the Mount of Evil Counsel, the very "field of blood" purchased with the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for the betrayal of his Lord; and on up the steep sides of Zion, to its highest summit; resting for a few minutes in the upper-room where it is said the disciples were assembled on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost was poured out upon them; and from thence through the gate

of Zion, back to your hotel for breakfast by eight o'clock. Could any thing be more delighful than such a morning walk? You can live more in one year here than in a life-time anywhere else in all the world. And, what is remarkable, these places never lose their interest. The whole land seems to breathe an

KEDRON VALLEY.

inspiration, and every object recalls some event in Scripture, or serves to illustrate some of our Lord's narratives or parables. The sparrow that chirps in your window recalls the Saviour's discourse on a special providence, and you can almost imagine you hear him say, "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" The lilies that bloom in the valley forcibly remind

us of his beautiful lessons of humility, meekness, and faith. And the lepers sitting by the way-side, the fig-tree putting forth its leaves, the shepherds watching their flocks, the women grinding at the mill, the men praying on the house-top, and "the hyssop that springeth out of the walls," all impress us with the truthfulness of the inspired record.

WOMEN GRINDING AT A MILL.

And is it not refreshing in these latter days, when a class of skeptics called men of science are trying to discredit revelation by attributing every miracle to natural causes, and treating as mere Oriental legends every narrative and divine truth they can't explain away by human reasoning, to find some old landmarks that fully corroborate the sacred record, and establish beyond controversy the credibility of the Scriptures?

The Bible was not written as a book of science, but as a rev-

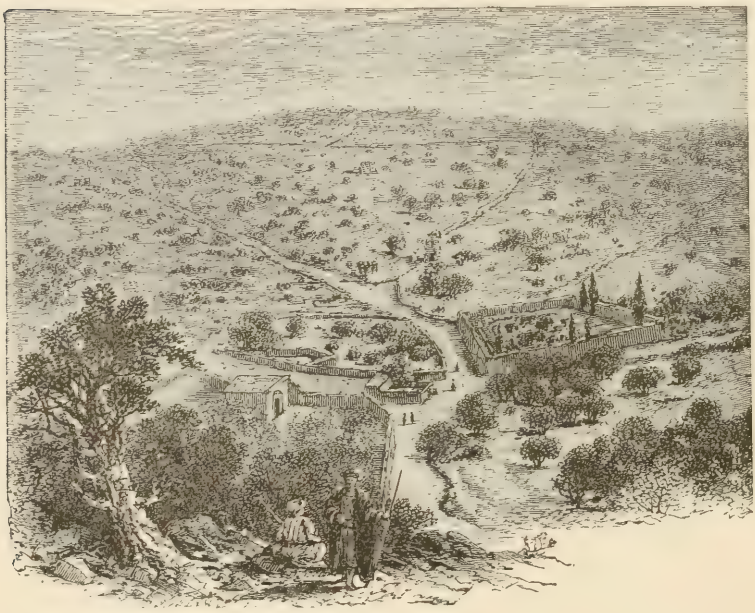
elation bearing upon man's moral character and destiny. Scientists should confine their researches to the natural world. It is assumption for them to invade the spiritual, and treat as "cunningly devised fables" every thing they cannot comprehend. The great truths of religion are to be received by faith, and that which is susceptible of demonstration can never be an object of faith. "If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."[1]

Many visit the Holy Land with the evident intent of throwing discredit on every thing sacred. One author writes: "I like to feel assured that all these localities are fabulous and apocryphal;" another facetiously remarks in reference to the tombs of the patriarchs, "I don't know and don't care where they are buried;" also in speaking of the place of our Saviour's birth, death, and resurrection, many, without investigating the subject, indulge in the expressions "purely fabulous, unmitigated fictions," "nothing but lying legends." And yet there never has been and never can be one sound argument offered against the verity of these places. Not only the Bible, but all history, sacred and profane, backed by the traditions of eighteen hundred years, and supported by all modern explorations and scientific researches fix the location of these events on, or very near, the precise spot where they are pointed out. The identity of the Coliseum at Rome, or the Parthenon at Athens, cannot be more clearly established than that of the temple of Solomon, the inn of Bethlehem, or the tomb of Christ.

We greatly deplore that these holy places have fallen into the hands of ignorant, unprincipled priests and monks, who practice all kinds of deception on the credulous, and abuse their office by making merchandise of sacred things. Still,

[1] John vii, 17.

this does not affect the truth, and we are not to reject the real because superstition has invested it with ridiculous absurdities and falsehoods. Some argue that our Lord designedly blotted out every trace of his presence when on earth, and that the world was never to know where the great events of his history transpired. But why? We see his foot-prints in creation,



GETHSEMANE AND OLIVET.

why not in redemption? Why tell us where he was born—all the circumstances of his life; the river in which he was baptized; the name of the city where he lived; the locality of the miracles he wrought; the garden in which he was betrayed; the palace of the high-priest before whom he was arraigned; the king before whom he was tried; the place where he was crucified, and all the particulars of his burial, resurrection, and

ascension, if no trace of these events was ever afterward to be discovered?

Dr. Robinson, in his researches, established it as a rule, "that no traditional information was of any authority." Yet many of these traditions are of undoubted antiquity, and must have originated in facts. And we hold that the identity of the places mentioned in the Scriptures constitute a strong collateral argument in support of their authenticity; that the land should be in perfect harmony with the book—the one the exponent of the other.

The Bible gives an unvarnished statement of certain facts, covering a period of many centuries, and is particular in giving names, dates, location, and all the details of the events as they transpired. Now, if these events actually occurred, there should be some traces of them left in the topography of the country, and in the language, manners, traditions, and social condition of the people; otherwise we would have reason to doubt the record, and every inquirer after truth visiting these localities should carefully weigh and examine for himself the external evidence they furnish in support of the facts.

What is the result of recent scientific investigation? I am happy to say that all researches in Palestine fully agree with the facts, and establish beyond doubt the inspired record; and, what is very remarkable, almost every place mentioned in the Bible where any great event transpired may still be identified by its old Hebrew name in the Arabic form—a most wonderful philological argument in support of the record. Lieut. Lynch and Captain Warren, in their explorations, have brought to light arguments that must forever silence the objections of infidelity. The discovery of the Moabite stone in 1868—the oldest alphabetic inscription known—furnishes a lost chapter in the history

of our race, agreeing exactly with the word of God; and the late exploration of the Desert of Tih, or "Wilderness of the Wanderings," by Messrs. Palmer and Drake, has resulted not only in tracing out the route of the Israelites, but in locating many of their encampments in the desert.[1] Even the old Pharaohs of Egypt are coming forth from their dusty tombs to bear testimony to the truth of what Moses wrote more than three thousand years ago. The Bible is every-where found—written on the very rocks, amid the ruins of the past, and in the language, customs, and present condition of the country. Such biblical names as Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Esau and Joseph, prevail all over the East; and there is scarcely a wild Bedouin of the desert but will correctly point out to the traveler Mount Nebo, Hor, Sinai, and the site of almost every city mentioned in the Bible, and relate the principal events connected therewith. Names and places rarely change in the Orient, and great events are never forgotten. True, the wars, storms, and earthquakes of two thousand years have wrought many physical, moral, and political changes, but they have not destroyed the old landmarks. There is also much of the traditional and superstitious mingled with the real. Still, the mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, birds and flowers, remain much the same, and the inquirer after truth will find the Scriptures every-where written on the very face of the Holy Land.

Facts are stubborn things to resist, and geographical facts most stubborn of all; but there is no conflict here with Revelation. The plains of Moreh and Mamre, where Abraham first pitched his tent and erected his altar in the land of Canaan, remain as they were four thousand years ago. The

[1] The Desert of the Exodus, pp. 25, 27.

descendants of his son, Ishmael, are wild men still, as uncivilized to-day as they ever were. Machpelah, the resting-place of the patriarchs, has never been disturbed, and remains very much as when Abraham purchased it from Ephron the Hittite, and laid in its vault his beloved Sarah. Mounts Zion, Hermon,

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

and Moriah, Pisgah, Tabor, and Olivet still stand upon their firm foundations, beautiful symbols of God's unchanging love. Jerusalem, though frequently demolished, has never been entirely destroyed. Dig down anywhere within the old walls, and you will come upon streets beautifully paved, grand archways, deep cisterns, immense columns, secret stair-cases, and long galleries cut through the solid rock, connecting the temple

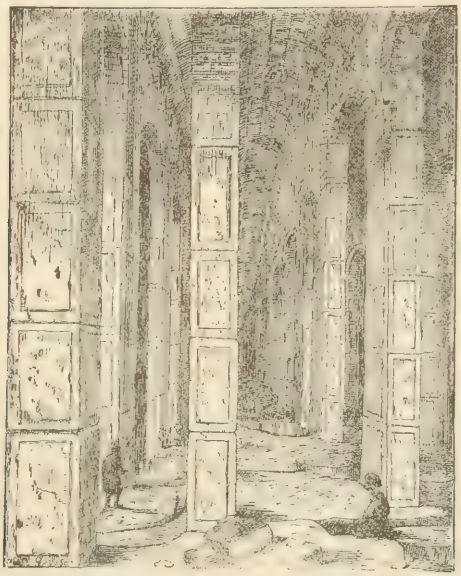
inclosure with distant fountains, and the Tower of Antonia with the citadel on Mount Zion—really wonderful to behold.

As to the identity of the valley of Hinnom and the Kedron, the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan, no question can be raised. So with the well of Jacob, the pool of Siloam, and the tomb of Rachel. Some doubts have been expressed as to the exact site of the Saviour's agony, death, and ascension; but you feel when visiting the places designated as such that you are not far from the precise localities.

Any one visiting the Valley of the Dead Sea, though he had never seen a Bible—never heard of the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah—would be able to read the whole account of God's terrible judgments which destroyed the cities of the plain written upon the scathed rocks and desolate mountains which wall in that dismal gulf—fit emblem of the lake of fire.

And the stranger from afar, who never heard of Solomon's gorgeous Temple, standing on Moriah, seeing the massiveness and height of the walls inclosing the sacred rock, exploring the great sea and other subterranean cisterns and vaults that underlie the whole vast area, examining the numerous beautiful gate-ways, broken columns, and arches of a remote antiquity, and the grand system of aqueducts that supplied the place with pure water from mountain springs twenty and forty miles distant, would soon be persuaded that the high platform on which he stood must at one time have been the site of some grand temple of worship. And every reader of the Bible would be convinced that the rock beneath the dome of the Mosque of Omar could be none other than "the threshing-floor of Araunah," where Abraham built his altar for the sacrifice of his son, and over which in after years the magnificent Temple of Solomon was erected.

The same is true of the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and many other places hallowed by the presence of Jesus. They all agree with the accounts as given by the evangelists, and no one, after carefully examining the localities, can question the fact that they are in exact accord with the Bible narrative.

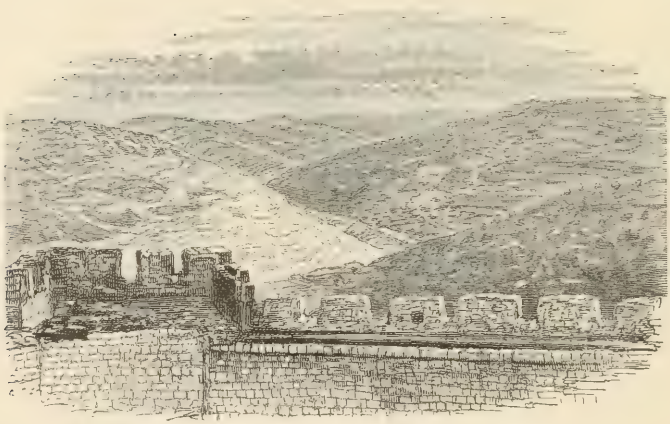


VAULTS UNDER THE TEMPLE PLATFORM.

Thus it will be seen that all explored and identified localities are in perfect harmony with the narrative of sacred history; and the imagery of the Bible also wonderfully corresponds with the natural features, productions, and customs of the country. The natives still plow, sow, and reap as of old; the soil still retains its fertility; the streams still swarm with fish, lilies still bloom in the valleys; birds still lodge in the branches

of the mustard tree; and every thing mentioned in the inspired volume agrees remarkably with the present state and condition of the land. There are no discrepancies between the geographical statements of the Bible and existing facts, or the topography of the country. All discoveries and researches not only elucidate the Scriptures, but bear witness to the truth of Revelation.

Further investigations will, no doubt, establish the locality of other places, until all skepticism as to the verity of the Scriptures has been removed, and the truth of God's word is established forever.



EASTERN VIEW FROM THE WALL OF JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER IV.

MORIAH—THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD'S HOUSE.

Scene of Abraham's offering—Threshing-floor of Araunah—Site of Solomon's Temple—Rock of Foundation—Destroyed by the Romans—Remains of the Noble Sanctuary—Mosque of Omar—Reflections—Mosque el Aksa—Mohammedan Legends.

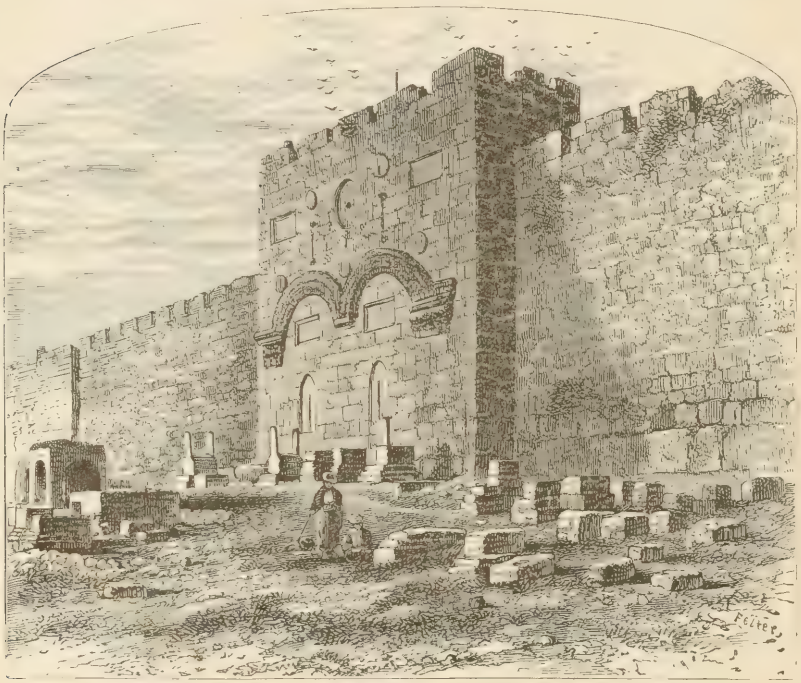
THE most memorable spot on earth, and the only spot honored of God through long ages as the "habitation of his holiness," is Mount Moriah, where, as is generally believed, Melchizedek, King of Salem, officiated as "priest of the most high God," and Solomon in after years erected the first temple ever built with hands for the worship of Jehovah, on the spot, as we learn from Josephus, where Abraham reared his altar for the sacrifice of his only son.

It is one of the four mountains on which Jerusalem is situated, separated from Zion on the west by the Tyropœon valley, and from Olivet on the east by the valley of Jehoshaphat; and beyond doubt is "the threshing-floor of Araunah," bought by David of Ornan the Jebusite, and where he "offered his burnt-offerings unto the Lord," when the destroying angel stood with drawn sword over the plague-stricken city.

It is not our intention to attempt any description of the "House of the Lord," as it appeared in all its glory when the Eternal God honored it with his presence, but to fix, if possible, its precise location, and furnish some additional facts corroborating the scriptural account of this unrivaled structure. The mural and other remains on this mount are of such a character, and the topography of the place agrees so fully with

the inspired record, as to forbid any controversy touching its identity as Moriah.

The predictions of Christ in regard to the Temple itself have been literally fulfilled—"not one stone left upon another,"[1] all above ground "thrown down." There are, how-

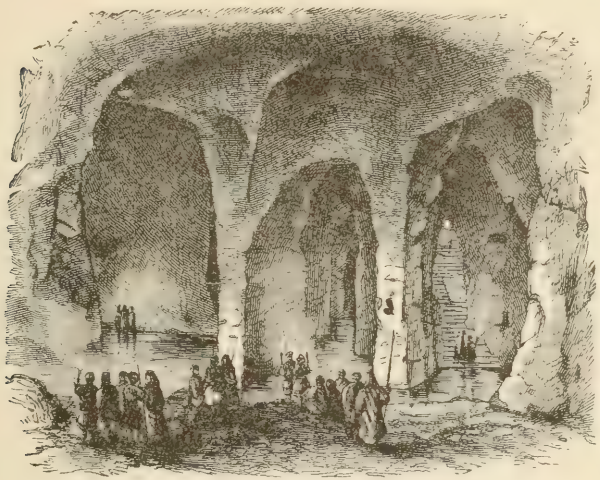


THE GOLDEN GATE.

ever, on and around the mountain, traces left of the extent and grandeur of the buildings which once adorned its crest. Massive walls, grand bridges, beautiful gate-ways, and other remains of the Temple and its courts, clearly indicating its outlines. We also find here vast reservoirs supplied by aqueducts leading off

[1] Matthew xxiv, 2.

to mountain springs thirty miles distant; secret passages, wide enough for three men to walk abreast, cut through the hard solid rock connecting the Temple with the Citadel on Mount Zion half a mile distant; and other subterranean rock-hewn galleries, leading down to Joab's well and beyond, a hundred feet below the surface, together with large sewers to convey the blood and washings of the great altar into the Kedron valley. Even the private staircases that went under the Temple, by



GREAT SUBTERRANEAN SEA.

which the priests, unobserved, could enter or retire, and which led to their baths, may still be seen. Much of the old material, such as fragments of sculpture, rare marbles, and beautiful columns found in the Mosque of Omar, Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and other more modern buildings, without doubt belonged to the Temple and its cloisters. There are, also, under the platform, great vaults and cisterns, secret doors and mysterious passages, which were evidently connected with the

Holy Sanctuary; and all the outer wall up to the present surface of the ground, which inclosed the courts of the Lord's House, is still standing, with its gates, towers, and immense stones, beautifully beveled and laid in regular courses, with the marks of the Phœnician masons still upon them, just as they were laid by Hiram's builders. This wall is almost a mile in extent, and from fifty to one hundred and forty feet high, but mostly covered up with *débris*. It gradually inclines inwardly, each course of stones above the foundation dropping back about three inches. The lower courses not only rest upon the living rock, but are anchored with lead and iron to the mountain itself, and the storms and earthquakes of centuries have failed to move them from their firm foundation.

The stones are from ten to forty feet long, with a face from four to six feet, and a depth somewhat greater. And yet these ponderous blocks are cut and fitted with so much precision, that after the lapse of three thousand years it is almost impossible to discover the seams where they are joined together. There is no such piece of workmanship in Rome, Greece, or Egypt. There were no clippings discovered, except where the natural rock was cut away to receive the lower course, showing that the stones were all dressed before brought upon the ground; and under the city, just north of the temple inclosure, may still be seen the extensive quarries where most of the material was obtained.[1] The city wall ran outside of this one, sections of which are standing seventy feet high and fifteen thick, entirely buried with rubbish.

[1] These quarries, known as the Royal Caverns, are vast subterranean excavations under Mount Akra. You enter them near the Damascus Gate, and can stroll for hours from hall to hall, and see how every stone was quarried, the tools used, and how the blocks were broken from their natural beds by the expansion of wooden wedges, before the age of gunpowder or other modern appliances.

ROBINSON'S BRIDGE.

The Temple area is one thousand six hundred and one feet long by one thousand and forty-two wide, almost double its original dimensions, and probably as enlarged by Herod the Great, and the same as when Christ walked through its courts. The site of the Lord's house was connected with Solomon's palace and the city of David on Mount Zion by a magnificent stone bridge over the Tyropœon valley, three hundred and fifty feet long, fifty wide, and one hundred and ten feet high, the remains of which may be seen in the engraving, as discovered by Dr. Robinson.

Near the center of the temple inclosure is a raised platform five hundred and fifty by four hundred and fifty feet, and fifteen high, paved with marble, the slabs resting on the native rock. This is considered holy ground, and all visitors are here required to remove their shoes, as no unholy feet are allowed to tread this marble floor. In the center of this platform a huge irregular piece of the natural limestone rock, perhaps fifty feet in diameter and six feet above the pavement, crops out of the mountain top, inclosed with a railing tipped with gold, lest the polluted hand of man should touch it. This rock, known as the Sakhra, according to the Rabbinical writers is the "Stone of Foundation"—the first work of creation, next the Temple in point of sacredness, and round which the world was formed. Hence the legend of this being the world's center, and Mount Zion the holiest spot on earth and the perfection of beauty. It will be remembered that David first brought the Ark of the Covenant to Mount Zion, and when it was removed to the Temple after its completion the name of Zion was transferred with the Ark to Moriah, which will account for this mountain being frequently called Zion.

It is expressly stated in the Talmud that the Ark of the

Covenant stood upon the "Stone of Foundation." It is also stated that David, in digging the foundation for the Temple, came upon this stone over the mouth of the abyss, with the ineffable name of God inscribed upon it. This stone and the topography of the Temple area are then to determine the site of the Lord's house, with its altars, courts and other append-

NOBLE CAVE, UNDER DOME OF THE ROCK.

ages. From the Talmudic account we learn that the "Stone of Foundation" was the solid rock and highest point of the mountain, projecting slightly above the floor of the Holy of Holies, and that the Ark of the Covenant rested upon it; that from this rock steps led down to the floor of the Temple, which stood on a solid platform six cubits above the general level of the mountain, and that the platform extended all round the

house, with steps on the eastern front leading down to a still lower court. The position of the Sakhra is precisely that indicated in the Talmud, and is the only spot in the inclosure that meets all the requirements. Locate the center of the Holy of Holies on the center of this rock, and it agrees in a wonderful manner with every point and measurement as given by the Jewish Rabbis. And, what is still more surprising, with the Temple located here, a line drawn through the center from east to west would intersect the top of the Mount of Olives at the very point the red heifer is supposed to have been sacrificed, and a person standing on Olivet at that point can look straight over the wall, through the dome of David's judgment-seat, and the eastern door of the Mosque of Omar, and see a light burning on the rock.

This platform was probably "the threshing-floor of Ornan," and the large grotto under the rock, the cave where he and his four sons hid themselves from the angel of the Lord.[1] Isaiah appears to refer to this same stone in the passage, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone."[2] It is also figuratively applied to Christ, who is represented as the "Rock of our salvation," and "chief Corner-stone."

The Temple constructed by Solomon, B. C. 1011, out of the materials collected by David, and after the model furnished by divine Wisdom, was only half the dimensions of Herod's, but greatly excelled it in its richer decorations, and in having the real Ark of the Covenant, with the Mercy-seat and Shekinah, and Urim and Thummim, which the second Temple did not have; and yet "the glory of this latter house was greater than the former," being honored with the Saviour's personal presence,

[1] 1 Chronicles xxi, 20. [2] Isaiah xxviii, 16.

who worshiped in its courts, and officiated as our Great High-priest at its altar.

The dedication of the first Temple was a memorable event in the history of God's chosen people. The vast congregation of Israel, the earnest prayer of Solomon, the kindling of the holy fire upon the altar, and the cloud of glory which filled the house, rendered it an occasion never to be forgotten. This splendid edifice, after standing four hundred and twenty-four years, was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and most of its wealth carried with the Jews to Babylon. But no mention is made of the Ark of the Covenant being taken, and many believe it was concealed in some of the subterranean vaults of the Temple. Tradition says Jeremiah hid it in a cave,[1] and as neither the gold nor stone slabs would decay, it is not unreasonable to sup pose it may yet be found with the tables of the law. What a discovery that would be!

The ark was not in the second Temple, so could not have been among the trophies carried to Rome, and in proof of this it is not represented in the sculpture on the Arch of Titus with the other articles of the noble sanctuary.

After the captivity, and sixty-nine years after the destruction of the first Temple, the house of the Lord was rebuilt on the same site by Zerubbabel, and one of the most interesting discoveries lately made was the finding, just outside the double gate, on Ophel, of Haggai's seal, the prophet divinely commissioned, five hundred and fifty years before Christ, to have the Lord's house restored. How strange, to pick up a private seal after so many years! perhaps dropped by its owner when superintending the building of the second Temple. This house,

HAGGAI'S SEAL.

[1] 2 Maccabees ii, 5.

MOSQUE OF OMAR.

afterward greatly enlarged and beautified by Herod, was finally destroyed by the Romans under Titus, A. D. 70. The foundations and portions of the walls of Solomon's Temple were, no doubt, used in the construction of the other, as they are frequently spoken of as the same temple, and the holy place was probably the same in both, as was also the magnificent Porch of Solomon, overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat.

After the conquest of the country by the Mohammedans, one of the first acts of Calif Omar was to build a splendid mosque, known as the "Dome of the Rock," on the site of Jehovah's Temple. This edifice, afterward beautified by Calif Abd el Marwan, still crowns the summit of Moriah, and the place is regarded by the Moslems as only second to Mecca in point of interest, as Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven from here. The mosque is an octagonal building, five hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, surmounted with a graceful dome supported by twelve exquisite antique marble and porphyry columns. Covering, as it does, simply this naked rock, so sacred in its associations to Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan, nothing could be more appropriate or grand. It is much finer than St. Sophia, at Constantinople, or St. Mark's, at Venice; has no rival for grace or sanctity, and its peculiar shape is the only reason it has not been more extensively copied; but as a shrine for the "rock of ages" it is perfectly beautiful, and when the sunshine streams through its fifty-six gorgeous windows, its golden mosaics seem to kindle up with a divine fire, rendering the spot truly glorious. The building is encased on the outside with encaustic tiling and colored marble; within, it is golden arabesque and mosaic, very rich, with passages from the Koran every-where inserted in the walls. And, what is remarkable, no reference is made in the inscriptions to David,

Solomon, or Mohammed, but the name of "Jesus, the son of Mary," is mentioned four times. Is this prophetic of it becoming some day a Christian church?

The profound repose and death-like silence of this Temple is in keeping with the sacredness of the place, for here alone in all the earth was the only living and true God worshiped throughout long ages! When Greece was ignorant of God, and Rome had "changed the glory of the Incorruptible into

MOSQUE OF EL AKSA.

an image made like to corruptible man," the descendants of Abraham on this mount and in this place still preserved the writings of Moses, and the worship of the one true and only God. It was here Solomon erected his beautiful Temple; here through long centuries the daily sacrifice was offered, and God manifested himself to his people in the mysterious Shekinah as nowhere else on the earth; here first were sung those stir-

ring psalms of David which ever since have been ascending like incense from earth to heaven. Toward this spot God's people in every age, and in every land, have turned their faces when they prayed; and it was here the Great Teacher himself taught his disciples, wrought his miracles, and near by, on Calvary, a spur of the same mountain, as the "Lamb of God," was sacrificed for the sins of the world. Surely, "This is none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven."

At the southern end of the Haram inclosure, along which Herod's grand cloister extended, is the Mosque el Aksa, generally supposed to be the Church of the Virgin, built by Justinian in the sixth century. It is a large edifice, and contains some beautiful mosaic work and rare marble columns, many of them now plastered over. During the occupancy of the city by the Crusaders, Baldwin II. assigned this church to a new order of knights, who from this circumstance were called Knight Templars, their office being to guard the holy mount. Near the entrance to this mosque are the reputed tombs of Aaron's sons, and a few steps to the left, "The Well of the Leaf," or entrance to Paradise, according to Mohammedan tradition; and at the further end two marble columns, standing about eight inches apart, called the "gate-posts to heaven," as the Moslems believe no one can enter Paradise without first passing between these pillars. Having always had some misgivings on this subject, I concluded to settle the question at once, so, buttoning tightly my coat, made the effort, and by hard squeezing succeeded, feeling very comfortable over the matter. There was, however, a lady with me, and she must needs try; and try she did, but failed, and again and again she tried, and as often failed. So we came away feeling quite sad, she at her failure, I at the thought of going to heaven without my wife.

CHAPTER V.

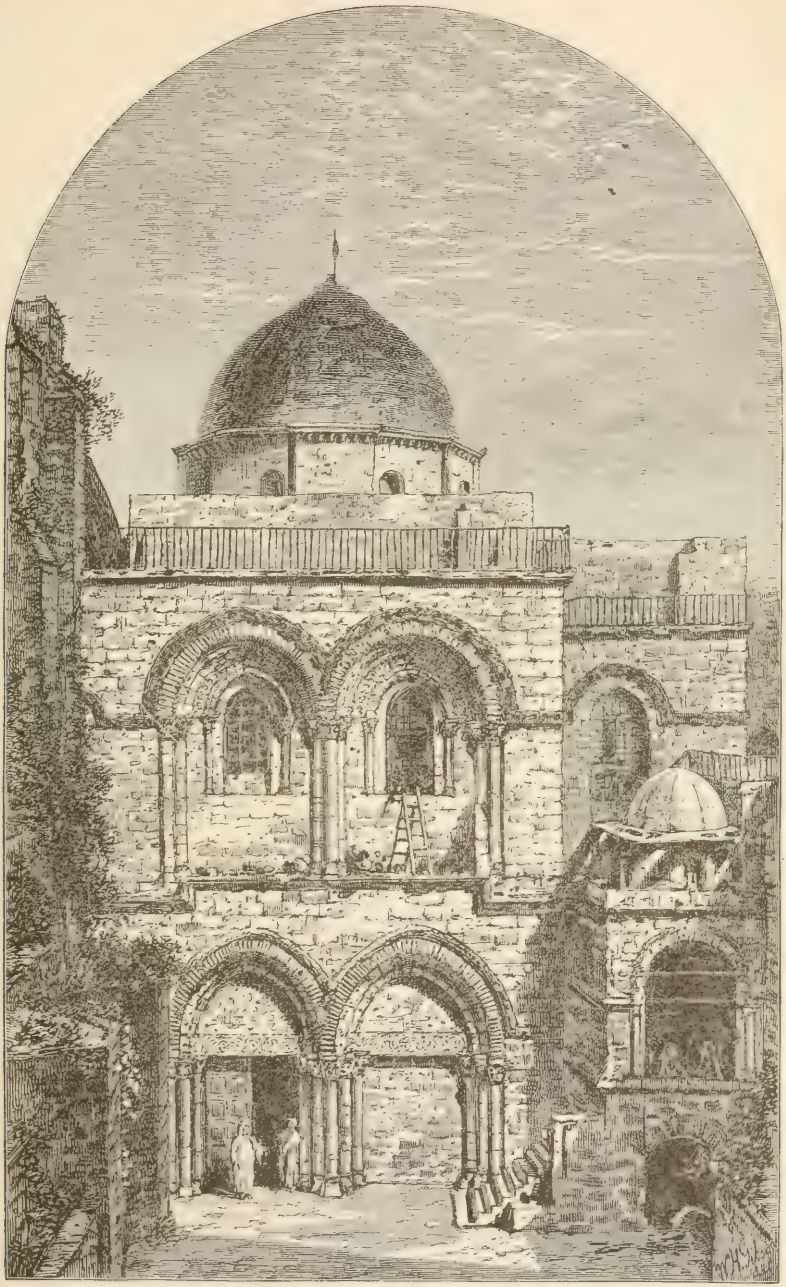
GOLGOTHA AND TOMB OF CHRIST.

Mount Calvary—Traditional Tomb of Christ—Arguments in Favor—Church of the Holy Sepulcher—Constantine's Basilica—Adam's Grave—Late Discoveries.

TWO of the most hallowed spots on earth, round which cluster our brightest hopes, are Golgotha and the tomb in which it is claimed the body of Jesus once lay. To identify these places after so long a time is no easy task, as all we know in reference to their location from the Scriptures is, that they were near each other "without the gate," and "nigh to the city."

When Constantine the Great embraced Christianity, feeling moved to do something in honor of his divine Master, he caused to be erected over the then supposed sites of our Lord's passion and burial, magnificent churches, portions of which still remain, somewhat changed in form, being all now under one roof, and known as the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, but covering the same sites as Constantine's "House of Prayer" and Grand Basilica.

This venerable edifice, though originally designed to commemorate but the two great events of the Redeemer's death and resurrection, has been greatly abused by the superstition of mercenary priests and monks who have had charge of it for centuries, introducing other objects of doubtful propriety, having no connection with the place, and practicing all kinds of fraud on the ignorant and credulous pilgrims who visit by thousands this ancient church. We deplore as much as any one pre-



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

sibly can the abuse and desecration of so sacred a spot, but this has nothing to do with the identity of the two places referred to, which, after a residence of several years in Jerusalem, and a careful investigation of its topography and the results of recent explorations, we are almost convinced are the veritable Golgotha where Christ was crucified, and the rock-hewn tomb from which on the morning of the third day he arose.

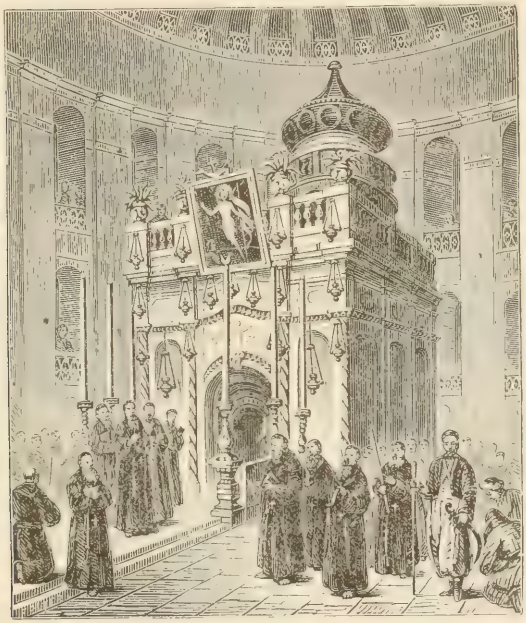
As so much has been written upon this subject, we can only present a *resumé* of the arguments advanced by Mr. Williams, De Vogue, and others, in support of the authenticity of the sites. No one can doubt for a moment that the early disciples and apostles were acquainted with the place of their Master's death and burial; and many of those who were with him on his triumphal entry into the city, and who saw the darkened heavens at his crucifixion, must certainly have known the site of Golgotha. Within a few weeks of these remarkable events, after the gift of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, there were three thousand Christians in Jerusalem. Others were daily added to their number, and a Church organized at once, of which James, the brother of our Lord, two years later, was created first Bishop; and from that period down to the completion of Constantine's Church of the Resurrection, A. D. 335, there was never a time when there was not a Christian community in the city, with clergy, membership, and all the ordinances of the Church. And can any one suppose that during this period, when the religion of the Cross was conquering the world, and thousands from distant lands were visiting the Holy City, the locality of Calvary and the tomb of Joseph could be forgotten? It is true, during the siege of Titus many of the Christians retired to Pella, beyond Jordan, and others took refuge in the caves and rock-tombs along the Kedron; there, how

ever, were many aged and sick and poor who remained in the city. Eusebius says that not more than half the population left, and most of those who left returned immediately after the siege was raised; but can it be supposed that in this brief interval of less than five months the place before all others dear to them would be lost sight of? These points of sacred interest were probably so well known to Pagan, Jew, and Christian, that none ever called them in question any more than Mount Zion, Olivet, or Moriah, and the events connected with them by this time had become items of history, fixing beyond controversy their locality.

According to Jerome, Eusebius, and other historians, the pagan Emperor Hadrian, who ascended the throne A. D. 117, as an insult to the Jews and Christians, and that he might obliterate, as far as possible, all traces of their religion, changed the name of the city to Ælia Capitolina, rebuilt and dedicated the temple on Moriah to Jupiter, and raised over the tomb of Christ a mound of earth, erecting thereon a shrine to Venus.

After Constantine's conversion he sent his mother, Helena, in A. D. 325, when near fourscore years old, on a visit to the holy places, and when she reported to her son that the altar of Venus still desecrated the site of the Holy Sepulcher, the Emperor at once wrote to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, to have the temple of Venus and mound of earth removed, and to build upon the spot, at the expense of the imperial treasury, a grand Christian church. Portions of this edifice remain to the present day, and its very crypt is still used as a cistern by the Copts. In this imperial order, which Eusebius has preserved, no doubt is expressed touching the site; no search is to be made for the tomb; no inquiry instituted in reference to its identity—that is known and admitted by all; and when the earth was removed

in presence of the Empress and others, the cave or tomb was found, just as it had been buried two centuries before. It was the recovery of the Sepulcher, and not, as some suppose, the finding of the true cross—an invention of after years—that Constantine regarded as so "miraculous;" and it was in celebration of this event, and as a memorial of the passion and resurrec-



TOMB OF CHRIST.

tion of Christ, that he erected his magnificent Martyrium or Basilica, which was dedicated with great pomp in the year 335, in presence of a vast assemblage of bishops and prelates from every province in the Roman Empire. This Church was stripped of all its wealth, and partly destroyed, by the Persians A. D. 614, but was immediately rebuilt on the old foundations. It was doomed again to destruction by the Mohammedans in

A. D. 1010, and again reconstructed much as it appears to-day —the fire of 1808 not changing its general features.

The present edifice is a collection of chapels three hundred and fifty feet long, by two hundred and eighty wide, under the same roof. The Sepulcher is an old Jewish tomb in the center of the rotunda of the Church, encased inside and out with marble from four to six inches thick, and otherwise richly decorated; but beneath this marble is an original tomb, about six and a half feet square, cut in the native lime-stone rock. The bench, or loculus for the corpse, is on the right hand of the entrance, three feet wide and eighteen inches above the floor, covered with a white marble slab. The door is not over three feet high, so that a person looking in would have to stoop in order to see where the body lay, agreeing in every particular with the narrative; and there can be but little doubt that this is the tomb in which the Lord Jesus Christ once lay.

Cyril, a native of Palestine, and Bishop of Jerusalem in the year 350, speaks of the Sepulcher and rent rocks just as they now appear. All the fathers of the Church give the same testimony, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that a doubt was even expressed touching the locality. And why doubt the verity of this site? Is there any thing improbable about it? Any thing unworthy of credit in the universal belief of the Apostolic Church in reference to this spot? Were not the Christians of the first and second centuries as capable of determining this matter as their brethren of the nineteenth century, few of whom have ever visited the place? The country under the Romans was carefully surveyed, and a record made of the boundaries of every field. So there could have been no difficulty in determining the precise locality of Golgotha and the garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

About the only objection ever raised against the site is its location, being inside the city, which we consider one of the strongest arguments in its favor. Would the early Christians, with the Scriptures in their possession and learned men to expound them, have selected a site and built a church within the city to commemorate an event that transpired without the gates, if they had not had the strongest reasons for so doing? Or, if a pious fraud had been intended, would they not have chosen a site outside the walls? Then, what motive could they have had who suffered persecution, torture, and even death for the truth, to practice such an imposition upon the Church and the world? Some have contended for the knoll over Jeremiah's grotto, outside the present walls, near the Damascus gate, but without a single argument to support their theory. The rocks of this knoll all lie undisturbed in their natural beds, there being no evidence of any upheaval, as in the other site, and at the time of the crucifixion there could have been no such mound here, it being a part of a rocky ridge cut through and used as a stone-quarry when the modern wall was built, as may be seen by the old tombs, cisterns and aqueducts left exposed by these later excavations.

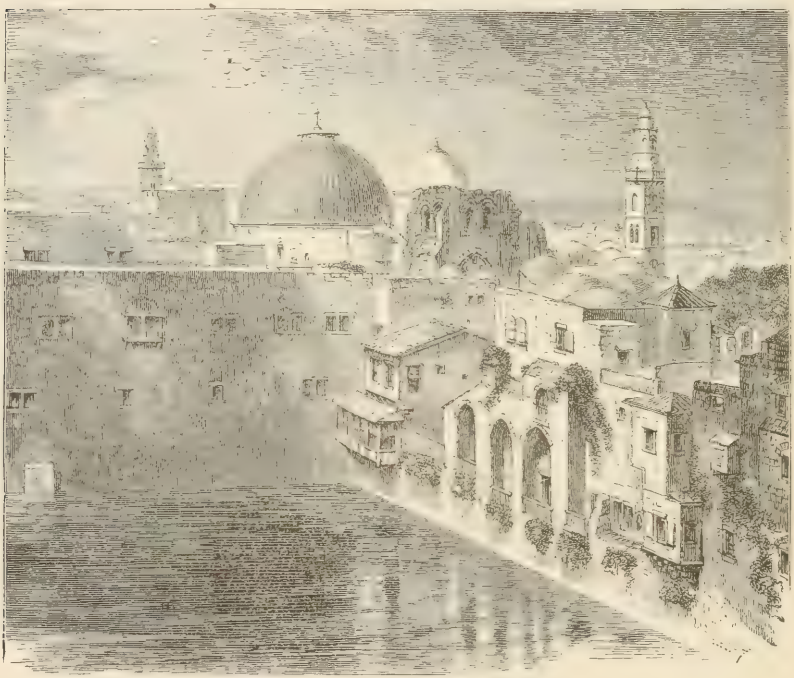
A late survey of the rock formation underlying the city removes every topographical objection to the traditionary locality, and reveals the fact, not known before, that Golgotha was really an eminence, a spur of Akra running out into the Tyropœon Valley, at least ninety feet in its present condition above the natural surface at its base, showing clearly that Calvary was a mount with precipitous sides facing the south: a very important point. It was also discovered that this was an ancient place of burial, several old Jewish tombs being found, and that the rocks were rent as with an earthquake, which is

not true of any other ridge about Jerusalem: another important point. Many of these tombs were cut away to make room for Constantine's Church, and in one place the old wall of this Church runs directly through a Catacomb in which we counted seven *loculi*, all more ancient than the Holy Sepulcher, which was a *new* tomb. In front of one the stone slab was still lying that closed the door, showing that it had once been occupied and probably opened at the time of Christ's resurrection, and from the hollow sound when striking on the natural rock floor, there are evidently other tombs below. Could these be the graves from which the saints arose? Some of these tombs, as those back of the Holy Sepulcher, have long been known as the graves of Nicodemus, Gamaliel, and Joseph, and one under Calvary as that of Adam! Those who may feel disposed to smile at this last statement had better first account for the tradition, which is older than our era, that Golgotha derived its name from Adam's skull or tomb being there, and that Christ, the second Adam, was to die and bring "immortality to light" on the spot where the first Adam, who brought death and ruin into our world, was buried; and the human skull in all old paintings of the crucifixion is designed to symbolize the grave of Adam at the foot of the cross. The importance of the discovery of these tombs, in the settlement of this question, cannot be overrated. It proves conclusively that this locality was outside of the city at the time of the crucifixion, as the Jews were not allowed to bury within the city, and that these old Jewish tombs must be prior to that event: and also, that from the time of the construction of Agrippa's wall A. D. 45, down to the building of the Church of the Resurrection, the place, for some reason, must have been carefully guarded, if not covered over with earth, or these

tombs would not have been preserved in their perfect condition for three centuries within the city walls.

These researches further show that the second wall could not have inclosed the site of the Holy Sepulcher without crossing the sloping sides of Akra; and if the wall had run over this ridge, as Dr. Robinson contends, traces of it would be found in the scarped rock, and there would have been a fosse on the outside, as every-where else along the old wall, otherwise the hill to the west would have commanded it: but there is nothing anywhere to indicate that the wall ever ran in this direction. The gate of Gennath, from which the second wall started, must have been about midway between the Tower of Hippicus and the Temple inclosure, as may be seen by reference to our plan of Jerusalem. There is no evidence that the reputed Pool of Hezekiah is the work of that king. It probably was built by Herod the Great, and has nothing to do with the settlement of this site, which seems to be as fully established as any thing can be short of actual demonstration. It would be presumption to fix upon the identical spot where the Cross was planted; but to doubt the identity of the tomb would be to falsify all history, and render ridiculous the devotion of the pious millions who have knelt and prayed and wept at this sacred shrine. For more than eighteen centuries pilgrims from all lands have been visiting this tomb. For these eighteen hundred years the dying in distant climes have turned their pale faces toward this spot, and expired with the vision of the Resurrection before their eyes. For long centuries kings and queens, sages and statesmen, heroes and philosophers—the mighty and lowly of earth—have been coming to pay their vows and drop a tear upon the rock where, as they believe, the body of Jesus once lay: and we do not envy the man who can

mark unmoved the zeal and love and faith, though mixed with superstition, of these devoted Christians. Some, when they enter the rotunda, stand for hours gazing intently on the tomb, counting themselves unworthy to enter. Others remove their shoes, and on their knees go in, kissing reverentially the cold stone; and all seem to look upon the place as the holiest spot on earth.



POOL OF HEZEKIAH, AND DOME OVER THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

A new graceful bronze dome with golden ribs has lately been constructed over the rotunda that encircles the Holy Sepulcher, a good view of which, with Hezekiah's pool in the fore-ground, is given by our artist from Mr. Hornstein's Medi-

terranean Hotel, near the Jaffa Gate. This dome is surmounted by a golden cross, and the one over the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah, by a golden crescent. On a clear evening, when the sun goes down in splendor, the effect on these two gilded domes is beautiful. At first, both are seen dazzling in the sunlight, but as the sun declines the shadows first fall on the crescent, and long after the shades of twilight have cast a gloom over the city the sun's last lingering rays may still be seen reflected from the golden cross over the tomb of Christ.

TOMB OF AARON.

CHAPTER VI.

ROYAL SEPULCHER OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.

Ancient Rock-hewn Tombs—Old Jewish Tombs—Natives Use them as Dwellings—Tombs of the Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings—Sepulcher of David on Mount Zion—Tomb of Joshua—St. Stephen—Eudocia.

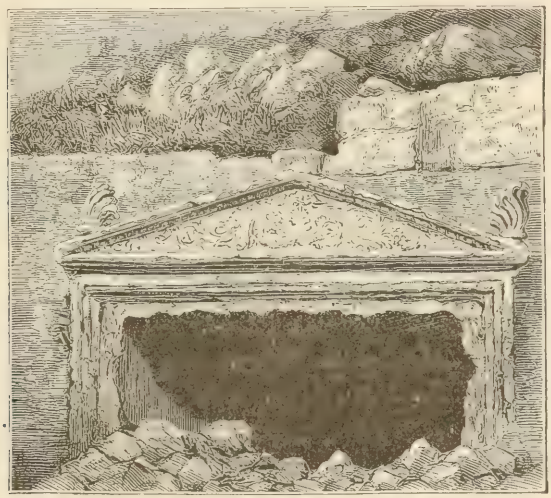
THE oldest and most reliable remains of Jewish antiquity in Palestine are the rock-hewn tombs found scattered all over the country. In the vicinity of large cities like Jerusalem, the mountain sides are perforated with these sepulchral caves, many of them occupied by the poor natives and their flocks. In some districts half the population live in these tombs of their ancestors.

As a nation the Hebrews seem to have been very particular about the place of their burial. A tent might answer to live in, but their place of burial must be a rock-bound tomb; and it is rather remarkable that the first business transaction recorded in the affairs of this world should be the purchase by Abraham of the Cave of Machpelah for a family tomb. And how touchingly beautiful the dying charge of the Patriarch Jacob, "Bury me with my fathers in the cave which is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."[1] Likewise Joseph, when taking leave of his brethren, exacted with all the solemnity of an oath the promise, that

[1] Genesis xlix, 29–31.

when they returned to Canaan they would surely carry his bones with them "up out of Egypt," which they did some two hundred years after, and buried them in the parcel of ground given him by his father at Shechem, where his grave may still be seen, a few minutes' walk from Jacob's Well.

It appears to have been a prevailing custom among the Jews for every head of a family to secure a place of burial for himself and descendants. Some of these tombs, as those of the



TOMB OF THE JUDGES.

judges, prophets, kings, and others, are vast excavations in the solid rock, composed of numerous apartments cut out with great skill, and very similar to the Egyptian tombs. No lock was ever invented more ingenious in its combinations than the original entrance to the reputed tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, generally called the "Tomb of the Kings," but more probably of the Herodian family. We think it could be easily shown, as stated by Pausanias, "that the door opened of its

own accord once a year," by a very simple hydraulic arrangement.[1]

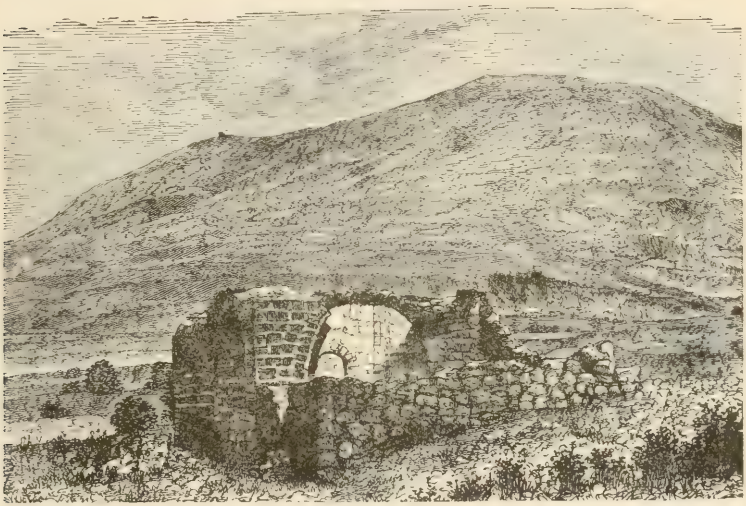
There is no difficulty in determining these Jewish tombs. They are all as distinct from the Greek, Roman, and Christian, as different orders of architecture could possibly be. In the more ancient and common, the graves are sunken in the floor or cut horizontally, like an oven or pigeon-hole, in the sides of the chamber or face of a natural cliff. The others have a shelf or

INTERIOR OF ROCK-HEWN TOMB.

bench along the end wall or side, on which the corpse was laid, as in the Holy Sepulcher. Sometimes this shelf, or loculus, was cut out like a trough, of sufficient depth to receive the body, which was then covered with a flat stone or marble slab. All these tombs are anterior to our era. Some have Hebrew inscriptions upon them, and the reputed tomb of Christ being of this kind, together with the other ancient graves recently discovered under the foundations of Constantine's Church of the

[1] During the spring rains a float in the vestibule cistern would remove a key that held in position a circular stone that closed the entrance, which at once, of its own weight, would roll back, and the door open of its own accord.

Resurrection, is a strong argument in favor of the traditional Holy Sepulcher. In some of these tombs small receptacles are found, as if designed for children, yet containing the bones of adults, and appear to have been used to deposit the remains or skeletons in after they had fallen to pieces, perhaps to make room for fresh corpses. Thus, the dead "were gathered unto their fathers."



JOSEPH'S TOMB AND MOUNT GERIZIM.

The identity of any particular tomb in the absence of inscriptions after the lapse of so many centuries is exceedingly difficult; still, as in that of the patriarchs and of Rachel, of Joseph and of David and others, there is no room for skepticism. The Scriptures are very explicit in their account of David coming up from Hebron and taking the strong "Castle of Zion," and building the new City of David round about the old fortress of the Jebusites. Zion henceforth became his royal residence, and when Israel's great king closed his eventful reign of

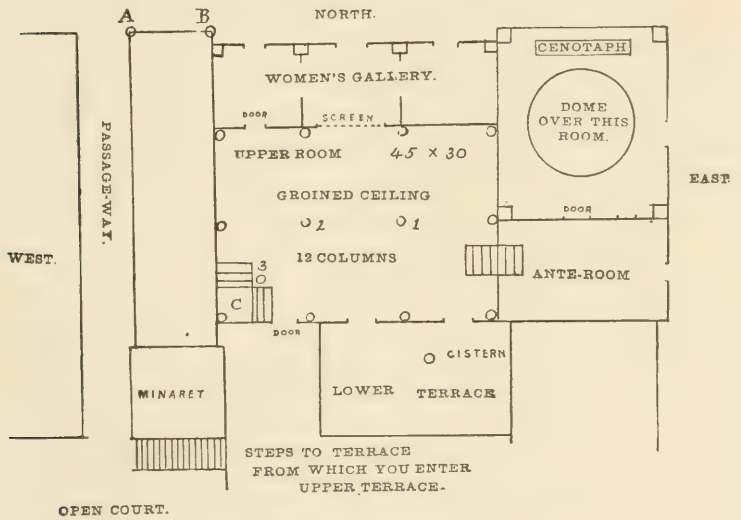
forty years it is written, "he was buried in the City of David,"[1] and so it is said of Solomon his son, and of twelve of their successors to the throne. They were all buried in "the City of David" on Mount Zion, "which is Jerusalem."

On the highest summit of Zion, where, according to all history and tradition, "Israel's sweet singer" reigned, died, and was buried, there is an old church and convent known as Neby Dâud, or the Tomb of the Prophet David, which in all probability covers the sepulchral caverns of the kings of Israel. After the Captivity, when Nehemiah was rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, he refers to the "sepulchers of David" being still there, which agrees precisely with this locality, and "the stairs that go down from the City of David,"[2] cut in the living rock, may still be seen here. Josephus also makes mention of the same fact, and locates the tomb on Mount Zion about this point. And Peter, on the day of Pentecost, reminds the Jews that the sepulcher of David, their great prophet, was with them unto that day. From Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, and others, we learn that there was a building known as the Church of the Apostles, standing on or near this spot in the fourth century, and said to be the only edifice within the city not destroyed by Titus. The foundations of the present building are evidently of great antiquity, the beveled stones having originally been laid without mortar, being held together with stone knobs and sockets, and the old capitals on the pillars and other fragments of sculpture are clearly of Jewish origin, having on them the vine with foliage and clusters of grapes, so peculiar to that people, with other marks of Jewish workmanship.

Over the reputed tomb on the second floor of this old Christian Church, now a Mohammedan mosque, is an upper room

[1] 1 Kings ii, 10. [2] Nehemiah iii, 15, 16.

forty-five by thirty feet, with groined ceiling supported by twelve granite and marble antique columns, which for at least fifteen centuries has been known as the Cœnaculum, or "upper room," where the last supper was instituted, and where the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. The place overflows with thought! What mem



PLAN OF THE UPPER ROOM, OVER TOMB OF DAVID.

A and B. Remains of two small minarets, right and left of original entrance, now closed. C. Stairs leading to lower apartments and the Royal Sepulcher of David. No. 1. Red granite column with Jewish capital. No. 2. Gray granite column with Grecian capital, very fine. No. 3. Exquisite marble column of the Roman order, the capital richly sculptured with birds and animals among the foliage. A belt course or frieze runs round the room at the spring of the arch, of Jewish workmanship, and very beautiful, showing the vine and clusters of grapes.

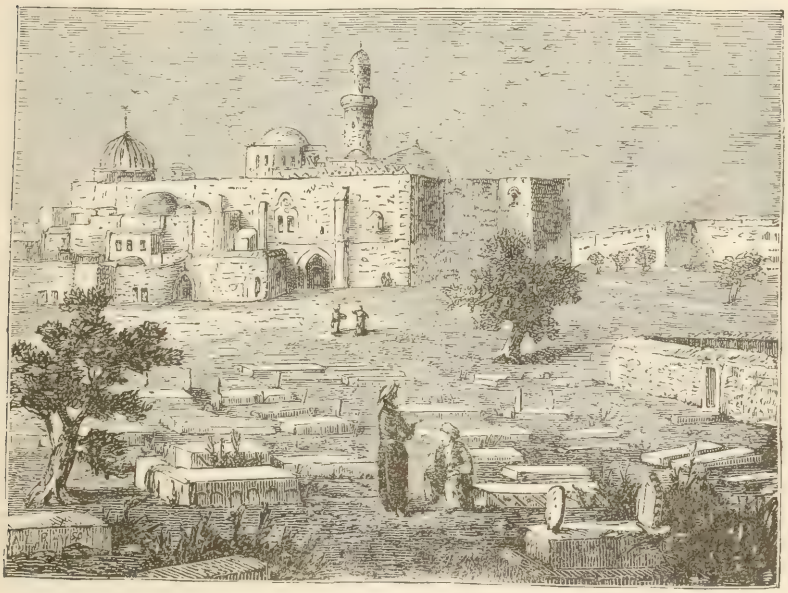
ories it awakens! But no words can describe the emotions experienced by the devout mind on first entering that "upper room."

That this is the site of the City of David none will deny, as the remains of the old citadel and walls and towers clearly attest, and as the excavations lately made on Zion by that enthusiastic Christian archæologist, Mr. Henry Maudslay, fully

demonstrate. That there are great caverns under this portion of Mount Zion there can be no question, having myself explored them in part. And that the royal sepulchers of the kings of Israel, entered and robbed by Hyrcanus and Herod the Great, if not here, are very near this locality, there can be but little doubt. Beyond this, until further explorations are made, nothing can be definitely known. I visited this interesting place early one morning during the Passover, and was surprised to find a large number of Jews, men and women, weeping and praying against the eastern face of the old wall just outside the crypt, not being allowed to enter the tomb of their own prophet and king; at the same time I could hear the Mohammedans at prayers within. Rather a novel sight—Jews without, Moslems within, and Christian looking on.

This is considered one of the most sacred localities about Jerusalem by all religionists. No place is guarded more jealously by the Turk, and only good Moslems are permitted to enter the vault that contains the cenotaph of the royal prophet. Having long had a desire to visit this mysterious crypt, about which I had heard the most fabulous tales, and being familiar with the dialect of the land—for whatever it may have been of old, backsheesh is the language of Canaan now, I succeeded one midnight hour, when the guards were asleep, in gaining admission into these forbidden parts. It was a perilous undertaking, and I knew my life was in jeopardy every moment. Going down seventeen stone steps in the south-west corner of the upper room, I was landed in a chamber the size of the one above—a kind of chapel or mosque for common pilgrims—from which, through a grated window hung with thousands of votive offerings, can be seen what is termed the tomb. This room communicates with another, a kind of ante-room

with a niche for prayer, in front of which stood two large brass candlesticks, and in the corner on the left several flags and devices, such as are carried on pilgrimages. Between this ante-room and the next, which is the *sanctum sanctorum*—a vaulted room twenty-five feet square with walls of great thickness—there are double doors, the outer one iron with strong bolts, the inner, wood, overhung with a black velvet curtain



TOMB OF DAVID.

embroidered with silver. The cenotaph extends almost across the crypt from east to west on the north side. It is built of common stone, nicely dressed, about five feet high, with a square marble slab in front, and an oval porphyry one on top, the whole covered with a green velvet canopy or pall, with black border richly wrought in gold; and directly in front, on a black velvet ground in Arabic characters, is the following

passage from the Koran, also embroidered in gold: "O David! verily thou art a sovereign prince in the earth."

The marble floor was covered with Persian rugs. The walls were cased with blue encaustic tiling, and the vault lighted dimly by six lamps suspended from the ceiling, and two very large silver candlesticks, one at either end of the tomb, rendering the place awfully solemn. But the most interesting part of this venerable edifice is a door with an oval top on the left of the shrine, now closed securely with masonry. In a little niche by the side of it a lamp is kept always burning, and the most frightful stories are told of persons being struck with blindness in attempting to enter this door, and of others being consumed by fire—probably fire-damp—bursting out of the cavern below; and, in consequence, the door was walled up many years ago, in all probability the very door that leads to the royal catacombs of the kings of Israel. Over this closed entrance there is an Arabic inscription to the effect, "This is the gate to heaven," or "the door to paradise," but alas! it is closed Closed by Mohammedan superstition. Ah! could we but open that door, and get down into the grotto below, and be permitted to gaze upon the gold and silver coffins of God's own chosen kings, and find there the golden harp on which David played his immortal psalms, what a discovery it would be! How much speculation it would remove! and how many points it would establish in the topography of the Holy City! But we must wait.

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

An interesting discovery has lately been made at ancient Timnath-serah, the heritage of Joshua, in the supposed tomb of Joshua the son of Nun. It differs from the other rock

tombs in the vicinity by having a vestibule in front, supported by two columns, portions of the natural rock, with a fillet running round them after the Egyptian style. In this vestibule there are two or three hundred niches for lamps, indicating that it was the tomb of no ordinary person. Back of this vestibule are two chambers, one containing fifteen receptacles, the other but one. The latter is supposed to be Joshua's, the former his family vault; and in proof of this supposition many flint-knives were here found, such as were used in circumcising

JEWISH ROCK-CUT TOMBS.

the children of Israel after they crossed the Jordan, and similar to those discovered at Gilgal, their first camping-place in the Land of Promise.

Another beautiful tomb was discovered a short time since, about one hundred and fifty yards north of the Damascus gate. In digging a cistern at this point the workmen came upon several sepulchral vaults, in one of which was found a large stone chest or coffin, containing human remains. It measured seven

feet seven inches in length, by two feet eight inches in width, and was three feet two inches high, standing on four feet in the center of the chamber. As no name or inscription was found in the crypt by which it could be identified, it is impossible to tell to whom this stately tomb belonged; but, as near this, if not on the very spot, once stood the grand Church of St. Stephen, on the supposed site of that holy man's martyrdom, and as the beautiful and accomplished Empress Eudocia, died and was buried here, may not this sarcophagus be the tomb of the unfortunate wife of Theodosius II., if not that of St. Stephen himself, who was re-interred here by that empress!

These tombs are every-where found. They cover the face of the Holy Land. In them sleep the dust of the most eminent men that ever lived; of whom, however, nothing more can be known until the earth delivers up her dead.

CHAPTER VII.

EASTER FESTIVITIES.

Arrival of Pilgrims—Religious Fanaticism—Solemn Mockeries—Ceremony of Feet-washing—Dramatizing the Crucifixion—Baptism of Fire—Other shocking Scenes.

IN the center of the Greek Chapel, in front of the tomb of Christ, a small marble globe on a low pedestal is pointed out as the center of the world. Many visitors laugh heartily at the idea, but is it not as near the center as any other spot on the earth's surface? For centuries Jerusalem was regarded as the world's center of wealth, power, intelligence, and population, and all degrees of latitude and longitude, and all astronomical calculations, were reckoned from this center. It was also the great center of religious influence, and is still the moral center, and ever will be, round which the dearest hopes and affections of our race revolve. Thousands of pilgrims from all lands are constantly coming and going. Many save up their money for half a lifetime in order to make this journey. The very stones are worn smooth with their kisses and tears; and yet, with all this devotion, which we cannot but admire, there is very little true religion.

Just now we are in the midst of the Easter festivities, which attract vast multitudes. The city is crowded with strangers, and the hills outside the walls are white with their tents, looking as if we were invested by a besieging army. The arrival of these caravans is quite exciting; processions go out to meet them, and with music, dancing, and waving banners, they are

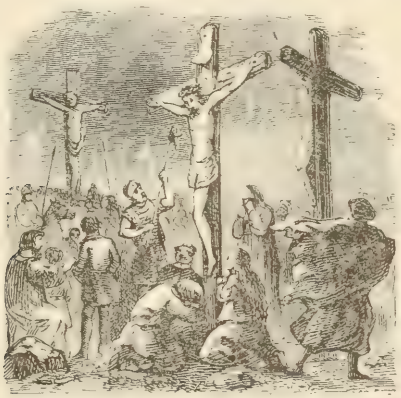
escorted into the Holy City. Those from Russia Mecca and Persia attract the greatest attention.

As I write, a procession is passing, with a man standing barefooted on the sharp edge of a sword. Of course there is some deception; either the feet are well protected, or the sword not very sharp. Others pretend to thrust swords and daggers through different parts of their bodies, and others again to eat fire without being burned, all which is regarded by the superstitious as miraculous. One of the dervishes has just come into the Consulate with a sword run through his face from near the right ear and out of his mouth, to the great amazement of the natives; but on examination I found that the cheek had been previously pierced, and allowed partially to heal up, the opening being concealed by his black heavy beard. This deception we can account for among the ignorant Mussulmans; but how are we to excuse even greater mockeries when practiced by professing Christians?

The Easter services began by the ancient and very curious ceremony of feet-washing. A platform gorgeously decorated was constructed in the open court in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, on which were seated the Greek Patriarch, personating Christ, and twelve Bishops, representing the twelve apostles. After reading a portion of the Gospel relating to Christ washing the disciples' feet, the Patriarch, in imitation of our Lord, went a short distance with three of his disciples, and knelt down, as if in prayer, under an olive-tree planted there for the occasion. After a few minutes he returned to the stage, and, taking off his outer robe, proceeded to wash and kiss the feet of the pretended apostles. The looks of Judas rather betrayed him during this operation, and Peter at first hesitated, then refused to submit to such

an act on the part of the Lord, but finally was persuaded to yield.

The vessel used for the purpose was a basin of pure gold, very large, and richly chased. When this ceremony was concluded Judas stealthily retired, and the Patriarch, with a bunch of hyssop, sprinkled the vast assemblage with the water that remained, all manifesting the greatest eagerness to catch if but a drop: some turning up their faces, others baring their breasts, in hope that a drop of the holy water might fall upon



them. When this service ended, a rush was made for the olive-tree, supposed to possess rare healing qualities, the superstitious believing that a leaf or twig burned in a sick chamber would recover the patient immediately. The scene at this moment was frightful to behold, thousands of infatuated men and women rushed pell-mell upon the tree, till not a branch or leaf remained, not even a trace of the tree, so completely was it destroyed; and had Judas not escaped when he did, he too would have shared a similar fate.

In this same church, on the following evening, an exhibition

took place almost as shocking as that witnessed very near the same spot eighteen centuries before. Christ in effigy was nailed to a cross and crucified afresh in the presence of an excited multitude, that could only be kept under control by the presence of a strong guard of Turkish soldiers detailed for the purpose. After hanging for an hour or more, during which time all the scenes of the crucifixion were re-enacted, the nails were drawn from the hands and feet, the crown of thorns removed from the head, and the body carefully lowered from the cross; after which it was wrapped in a winding-sheet, carried to the stone of unction, where it was prepared for burial, then placed in the supposed original tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where it remained until Easter morning, when it was spirited away while yet it was dark, in imitation of Christ's resurrection.

The whole effect on the multitude was wonderful; men and women wept like children; some smote violently their breasts; others struggled to touch or kiss the figure; and some to wipe up the drops of blood that oozed from the wounds, applying it to their lips, eyes, and hearts, in the firm belief that it would cure them of all their sins.

But the most exciting scene witnessed here during these festivities is the kindling of the holy fire. The foundation for this unwarranted imposition is that portion of Scripture where Christ represents himself as the "Light of the world," and says, "I am come to send fire on the earth." There is also an old legend which says that on one occasion, the day before Easter, fire was seen issuing from the tomb of Christ. Hence, the imposition is still practiced by the Greek and Armenian Churches. Usually on this occasion thousands of pilgrims gather about the Holy Sepulcher. The crowd at times has been so great that many have been trampled to death—on one

occasion several hundred. Now a strong body of Turkish soldiers is employed to preserve order and hold in check the excited multitude.

We were present on several occasions to witness this strange exhibition of fanaticism. The vast edifice, with its courts and galleries, was packed with pilgrims hours before the service began. Some had been there from the night before, anxiously waiting for the baptism of fire. The interval up to the hour appointed for the service to begin was occupied by all kinds of performances. Men, mounted on the shoulders of others, were carried about, going through a variety of fantastic maneuvers; some seemed to walk on the heads of the human mass beneath them, haranguing the multitude, pouring maledictions on the Jews for crucifying the Lord of glory, and shouting in their frenzy for fire to come down from heaven and consume their enemies. The excitement of the scene was heightened by frequent conflicts between the soldiers and the people, the whole assembly at times swaying to and fro like the surging sea.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the procession of priests and bishops, led by the choir and followed by the Greek Patriarch, all richly attired, came moving out of the Greek Chapel, and after marching round the sepulcher three times the Patriarch entered the Chapel of the Angel, in front of the supposed tomb of our blessed Lord, the door closing immediately after him; the soldiers with difficulty keeping back the multitude, who now made a rush for the entrance, all eager to catch the first flame from the holy shrine. The excitement at this moment was intense. All eyes were turned toward the opening in the tomb from which the fire was expected to come. Ten thousand tapers in ten thousand hands were ready to be

lighted by the first flash from the sepulcher; one man, it is said, paying eighty thousand piasters for a position near the opening. All now was silence, and the suspense oppressive; when suddenly a flame was seen bursting from the tomb. The great bells in rapid peals announced the event far and near. Thousands of men and women, wild with enthusiasm, and believing that the fire actually came from heaven, rushed to light their tapers in the flame. The soldiers on duty were swept away like chaff before the whirlwind. Hundreds fell upon the marble pavement and were trampled under foot by the infuriated mob. Shrieks and cries ascended from the seething crowd. Men rushed frantically out with torch in hand to diffuse the fire among their friends and neighbors. Some in their frenzy set their beards on fire, others tore off their clothing to burn their bodies, and parents were seen holding up their little children that they, too, might touch the flame. As if by magic thousands of lamps, candles and tapers were lighted in every chapel, alcove, and gallery, until the entire vast edifice was ablaze. The confusion and noise were bewildering; the neat and smoke, suffocating; and the whole effect reminded one more of the fire-worshipers of Baal in their midnight orgies than of a Christian service.

We pity the credulity of the ignorant people present on this occasion; but what excuse can be offered for the learned priests and bishops who thus wantonly turn into comedy the most sacred events? For all such exhibitions we regard as nothing more than solemn mockeries.

BETHLEHEM—CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

CHAPTER VIII.

BETHLEHEM, AND HILL COUNTRY OF JUDEA.

Birthplace of Christ—Church of the Nativity—Oriental Khan—Christmas in Bethlehem—Armenian Convent—Midnight Service—Solemn Impressions—Grotto of St. Jerome—Birthplace of John the Baptist—Wilderness of Judea—Locust and Wild Honey—Difference of Opinion.

SITUATED on a fruitful ridge about six miles south of Jerusalem, overlooking the Valley of the Kedron on the north, and the deep chasm of the Dead Sea on the east, is Bethlehem of Judea, to the Christian the holiest place on earth.

It is one of the oldest villages in Palestine, and associated with some of the most stirring events in the religious history of the world. Here Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz; here the youthful David kept his father's flocks, and was anointed King of Israel; here, also, Jeremiah, after denouncing God's terrible judgments upon the people, foretold the coming of "The Lord our Righteousness;"[1] and here the shepherds who watched their flocks by night were startled by the angelic song announcing the Messiah's birth, and proclaiming the evangel of "peace on earth, and good-will toward men."

The name signifies the House of Bread, and truly it may be said, Bethlehem has given to our perishing race the bread of eternal life. What countless millions have feasted on this heavenly loaf!

As we rode along the well-beaten path leading from Jerusalem, crowded with pilgrims from all lands going up to visit

[1] Jeremiah xxiii, 6.

the place that gave birth to the Saviour of mankind, what old memories were awakened! Here, on the plain of Rephaim, over which the road winds, it is supposed the army of Sennacherib lay encamped when smitten by the destroying angel;[1] along this same road Abraham probably journeyed on his way to the Mount of God, leading his only son as a lamb to the slaughter; along this same road the Virgin and her husband once toiled on their weary way to the "City of David, which

RACHEL'S TOMB.

is called Bethlehem;" along this same road the magi came with their costly gifts to worship at the feet of the new-born King; and long before the advent of Christ, long before the Hebrews possessed the land, when the Jebusites still held the old "Castle of Zion," Jacob, on his way to Hebron, traveled over this same road; and it was here that Rachel, his young and beautiful wife, died as she gave birth to her second son.

[1] 2 Kings xix, 35.

How touchingly sad the narrative, "And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave," etc.[1]

Nearly four thousand years have elapsed since this mother in Israel died, and Jacob set up this stone as a memorial over her grave; and yet the tomb of Rachel is still here by the way-side, protected by Jewish, Christian, and Moslem piety as one of the most sacred spots in the Holy Land.

That the grotto pointed out as the birthplace of Christ is very near, if not the identical spot of our Saviour's nativity, there is no reason to doubt. All tradition and history agree upon this locality. Justin Martyr, who was a native of Syria, and had every opportunity of knowing the precise place, tells us Christ was born in this cave; Origen mentions the same fact. Helena, also, before she erected her grand basilica to commemorate the event, must have known the spot. It is not likely that events so wonderful as the visit of the angels who announced his birth, the coming of the wise men from the East to render him homage, and the star standing over the place where the young child lay, would soon, if ever, be forgotten. Certainly not in the brief period that intervened between Justin Martyr and the Empress Helena.

That the present Church of the Nativity is the identical one built by this empress none will deny. It is the oldest Christian church in the world, and many of the forty-eight beautiful columns which support the cedar roof were in all probability taken from the grand Temple of Solomon on Moriah.

For fifteen centuries this venerable edifice has stood as a silent witness to the fact that in the grotto beneath its altar the "King of kings" was born, who brought "good tidings of great joy

[1] Genesis xxxv, 19.

to all people;" and that also on this very site the inn of Bethlehem once stood.

An eastern inn, or khan, never was a house of entertainment in the sense that Americans understand a hotel to be. Such accommodations as provision, bed, and other comforts at an inn are unknown in the Orient, and belong exclusively to western civilization. In the East all travelers carry their own bedding and provision with them, and must dress their own food, kindle their own fire, and spread their own table. An Oriental inn is merely a place of shelter from the storm, or protection from robbers, where a man and his beast can safely lodge for the night free of charge. A portion of the khan was assigned to the beasts, generally one side, and travelers who came in late, if they found the khan full, would have to make their beds in the manger with the horses and camels, as Joseph and Mary were forced to do. These caravansaries, or inns, were sometimes very rude, simply a rough wall built round a house, or natural caves in the rocks, as appears to have been the case at Bethlehem. Many of these grottoes are still used as stables in the neighborhood, and some of them as dwellings by the Arabs.

Until superseded by convents, every village had its khan; they were also found along the great lines of travel. These inns were considered sacred property. No invading army ever disturbed them. Generally there was but one khan in a place, and in a small town like Bethlehem there never could have been but one. When once an inn was established, through the liberality of some prince or man of wealth, it became public property consecrated to hospitality, and could never be appropriated to other purposes.

We have been thus minute in our description of an Oriental

khan because tradition locates the inn of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem on a portion of the estate of Boaz—the old homestead of Obed and Jesse—so that the birthplace of David was identical with the birthplace of Jesus, his illustrious successor and King eternal. We visited this place on Christmas eve in order to celebrate the great event very near, if not on the very spot, where Christ our Lord was born. The weather was mild, and on the way we passed several shepherds with their flocks of sheep and goats, among which we saw quite a number of lambs and kids skipping among the rocks.

As eighteen centuries before, "there was no room in the inn," but by invitation of the Patriarch we stopped at the Armenian Convent close by. Our party were the first Americans ever entertained by the monks, and our ladies the first women ever admitted into the convent. We were treated with great respect, and every attention was shown us; but the thought of sitting and sleeping on rich divans in the same city, and very near the identical spot, where the infant Saviour once lay upon the straw, detracted greatly from the enjoyment of the occasion. Still, I considered it a great privilege to be there, and a strange feeling came over me as I joined in the midnight service over the manger where our blessed Lord, in all probability, once lay a helpless babe; and when we all marched with lighted tapers through the old church, and down into the Grotto of the Nativity chanting the Christmas carol, "Glory to God in the highest," we felt spell-bound, and our hearts re-echoed the sentiment back to heaven; and when we surrounded the manger, and read in characters of gold the inscription beneath the altar —HERE JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN! no words can describe my emotions.

Many gold and silver lamps, the votive offerings of royalty,

are kept continually burning, like vestal fires, over the silver star that marks the supposed spot where the Prince was born, to "whose kingdom there shall be no end."

Many other events associated with Bethlehem add greatly to the interest of the place, especially the life and labors of that eminent Christian man, St. Jerome, one of the most learned and devout fathers of the Church, who, wishing to get as near as possible to the fountain of truth, here secluded himself from the world and performed the immortal service of translating the Scriptures from the original text into the Latin, thus giving to our world a correct version of the Bible.

The little cell, cut out of the solid rock, where this good man lived and wrote with the trump of God sounding in his ears, may still be seen. Here he died and was buried, and here he awaits the call of the last trump to a new and endless life.

What hallowed memories this place awakens! What influences have gone out from this center! What hopes cluster around it! Blot out the associations of Bethlehem and you plunge our world into moral darkness, ruin, and death.

This village was generally called "Bethlehem of Judea" to distinguish it from another place of the same name in the tribe of Zebulon,[1] and because it was situated in the "hill country of Judea," the birthplace of John the Baptist. This mountainous district extends as far south as Hebron; and it was here, among these hills, about four miles west of Bethlehem, near the old road leading to Gaza and not far from Philip's Fountain, where, according to tradition, the Ethiopian eunuch was baptized, that John, the forerunner of Christ, was born.

There is good authority for believing that Zacharias and Elizabeth lived in this neighborhood. The traditional site of

[1] Joshua xix, 15.

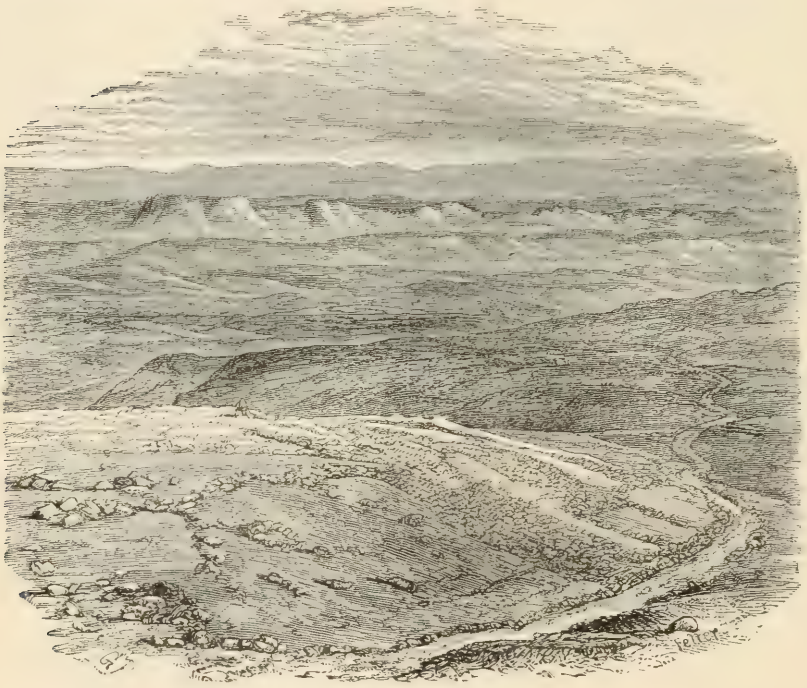
their house is covered by the old Franciscan Convent of St. John, which stands on a fruitful ridge in the midst of the modern village of Ain Kârim. The church of the Convent is a massive stone structure, with a graceful dome supported by four square pillars. Within, the walls are cased with porcelain tiles, and hung with rich drapery of crimson brocatel silk. A small circular chapel, or grotto, cut in the natural rock, to which you descend by seven steps on the left of the high altar, marks the supposed spot of this good man's birth.

A Latin inscription on a marble slab in the floor states that "*Here the forerunner of our Lord was born*," and the paintings on the walls give, in part, the details of his eventful life. On the right John is represented preaching in the wilderness; on the left baptizing Christ in the Jordan; and under the altar on one side, sculptured beautifully in marble, we have his birth; on the other side his tragic death; and in the center, as an altar-piece, the visit of the Virgin Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, mentioned by St. Luke. My first visit to this interesting locality was in company with Dr. Newman and his wife. It was a beautiful spring day; and as we rode over the hills, gathering wild flowers here and there by the wayside, we could not but feel that perhaps we were riding along the same path once trodden by the Mother of our Lord.

After his birth but little is known of John until he commenced his public ministrations by calling sinners to repentance. It is said his father was killed by the monster, Herod, because he refused to reveal the hiding-place of his son; that afterward John, for safety, fled into "the wilderness of Judea," a wild, desolate region east of his native hills, where he remained "till the day of his showing unto Israel."[1]

[1] Luke i, 80.

His great mission was to prepare the nation for the coming of the Messiah. His dress was, like that of the old prophets, simply a garment of camel's hair fastened with a leathern girdle, and his meat "locusts and wild honey." In his lonely desert abode, living on this rough fare, and clad in his coarse raiment, God was preparing this remarkable man for his great



WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

work, and when his voice was heard in the wilderness, crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" so intense was the desire to hear him that great multitudes from "Jerusalem and all Judea" went out to his preaching. Many thought him to be the long-looked-for Messiah, others Elijah,

or one of the old prophets returned to earth. Among the thousands from all parts who attended his ministry, Christ also came "to be baptized by him," for the Son of God must fulfill the law in this respect before he can enter upon his work as a teacher in Israel. And it was on this memorable occasion the Father publicly acknowledged his Son, and the Holy Ghost visibly descended upon him in the form of a dove. John's mission was now fulfilled, his dispensation terminated, and soon after he was called to his reward.

From our observations in the East we are inclined to believe that the "locusts and wild honey," referred to as the diet of John the Baptist, was the fruit of the cârob-tree, and the *dibs*, or honey extracted therefrom. The popular name for this tree in Palestine is "the locust," and the fruit is known everywhere as the "bread of St. John." In Arabic it is called cârob, from the horn-like shape of its pods or fruit, which are considered very wholesome, and are always found in the markets among the other fruits of the land. These pods are sometimes called "husks," and without doubt are the husks the Prodigal in his distress would fain have eaten.

This tree is found all over Palestine. Two may be seen growing on the side of Olivet, just above the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a dark evergreen, with heavy foliage, affording a delightful shade, and bears a crescent-shaped bean, about six inches long and one wide. The outside of this bean, when ripe, is a dark brown, and does not look unlike the honey-locust of America. The fruit is fed to horses, cattle, and swine, and is a common article of food among the natives. Traveling through the country, our muleteers appeared to live almost upon these pods. The trees are generally registered; property in them is capital, and marriage portions are frequently given in

"locusts," or the fruit of the cârob. A grove of these trees is considered as valuable as a vineyard or olive grove, and a single tree often yields a thousand pounds of pods, which are exported in large quantities to Russia and elsewhere.

The fruit, when ripe, contains a sweet pulp, which is expressed and made into a honey called *dibs*, which is the honey in general use among the peasantry of Palestine. Sometimes, when a pod is stung by a bee, honey will ooze from the wound and drop to the ground. May not this have been the honey Jonathan found in the wood when pursuing the Philistines?[1]

The Hebrew word *debash*, which so often occurs in the Scriptures, and is translated "honey" in our version, refers generally to vegetable honey, distilled as *dibs* from the pods of these trees, or to any sweet glutinous substance, as the syrup of grapes and dates. It was this, and not bee-honey, with which Israel supplied the market of Tyre, and that Jacob sent as a present to Joseph in Egypt. It has the appearance of granulated honey, is often used instead of sugar, and is commonly known as "wild honey." As John was an austere man, this, more than likely, was the honey he used, bee-honey being considered a great delicacy and only eaten by the rich. It is also more than probable that the locusts he ate were not the insect, but pods of the cârob-tree.

Josephus gives an account of a tutor of his who "lived in the desert for many years on food that grew of its own accord;" he also mentions "honey exuding from the trees," and of living in the wilderness himself for three years, on no other meat than that which grew therein.

John must have been in the desert for several years. The insect locust is not common to Palestine. Their visits are re-

[1] 1 Samuel xiv, 26.

garded as severe scourges. They come but seldom, often at intervals of many years, and only remain for a short time, so could not be relied upon as an article of daily food.

Those who entertain the opposite view, and contend for the insect, confound it with the locust of Arabia, which is eaten in that country, but is a different species altogether from the locust of Palestine and Mesopotamia. The Arabian locust is a large reddish-brown insect, about two and a half inches long, thick as your finger, and has "no king."[1] The other is only half that size, of a pale green color, like our grasshopper,[2] has a leader or queen, the same as bees, and is never eaten, not even by the Bedouin of the desert.

[1] Proverbs xxx, 27. [2] Amos vii, 1.

CHAPTER IX.

POOLS OF SOLOMON—CAVE OF ADULLAM—TOMB OF HEROD

Water Supply of Jerusalem—Great Reservoirs—Ancient Aqueducts—Gardens of Solomon—Cave of Adullam—David and Saul—Tekoa, the Home of Amos—Herodium, the Tomb of Herod.

THOUGH Jerusalem is situated on one of the highest mountain ranges in Palestine, and so far as known has neither a spring nor well of living water within it, few cities were ever better supplied with purer or better water. In all the protracted sieges the place has undergone the complaint was never heard of any scarcity of water. But from the flow of water in the Virgin's Fountain, Pool of Siloam, and Joab's Well, and from frequent reference in the ancient history of Jerusalem to the brook that ran through the "midst of the land," and to "the Fountain" or outflowing waters "of Gihon," there must have been one or more living streams near the city before Hezekiah sealed or stopped up their course "to cut off the supply from the Assyrian king;" and these springs may still flow by subterranean channels into the Temple inclosure, and through "the Well of the Leaf," down to "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."[1] The city is now entirely supplied with rain water caught during the rainy season in rock-hewn cisterns, but from numerous large reservoirs of great antiquity, now mostly dry, both within and without the walls, the principal supply of water must always have been from a distance. Traces may still be seen of five broken aqueducts from ten to thirty

[1] Isaiah viii, 6.

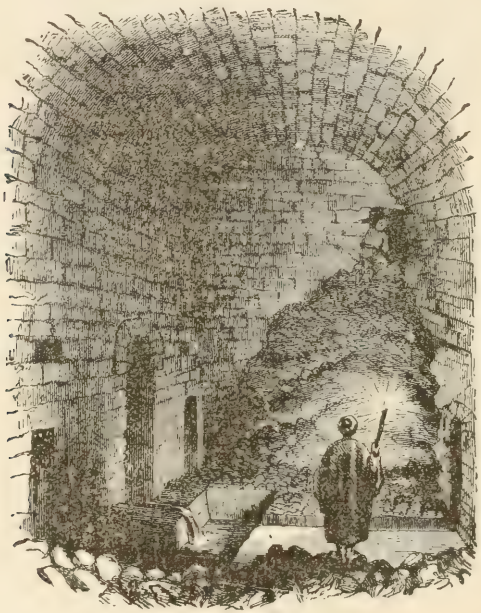
miles long entering the city from the south, three of which connected these ancient reservoirs with the Pools of Solomon.

These famous pools are situated among the mountains near the head of Wady Urtas, three miles south of Bethlehem, and drain at least sixty square miles of surface. There are three basins of massive masonry in good preservation, measuring in the aggregate one thousand three hundred and eighty five feet long, by two hundred and thirty-six wide, and about forty feet deep.

SOLOMON'S POOLS.

Great engineering skill has been displayed in the construction of these pools on successive terraces one below another, so that the lower one catches the overflow of those above; and no less ingenuity in concealing the sources of the fountains from their enemies, and collecting the waters of remote springs in tunnels under the mountains—one of those tunnels being four miles long, and connected with secret conduits conveying the fresh, cool stream into the Holy City. One of the aqueducts—a por-

tion of which may be seen near Rachel's Tomb—is constructed on the siphonic principle, not curving round the hills on a level, as the Romans constructed theirs, but following the elevations and depressions of the country. The pipe is made of large stones with a hole sixteen inches in diameter drilled through



SEALED FOUNTAIN.

them. These blocks are nicely jointed, similar to the cast-iron pipes now in use, the sections fitting as snugly as if ground into each other, and the whole tube imbedded in rubble-work and coated with cement mixed with oil, rendering it both air and water-tight. Openings were left on the highest points to relieve the pressure when too great. Altogether it is a most wonderful piece of workmanship, reflecting great credit on the wisdom of Solomon.

It was also here in this once lovely valley, just below the pools, that Solomon satisfied himself in regard to the riches and pleasures of this world. Here he built his summer palace, to which, Josephus says, he drove in his chariot every morning; here he planted vineyards and gardens and orchards of all kinds of fruit, and yielded to the gratification of every desire of his heart, "that he might see what was good for the sons of men." The Valley of Etam—now Urtas—is still here, well watered, and one of the richest in Palestine. A few garden patches along it are still under cultivation, and the remains of ancient buildings may still be seen here and there; otherwise, the picture is one of utter desolation; the palaces and pleasure grounds of Solomon are no more, showing the correctness of the royal Preacher's conclusion, "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."[1]

A short distance above this, near the old road to Hebron, in a cleft of the rocks, is one of the reputed hiding-places of Samson after avenging himself on the Philistines for the burning of his wife, and, what is remarkable, the very name of Etam is still applied to some ruins among the rocks close by the pools; and all the natural features of the place agree fully with the narrative of Samson's adventure.

About one and a half hour's ride down the ravine from Solomon's Pools, and about the same distance east of Bethlehem, where the valley assumes the features of a wild gorge cutting its way down to the Dead Sea, is the traditional Cave of Adullam.

This is a large natural cavern on the south side of Wady Urtas, supposed to be the same to which David fled from the King of Gath, and where he probably cut off the skirt of Saul's

[1] Ecclesiastes i, 14.

garment, as these two events appear to have occurred in the same vicinity. It is now known as Khureitun, from Chariton, a monk who founded a convent here at an early day; the old name, however, is still retained by the El Dhullam Arabs in this neighborhood.

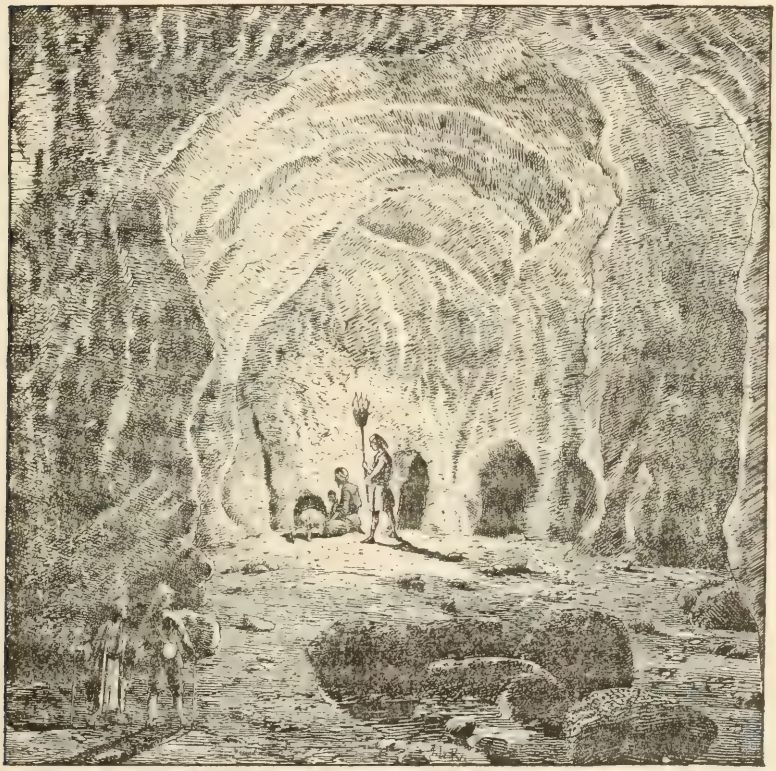
On our way to this romantic spot we did not follow the valley, but rode over the hills once the favorite resort of David when in charge of his father's flocks, passing many shepherds with their sheep and goats, some of them mere lads with their slings, others who were older, playing on a rude instrument like the clarionet, recalling the comely son of Jesse when a shepherd boy on these same hills, and who probably here took his first lessons on the sackbut and harp, and composed some of those immortal psalms that form so appropriate a part in the worship of God.[1]

The cave is in the north face of a precipitous mountain, and the only approach to it is along a narrow shelving rock overhanging the dry bed of the stream a hundred feet below. Near the entrance a mass of rock has fallen from above, blocking up entirely the path, so that no one can now enter without clambering over this obstruction on hands and knees with great difficulty, and in constant danger of slipping off into the chasm beneath.

The mouth of the cave is very narrow, admitting only one person at a time; however, once within, ample room is found for double the number that at any one time were with David in his hiding-place. From the entrance winding galleries lead in different directions, and opening out of these are many small grottoes where a man could easily conceal himself, and cut off

[1] Psalms cxlii and cxliii were probably written in this cave, being "the prayer of David when in the cave."

the garment or head of an enemy without being seen. About fifty feet from the main entrance you come to a grand hall over one hundred feet long by perhaps fifty feet wide and thirty feet high, looking very much like an old Gothic church, the vaulted ceiling of which was covered with bats. Several passages



THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

branch off from this chamber to others of less dimension; one of these passage ways, through which you must crawl like a serpent in the dust, with torch in hand, and almost suffocated from the heat and smoke, brings you to a room with an opening in the

floor down which you drop about ten feet into another large hall, with something like a cistern in the center, now filled up with the bones of different animals. May not this have been "the hold" of Israel's anointed king referred to by David?[1] Other galleries lead from this apartment to halls still more remote, seemingly without end, which we did not explore as we had reached the "end of our rope," and dare not venture beyond its length, as our guides assured us we could go on until we heard the smiths of Hebron hammering over our heads. We found the cave dry and the air pure, though strongly tainted with the smell of jackals, hyenas, and other wild beasts, that find in its numerous grottoes a warm and safe retreat, making its exploration rather dangerous as you have to advance very cautiously, with revolver in hand, not knowing what moment you may meet with some ferocious, half-starved beast.

This has long been regarded as the veritable Cave of Adullam; though, of course, in a country where caves abound, it is impossible to fix with certainty on any particular one. William of Tyre locates Adullam six miles east of Bethlehem toward the Dead Sea, which is the exact distance and locality of this cave. David, also, must have been familiar with every spot in this wild region, as it was here he smote "the lion and the bear" when he kept his father's "few sheep in the wilderness;" and he would naturally seek refuge in some favorite haunt among "the rocks of the wild goats," where his knowledge of the country would add greatly to his security.

Some locate the cave near the supposed city of Adullam in the plain country of Judah. There is, however, nothing in the text to warrant the location of the cave near the city of that name, even if the site of the old city could be identified; and

[1] 1 Samuel xxii. 4.

it is not likely that David would select a retreat so near his enemies, where he could not possibly hope to conceal himself and four hundred followers for any length of time. Then, no cave near Gath, or on the plains of Philistia, would meet the conditions of the narrative, for it appears that "when his brethren and all his father's house," who lived at Bethlehem, heard that he was in the Cave of Adullam, "they *went down* thither to him,"[1] which could not truthfully be said of any cave west of the mountains of Judea. It was from Adullam he took his aged parents for protection to "Mizpeh of Moab," beyond Jordan, which he could not have done from the plain country without passing through the lines of the Philistines. It was also when here that the three mighty men *came down* to him, and brought him water from "the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate," which they could easily do from the locality we have named, but not in any reasonable length of time from beyond the mountains near Gath, as the whole distance traversed, near forty miles there and back, would have been through the enemy's country. From the whole narrative it appears that Adullam was a large natural cave below Bethlehem, in the wilderness of Judea. So the small artificial caves near some ruins, supposed to be those of the city of Adullam, not far from Gath, do not meet a single condition of the scriptural account.

From here, David, after his return from Moab, went into "the wilderness of Maon," a day's journey to the south of this, "and dwelt in strong-holds at Engedi," on the borders of the Dead Sea; after which he probably returned to Adullam, as Saul found him here on his way to Engedi. It will be observed that the place where David and Saul met was not *at* Engedi, but "by the way"[2] to Engedi. And the cave we have been

[1] 1 Samuel xxii, 1. [2] 1 Samuel xxiv, 3.

describing is on the direct road from Bethlehem to Engedi, and meets all the conditions of the case better than any other.

On the hill directly above the cave of Adullam is Tekoa, the birthplace of the Prophet Amos, who in his defense before the king, when accused of troubling Israel, meekly said: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was a herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit;[1] and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel."[2] No doubt, on these very hills this faithful servant of the Lord often gathered wild figs, and pastured his herds and flocks, and in some one of the many rock-cut tombs in the neighborhood his ashes still repose, awaiting the hour when all who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake to life again.

About midway between Adullam and Bethlehem, half a mile north of Wady Urtas, is a remarkable truncated cone, overlooking the Wilderness of Judea and Valley of the Jordan for many miles. The natives call it Jebel Fureidis—"Hill of Paradise," but it is more generally known as the Frank Mountain, or Herodium. Herod, according to Josephus, built a strong fortress and splendid palace not far from Tekoa, and sixty stadia, or about eight miles, from Jerusalem; which agrees precisely with this site. The cone rises from a high plateau, and its upper section, of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, appears to be artificial, the ascent to which was by a marble staircase on the north side, traces of which still remain. There may also have been a secret entrance from below and up through the interior, as the top is deeply sunken in the center, like a great well-hole. The only ruins to be seen on the sum-

[1] The sycamore tree of Palestine bears a fruit called by the natives wild figs.

[2] Amos vii, 14.

mit are two walls built in a perfect circle of beveled stones, one within the other, thirty feet apart, the outer one about one thousand feet in circumference, the inner one seven hundred and fifty feet, with circular towers at the four cardinal points, forty feet in diameter, beneath which are vaults and other subterranean works. At the base of the hill are extensive ruins of other fortifications and palaces, and a large square reservoir with the remains of a building in the center, perhaps a swimming bath. These are, without doubt, the ruins of the once magnificent palace and tomb of Herod the Great.

But little is known of the ancestry of the Herodian family. From the most reliable authority their origin was very obscure, Antipater, the father of Herod I., being the son of a slave taken prisoner at Ascalon by Idumean robbers. At least the family came from Idumea, and were Jews only by conquest and adoption. Herod the Great, when quite young, was made governor of Galilee under Julius Cæsar, and afterward appointed king of Judea by Marc Antony B.C. 40.

Though cruel and bitter toward his enemies, he was a man of great energy and foresight, and did more for the development of his country than any of his successors. He was ambitious to leave great monuments of his power to posterity, and to establish a kingdom equal in splendor and extent to Solomon's, but not on a religious basis—using Judaism merely as a bond of union to hold his kingdom together.

Fond of ostentation and display, he was lavish in the distribution of his means; courting the favor of Cæsar by founding cities in honor of his name; of the Jews, by enlarging and beautifying their temple; and of the people in general, by building palaces and public edifices of every kind, the remains of which are among the grandest ruins to be found in Palestine

to-day. A man of strong passions, vain, unscrupulous, and selfish, he hesitated not to rob the tomb of David, and put to death all the Sanhedrin who opposed his measures. He also, under suspicions of intrigue, caused the death of his favorite wife and three of his own sons, and with the children of Bethlehem would have slain the Saviour of our world but for divine interposition. Beneficent, but brutish, he showed great contempt for public opinion, treated his subjects as mere slaves, and even planned the massacre of the principal men of his court in the event of his own death, that the whole nation might be thrown into mourning. After reigning over forty years he died a most terrible death at Jericho, about two years after the birth of Christ, and was buried in great pomp in his royal tomb at Herodium.

Thus Herod the Great passed away from earth; his kingdom, also, has long since fallen to pieces. Of all his public works not a city, fortress, or palace remains to perpetuate his name. Scarcely a stone of his grand mausoleum is left, and the jackals that burrow in his grave have long ago scattered his ashes to the four winds of heaven; while the infant King he sought to destroy still lives, and reigns, and shall forever live and reign, for of "his kingdom there shall be no end."

CHAPTER X.

HEBRON—CAVE OF MACHPELAH—BEER-SHEBA.

Ancient City of Arba—Plain of Mamre—Valley of Eshcol—Oak of Abraham—Cave of Machpelah—Tomb of the Patriarchs—Solemn Reflections—Beer-Sheba—Kadesh-Barnea—Merabah-Kadesh—The Smitten Rock.

NO city on earth can claim such a long continuous history as Hebron; certainly the oldest populated city in Palestine, if not in the world. Before Rome, or Nineveh, or Memphis, Hebron was. It is mentioned even before Damascus, and on the best authority, "was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt," the Tanis of the Greeks. Zoan has been in ruins for two thousand years, its very site is in dispute, while Hebron looks as fresh and thriving as any modern Oriental city. It appears also to have had a still more remote antiquity, being originally known as Kirjath-Arba—the "City of Arba," the father of Anak, from whom sprang the powerful race known as giants, who occupied the land in the days of Joshua and Caleb.

It is difficult to conceive of a community existing through so many ages, marked by so many social, religious, and political changes—of a city, still astir with life, that must have been standing long before Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, and before a verse of the Bible was written; and the possibility of identifying, after so long a period, the city where David was crowned king over all Israel, the valley where the spies cut the great "cluster of grapes," the plain where the tent of Abraham was pitched when he entertained the angels, and the

very cave of Machpelah where the ashes of the patriarchs repose, seems incredulous. And yet, all these places, so fraught with interest, are still here, and may be visited any day.

Hebron is beautifully situated in the Valley of Eshcol, among olive groves and vineyards, and near the summit of the highest ranges of the Judean Mountains. This fruitful valley is still noted for its fine grapes, single "clusters" of which may still be found here that would require two men to carry.

The present name of the city was probably given in compliment to Abraham, the Arabic meaning of Hebron being the City of the "Friend of God," Abraham having settled here soon after parting with his nephew, Lot, on their return from Egypt. Here he abode for many years, here Isaac also lived, and here Sarah died.

The associations of the place were enough to inspire the heart of the venerable Caleb with courage; and it is no wonder, that he, after the conquest of the country, when tendered the first choice of the whole land, selected this, the roughest portion, as an inheritance for himself and family.

About one mile up the Valley of Eshcol, north of Hebron, and the only point in the neighborhood that overlooks the Valley of the Dead Sea, or from which the smoke of burning Sodom could be seen, is the plain, or more properly the grove, of Mamre, only another name for Hebron, the first permanent home of the patriarchs in Canaan.

Near the foundations of some very old buildings may still be seen the grand old "Oak of Abraham;" not a terebinth, but a sturdy, evergreen oak, with broad-spreading branches; a beautiful symbol of the patriarch whose name it bears, and whose spotless life, after the lapse of ages, is still fresh and green in the memory of the Church. The tree will girt over twenty

feet, is very much like the oaks on Carmel and in the forests of Bashan, and if not the identical one under which the Jews were sold by their Roman conquerors after the fall of Bether, it certainly marks the spot, and is a descendant of the famous grove in which Abraham and Sarah pitched their tent nearly four thousand years ago.

OAK OF ABRAHAM.

But the point of greatest interest about Hebron is the Field and Cave of Machpelah, purchased by Abraham from "Ephron the Hittite" as a place of sepulture for himself and family. There can be no reasonable doubt in reference to the locality of this tomb; all history and tradition fix it exactly where pointed out, within the walls of the great mosque, which the

Mohammedans guard with religious jealousy as one of their four holy places, and is known among them as the Haram, and Castle of Abraham. The name Machpelah would indicate a double cave, and we were told by the sheik of the mosque—a personal friend on whose word we could rely—that under the elevated platform of the Haram there are two large natural grottoes, one above the other; that the patriarchs and their wives were buried in the lower one, and that the upper one is also full of human bones, which is more than probable, as it was the custom of the old Israelites to gather the bones of their forefathers from all parts of the land and deposit them in or near this mausoleum of their great ancestor.

The walls inclosing this sacred spot tower above every thing else, and are the most conspicuous objects in the city. They are about seven hundred feet in circuit, ornamented with pilasters without capitals, and of great strength; agreeing in every respect with the description given by Josephus, and are evidently of Jewish or Phœnician workmanship. Jewish tradition attributes them to David, which is very possible, as this was his royal city and the capital of Judah, down to the capture of the "Castle of Zion" from the Jebusites.

The mosque, which stands at the southern end of this inclosure, appears to have been built for a Christian church during the Justinian age, and beyond doubt covers the tomb which contains all that remains on earth of the chosen progenitors of the nation, through whom, in the fullness of time, came the Messiah of our world. Christians are not admitted into the cave—scarcely allowed to touch the outer wall—and the Mohammedans, owing to their great reverence for the dead, connected with the superstitious dread of the place, seldom or never enter it; many entertaining the idea that whoever

attempts to intrude will be instantly struck with blindness or death.

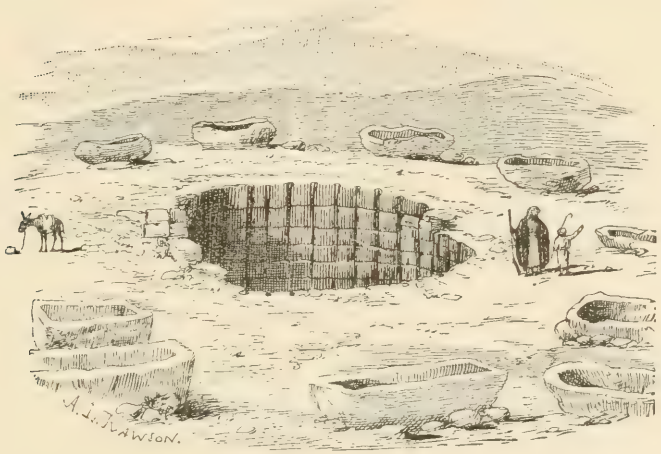
The question as to whether the embalmed body of Jacob is still here must for the present remain unsettled, as we have no reliable account of any one ever going beyond the entrance to the cave, and no one is likely to do so soon, as the door leading to it is now securely closed. The Prince of Wales and a few others, have been admitted into the mosque, but no further. The six cenotaphs here seen are nothing more than coffin-shaped shrines representing the real tombs that are in the grotto below. The first you come to on entering the mosque, in a little chapel to the right, cased with marble and closed with silver gates, is the shrine of Abraham; and directly opposite, to the left, Sarah's, in a similar chapel, both covered with green velvet drapery embroidered with gold. Two other chapels, near the center of the mosque, contain memorials of Isaac and Rebekah. The shrines of Jacob and Leah are in a cloister opposite the entrance, at the farther end of the court. A small hole in the marble floor near the shrine of Abraham, through which a lamp is suspended said to be kept constantly burning, is the only opening to the cavern below; and as you peer down into the darkness thousands of prayers written on little slips of paper, may be seen lying around thrown through this hole, under the superstitious belief that all prayers offered here will be surely answered. In the floor at the other end of the mosque, to the right of the nave, is a marble trap-door, large enough to admit a man, and apparently leading to the cave below. This door is now closed with iron clamps, and concealed with Persian rugs. The probability is a staircase leads from here down to the tombs, but is no longer used. All the natural features of this locality, together with the

Moslem traditions concerning these shrines, and the religious awe with which they approach them, agree remarkably with the biblical narrative, and it is impossible for the devout mind to contemplate the events that have transpired here, without feeling the force and truth of the Psalmist's declaration, "Surely the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

As we sat in the grove near the city, under the shade of an olive-tree, absorbed in meditation, what recollections of the past were awakened. There was Mamre, the favorite camping-ground of the patriarchs, where the Chaldean shepherd sat in the door of his tent and served his hasty meal in the cooling shade to the angels who honored him with their visit. Down the valley yonder winds the path along which Joseph, the Hebrew, must have traveled, after being sold by his brethren to the Midianites. And down the same Valley of Eshcol Jacob also, in after years, must have journeyed on his way to Egypt, to see his long-lost son. Here, too, by the road-side, is an ancient pool, looking old enough to be the same over which David caused the murderers of Ish-bosheth to be hung. And just beyond the pool on the hill-side facing the west, is "the Field of Ephron," and Cave of Machpelah, probably the only piece of ground Abraham ever owned in fee, purchased as a family tomb on the occasion of Sarah's death, she being the first to occupy it; then Abraham himself was buried there, his sons Isaac and Ishmael performing the ceremony. Next, in a good old age, Isaac was gathered unto his people, and buried there with his parents; and after him Rebekah and Leah were laid in the shades of this same tomb. The last solemn service of this character performed here excelled all others in magnitude and pomp. Jacob had gone down to Egypt and become

HEBRON.

the father of a numerous family. Joseph was next to Pharaoh in position, and when his father died there was great lamentation, the highest honors were paid Israel, his body was embalmed, and with all the pageantry of royalty, attended by horsemen, chariots, and a great multitude of mourners, they brought his remains up to Hebron, and laid him with his kindred in the cave of Machpelah, where possibly his body may yet be



WELL OF ABRAHAM.

found undisturbed and uncorrupted. What a find that would be! One has strange feelings standing by the grave of such men as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; men who lived so many ages ago; men who communed face to face with Jehovah, and through whom all the nations of the earth are to be blessed.

Twenty miles south of Hebron, on the undulating plain of rich pasture lands lying between the hill country of Judea and the Desert, is Beer-sheba, one of the old landmarks defining the southern boundary of Palestine.

Abraham removed here from Hebron soon after the destruc-

tion of the cities of the plain. It was here he "planted a grove," and dug the celebrated well that still bears his name. This well is over twelve feet in diameter and not less than fifty feet deep, mostly hewn out of the solid rock, with many deep grooves in its coping, worn by the friction of the ropes in drawing water through so many centuries. There are other wells and cisterns in the vicinity, but the two principal ones, supposed to be the same dug by Abraham and Isaac, are still in good condition, containing an abundant supply of water, abiding witnesses to the eventful lives of these two illustrious men.

This is still a nomadic country, just what it was in the days of Abraham, and the wandering Arabs may still be seen watering their flocks and herds out of the old stone troughs that stand around these ancient wells, antique enough in appearance to have been used by the patriarchs themselves.

Abraham was living here during that severe trial of his faith when called upon to render his only son as a burnt-offering unto the Lord. Whether this was the birthplace of Isaac or not, we know it was here he married his beautiful Rebekah, and here Jacob and Esau were born. This, also, is the scene of the final expulsion of Hagar and her son. And the history of this woman, which still lives in the traditions of the country, is another illustration of the truthfulness of the Scriptures. Ishmael, her discarded son, has become "a great nation." His descendants are wild men still, "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them," dwelling in the presence of their brethren, "yet repelling every effort to civilize them."

Whether Kadesh-Barnea, the camping ground of the Israelites on the borders of Canaan, was the name of a place or district has not been determined, neither has its locality been satisfactorily established. There is a fountain in Wady Jeib,

two days' journey south-east of Beer-sheba, within the borders of Edom, that meets all the requirements of the site, and more than likely marks the scene of Israel's rebellion and great provocation when the spies brought back their unfavorable report of the land.

This, also, would be Meribah-Kadesh, and these running brooks, "the waters of Meribah," where Miriam, the sister of Moses, died, and where the offense was committed which excluded the great prophet and lawgiver from the Promised Land. In one place the waters issue from a cleft of the rock, appropriately symbolizing the Rock smitten on Calvary, pouring out his life-blood for a famishing world.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES.

An Extinct Race—Early Settlers Canaanites—Her Royal Cities—Site of Gath, Gaza, Askelon, Ekron, Ashdod—Fulfillment of Prophecy—Scene of Samson's Exploits—Slaughter of the Philistines—Pulls Down the House of Dagon—Our Adventures in this Land.

THE decay of cities and nations seems as inevitable as the decay of individuals and families. Traveling through the East you every-where meet with the vestiges of an earlier civilization, in broken columns, pieces of sculpture, beautiful tombs, and the remains of once populous cities now entirely deserted and silent as the grave.

We were never more forcibly impressed with the instability of every thing worldly than during a late visit to "the land of the Philistines," which includes the great maritime plain lying between the Judean hills and Mediterranean Sea, and extending from Carmel on the north to "the borders of Egypt" on the south.

This country, generally known as the Plain of Philistia, in natural fertility is unsurpassed; but the powerful nation that once occupied it has long since become extinct.

The early settlers of Philistia, as the name imports, were strangers or foreigners, whose origin is involved in much obscurity. When Abraham first pitched his tent in the "south country," he found the Philistines there. Some suppose they were of the Rephaim stock or family of giants from east of the Jordan, but from the Mosaic genealogy it appears more

probable they came from Egypt, and were the descendants of Canaan, the fourth son of Ham. Hence, to distinguish them from the Amorites, or those living in the Hill Country, they were called Canaanites, or dwellers in the Lowlands—a name that was afterward given to all the inhabitants of Palestine. The country, however, did not derive its name from its natural features, but from Canaan, the progenitor of the people who first settled the *Shefelah*, or low district along the coast, and have stamped their ancestor's name on the entire land.

The Hyksos, or shepherds expelled from Egypt, are also supposed to have emigrated here at a later period.

Though the Philistines by descent were Hamites, their language seems to have been Semitic, as the patriarchs, without an interpreter, appear to have had no difficulty in communicating with them as with the Egyptians; and all the names and other traces of the language thus far discovered, prove it to have been identical with the Hebrew. The only explanation of which is, that probably a portion of the country was first occupied by the descendants of Shem, and that the Canaanites, when they settled in the land, adopted the common language of the country: or the two families may have retained a knowledge of the original language, which was substantially the same as the Hebrew and Phœnician.

The Philistines were a tall, well-proportioned, warlike people, living in well-built cities, going to war in "chariots of iron," armed with helmets, shields, swords, and other weapons of artistic workmanship, when "there was not a smith in all the land of Israel;"[1] and were always a great scourge to the Israelites, invading and spoiling their territory at pleasure.

Philistia was within the bounds of the Promised Land, and

[1] 1 Samuel xiii, 19.

after the conquest properly belonged to Judah and Dan, but the Hebrews, except for short intervals, were never able to hold it. Occupying a country unequaled in its productiveness, and being situated on the direct route between Asia and Africa, their opulent cities became a coveted prize to ambitious monarchs, and their rich plains the great battle-field of contesting armies. The Assyrians, in their invasions of Egypt, had to traverse this territory. Alexander the Great, after taking Gaza by storm and putting its inhabitants to the sword, devastated the whole land. During the Egyptian, Syrian, and Jewish wars, the country was frequently overrun by hostile armies, until the nation fell under Roman rule and was despoiled by the Cæsars forever of its glory. Since then the Philistines have had no national existence, but have gradually become absorbed by the Bedouin tribes of the Desert on their south, until one of the most powerful and highly-civilized nations of Asia has been blotted out entirely from the earth.

The government of Philistia appears to have been a federal union composed of five districts or provinces, in each of which there was a royal city ruled by a powerful lord or chief, of whom the lord of Gath was king. From these fortified cities they made frequent incursions into the land of Israel, and it was not until after David's successful encounter with their champion, Goliath, and the utter defeat of their army by Abner, that they were finally subdued and became tributary to Israel. The names of all these cities except Gath have been preserved, and the site of that place is now tolerably well established at Tell es Safieh, a conical hill rising perhaps two hundred feet above the surrounding plain, and commanding a view of all the other royal cities. The site is about ten miles east of Ashdod, between Shoco and Ekron, and agrees exactly with the locality as

given by Eusebius. Some ancient cisterns and rock-cut tombs, together with the remains of some old fortifications on the summit, and many fragments of columns, some with capitals richly carved, show that it was a place of considerable importance, and in all probability is the native city of Goliath, where David found an asylum when driven by Saul from his own people.

Gaza was situated near the sea on the southern border of Philistia. It is mentioned among the first cities built after the flood, and was the stronghold of the Anakim—a race of powerful men who dwelt there before Joshua conquered the country. That it was a place of great strength may be inferred from the fact that Alexander, after the fall of Tyre, only succeeded in taking it after a five months' siege.

The modern city contains a population of sixteen thousand, and appears to be built on a low, natural ridge, which, however, is nothing more than the accumulated rubbish of successive cities on the same spot, literally a mountain of rubbish—broken pillars and walls of massive masonry cropping out of the sand every-where. The great mosque, with its tall minaret, that crowns the hill, is the most interesting building in the place: originally a pagan temple, afterward a Jewish synagogue, then a Christian church, and now dedicated to Islamism. Cut in bass-relief on one of the ancient marble columns in this mosque is a beautiful representation of the seven-branched golden candlestick, with the sacrificial knife hanging from one of the branches.

The houses here, as in the East generally, are built of stone, with flat roofs called terraces, on which the inmates sleep, eat, and promenade during the summer, and where all entertainments are given. The house-top of an ordinary dwelling will

hold conveniently five hundred persons, and there are churches and mosques in Palestine on the roofs of which you could stand from two to five thousand people. These terraces are supported by arches or pillars, and often so constructed that the removal of a single column would cause the whole house to topple over, there being nothing to bind the building together after the supports are removed. So we can clearly see how Samson pulled down the temple of Dagon, and can easily account for the great loss of life on that occasion.

RUINS OF ASKELON.

Askelon, ten miles north of Gaza, was the sea-port of Philistia. Nothing, however, remains of this royal city but portions of the massive walls and ruins—vast heaps of ruins greater than Baalbec, or any other ruins in Syria; not a house, palace, or building of any kind standing—all desolation, and quiet as the grave; the sands of the desert rapidly entombing the famous city of the Syrian Venus.

Ekron, celebrated for the worship of Beelzebub, stood in the center of the plain north of the beautiful Valley of the Surâr, the ancient Sorek, where Samson was betrayed by the infamous Delilah. The place at present consists of a few mud huts—filthy, poor, wretched, not a vestige of royalty left. A large

deep well and some fragments of broken columns are about all that is left of this once royal city.

Midway between here and Askelon, on a low, rounded hill overlooking the sea, is the site of ancient Ashdod, another of the royal cities, and where Dagon fell down before the ark of the Lord. A few sculptured stones and mud hovels, surrounded by the richest farming lands, and in the midst of beautiful groves of olives, figs, and pomegranates, mark the site of the renowned city that withstood for twenty-nine years the whole power of Egypt—the longest siege on record.

When we consider the present desolate condition of these cities, how forcibly we are reminded of the prophecy concerning them: "Gaza shall be forsaken, and Askelon a desolation; they shall drive out Ashdod at the noonday, and Ekron shall be rooted up. Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea-coast—the land of the Philistines; I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant."[1]

On a high conical hill overlooking the whole plain of Philistia, and about three miles north of Bethshemesh, is the Arab village of Sūrah, the Zorah of the Bible, where Samson, the son of Manoah, was born.[2] A welly or tomb, of some unknown person, inclosing a beautiful palm-tree, crowns the hill-top, and a very ancient square well in the valley a little north of the village, round which some ruins may still be seen, mark the early home of Israel's famous judge; and without doubt, on some one of the many rocks that here crop out of the hill-side, Manoah the Danite was offering his sacrifice when "the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar toward heaven."[3]

In stature Samson probably was no larger than other men of his tribe, but, being raised up for the deliverance of his peo-

[1] Zephaniah ii, 4. [2] Judges xiii, 2. [3] Judges xiii, 20.

ple, who for forty years had been oppressed by the Philistines, the Lord at times endowed him with miraculous strength, as he did Solomon in after years with divine wisdom. And though "his strength" is said to have gone "from him" when shorn of his locks, we are not to suppose that his power was in his hair, but, having now broken his vow as a Nazarite, he lost the favor of God.

Samson's first exploit was when he tore to pieces the young lion that roared against him on his way to Timnath, where he married his first wife—a village of the Philistines, now in ruins, about five miles to the south-west of Zorah. It was here, during his wedding festival, that he propounded his well-known riddle.[1] And on the extensive plain to the west of this are the cornfields of the Philistines he destroyed with his foxes, or, more properly, jackals. The jackals of Syria very much resemble the American red fox, and are still found in great numbers in this section; and it would be no very difficult matter at the present day to catch, or secure in some other way, three or four hundred, and turn them loose among the standing barley and wheat with the same effect.

Near this, also, is the hill of Lehi, the jaw-bone, so-called from its peculiar shape, where Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass slew a thousand of his enemies. It is a barren, rocky ridge, in shape resembling a jaw-bone, about midway between Jarmuth and Timnath, and, what is singular, it is still called by the natives Kheishûn, which signifies nose, or cheek-bone. And the traditional fountain that sprung, not from the jaw-bone with which Samson slew the Philistines, but from the hill of Lehi, is still pointed out in a cleft of this rocky ridge.[2]

After many other adventures, showing his moral weakness in

[1] Judges xiv, 14. [2] Judges xv, 14–19.

strange contrast with his physical prowess, and, after judging Israel twenty years, Samson, through the intrigue of an infamous woman, was captured by the Philistines, who, after putting out his eyes and binding him with fetters of brass, took him down to Gaza, whose gates he before had carried away, where, in his blindness and humiliation, he was compelled to grind at the prison mill, and make sport for his enemies. An opportunity was finally given him to prove once more his strength, and avenge his wrongs. "All the lords of the Philistines," and thousands of men and women, were assembled at Gaza to offer sacrifices unto Dagon, their god. There was great rejoicing on account of the capture of Samson, and all were anxious to see the wonderful man who so long had been such a terror to their nation. Samson was brought forth from his prison to amuse the multitude, and, taking hold of the two middle pillars that supported the temple, "bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein, so the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol, in the burying-place of Manoah his father."[1]

And what at least is very curious, during the last summer there was found in an old rock-hewn tomb near Zorah a large terra-cotta coffin covered with sheet-lead one third of an inch thick, on which there was an inscription of several lines in old Hebrew, containing what appeared to be the name of Samson, and something more we could not make out owing to the corroded state of the lead. Could this be the tomb of Manoah's son? Nothing was found in the casket but dust and ashes.

[1] Judges xvi, 30, 31.

After a visit of unusual interest to the scenes of Samson's exploits we started for Shoco, down the valley of Elah, passing the scene of David's encounter with Goliath, expecting to find our tents at Gath. Night overtook us at Azekah, where Joshua slew the five kings of the Amorites. Still we pressed on over the rich, undulating plain, startled occasionally by the bark of the jackal, and doleful shriek of "the night monster." After two hours' hard riding, seeing light ahead, we were greatly delighted, thinking, of course, it was our camp fire, but soon discovered the mistake, and found, much to our dismay, that we were riding into a den of Bedouin robbers. Quietly withdrawing, we resumed our lonely journey, and about nine o'clock reached Gath, but, to our great disappointment, our tents were not there; so, hungry and tired, we rode into the once royal city of the Philistines. At first we found difficulty in getting into any house, and had about concluded to spend the night in the streets, when a soldier from Jerusalem, recognizing me, took us into the best house in the place; nothing more, however, than a mud hovel, walls, floor, roof, all mud, without windows or ventilation of any kind. After partaking of some eggs and Arab bread we were shown to our quarters for the night; but O, such quarters! It was a large room with a raised platform at one end, on the earthen floor of which we were to sleep without bed or covering. Taking our saddles for pillows, with the horses, mules, and donkeys all in the same room, we stretched ourselves out on the floor, hoping to find some rest; but, "tell it not in Gath," no sooner had we lain down than myriads of fleas and other vermin began their bloody work, and though we fought them bravely, and slew our thousands, thousands more came to the attack, until, finally, we were driven from our position, only too glad to escape with our lives

CHAPTER XII.

SEA-COAST OF PALESTINE.

Plain of Sharon—Cæsarea—Athlit—Grand Ruins—Haifa German Colony—Acre, or Ancient Accho—Napoleon's First Repulse—Pasha El Jezzar—Tyre and Sidon—Hiram's Tomb—Interesting Discovery.

BORDERING Philistia on the north is the plain of Sharon, anciently a part of Philistia, extending from the sea back to the Mountains of Ephraim, about fifteen miles, and along the coast from Jaffa to Carmel, once the garden of Palestine, but now almost deserted, and seldom visited by tourists. This is owing mainly to the dangerous character of the Bedouin tribes that roam over this rich plain, and still claim possession of the land. The distance by the coast is about fifty miles, and along the whole route are to be found the ruins of many cities whose histories have been lost in the general desolation of the country. A few places, such as Cæsarea, Tantura, and Athlit, can be identified, but many other remains, equally grand, are without name or story.

Among the most extensive and picturesque ruins in Syria are those at Athlit—a few miles south of where Carmel juts out into the sea—consisting of an old crusading castle and fortress of great strength, once the capital of Palestine, and known as Castellum Perigrinorum, or Landing-place of the Pilgrims, being situated on a low, rocky point projecting into the sea, and forming a safe harbor for the knights of the cross. The walls of the castle are from eight to twenty feet thick, and in places are standing at least seventy-five feet high. The lower and outer

courses are beveled with bold projections—similar to the oldest in the temple wall at Jerusalem, and bound together with leaden clamps and heading courses of large dressed stone, so firmly that the restless surf beating for many centuries upon them, and the shocks of a hundred earthquakes, have failed to disturb them.

The fortress stood on an elevated platform of this massive masonry, under which there were great subterranean vaults—one on the south two hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty high; another on the east still larger, used, perhaps, as store-rooms, and connected by dark, secret galleries cut through the rock. There was a very fine magazine near what appears to have been the office for the receipt of customs. It was about one hundred feet long, with groined ceiling and richly carved corbels and bosses. When the place was abandoned by the Crusaders, in A.D. 1291—after the fall of Acre—they left here written on the wall the sarcastic inscription: "This vault we filled with raisins; you will never fill it with straw."

The defenses of the place show great military skill. Every approach from the sea was securely guarded by strong towers built in the water. On the land side it was protected by a double wall, between which was a deep moat that could easily be flooded from the sea. Beyond these artificial defenses, running parallel with the coast, was a limestone ridge, the face of which was so quarried and scarped as to form a third wall of living stone. The only entrance to the castle from the main land was by a narrow covered way cut for half a mile through this rocky ridge. The deep ruts worn by the war-chariots may still be seen in the solid bed of this road.[1] At the eastern end

[1] Van de Velde thinks these ruts are the remains of a railroad track.

of this rock-passage was a massive gate-way flanked by bastions and commanded by forts, all cut out of the solid rock in the most wonderful manner. This portion of the work evidently belongs to a period prior to our era, and doubtless gave to the fortress the name it formerly bore—*Petra Incisa*—"Rock-cut Citadel." Beyond this natural barrier there was yet another outer wall and a ditch, which, by means of large earthen pipes, could be filled with water from the sea, rendering the place almost impregnable.

The origin of this remarkable ruin is lost in the misty past. Who laid these massive foundations will probably never be known. Neither the Bible nor any ancient historian mentions the place. The Greek and Roman writers are all silent on the subject.

We have no reliable history of this ruin beyond the Crusades; but from the character of portions of the work, the rock-hewn tombs in the vicinity, old coins and other antiques found on the spot, it must belong to a much earlier period, perhaps the Roman, if not the Phœnician age. It certainly is one of the grandest ruins in Palestine, and all who visit it will not only be pleased but amazed with the boldness of the conception and the untiring energy displayed in erecting this once formidable fortress on this sea-girt rock. The remains of a well-paved road may still be traced, leading from Athlit over Carmel to the cities of Galilee.

On the plain near Haifa, and under the shadow of Jebel Mar Elyas, is the new German colony, which promises to work great changes in this land. It is a religious movement for the colonization of Palestine, first organized half a century ago at Kœnthal, Germany, by the celebrated Dr. J. A. Bengel, author of the Gnomon of the New Testament, and is now

under the presidency of Herr Christopher Hoffman. They call themselves "The Temple," their mission being to build up a spiritual temple in the Holy Land. Their first permanent settlement in Palestine was effected here in 1868. Since then colonies have been planted at Jaffa and Jerusalem, numbering in all about eight hundred souls, representing all professions and trades. There are quite a number of naturalized citizens of the United States among them. They have purchased a tract of land, which is divided among the members for cultivation, thus rendering the community self-sustaining. Their settlement here looks very much like a New England village, the streets being planted with trees and the houses set back, with flower-gardens in front. They have a good hotel, "Hotel du Carmel," and school-house; the latter being used also for public worship. On the stone lintel over the entrance to their houses you will generally find some text of Scripture; and morning and evening the voice of praise and prayer may be heard in almost all their dwellings. All of their buildings are constructed of a very light-colored stone, in the European style, with good taste, and in striking contrast with the mud hovels of the natives.

The colonists are an intelligent, hard-working, moral people, and cannot fail to exert a salutary influence upon the native population. They are building roads back into the country, and have introduced wagons, steam-engines, and improved agricultural and other implements. They are running a line of carriages from Haifa to Acre; also from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and last year they imported an American reaper and thresher —the first in Palestine, if not in Asia.

It was very amusing to see the effect produced by these machines. Mules were the only animals that could be subdued

and broken in; horses, oxen, and camels were entirely unmanageable. The peasants seemed even more frightened than the beasts; some would squat down upon the ground and look with amazement at the machinery in motion; others, trembling with fear, looked on from a distance, as though Satan was devouring their crops. The reaper does the work in four hours of sixty men in a whole day. The natives, however, think it possessed of a devil, because it leaves nothing for the gleaners, and cuts the corners of the fields, which the Koran prohibits. The threshing-machine does the work of one hundred oxen, and does it much better and cheaper. The Mohammedans call it the "Christian Thresher," and think it a wonderful invention.

The colonists were divided at first as to the merits of the American and German machines, and to pacify the parties two were ordered, one from each country; but when the trial as to their superiority was made the German got such a *thrashing* it has never run since, and is now for sale.

Sweeping close by the base of Carmel, on the north, the river Kishon flows into the bay of Acre, a large, beautiful, but not very secure harbor, owing to its exposure to the northwest storms.

The famous city of Accho, or St. Jean d' Acre, is situated on the northern side of this bay, and is strongly fortified with double walls and fosse next the land, through which there is but a single portal. Napoleon considered Acre the key to Palestine, and his failure to gain possession of the place in 1799 blasted all his hope of an eastern empire. Here he lost his prestige, and his downfall may be dated from his repulse before this city.

This, the richest portion of Palestine, fell to the lot of Asher,

who here "dipped his foot in oil," but was never able to drive out the original inhabitants. The Plains of Acre and Esdraelon are connected by the Kishon Valley, and with the Jordan Valley by the Plain of Jezreel. If a railroad should ever be built from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, this will likely be the route—crossing the Jordan near Succoth, thence up the Valley of the Jabbok, the old caravan trail from the East. There is no mountain to cross in the whole distance, and it furnishes a better supply of water and timber than any other route.

One mile south of Acre the river Belus, a small stream, flows into the bay. It was on the banks of this river, according to Pliny, that glass was first accidentally discovered; which is very probable, as, owing to the quantity of vitreous matter mingled with the sand, a fire kindled anywhere on its shores would likely produce the same result.

The history of Acre dates back to the earliest Phœnician settlements on the shores of the Mediterranean. During the Crusades it was the chief sea-port in Syria, and head-quarters of the Knights of St. John. When retaken by the Moslems, sixty thousand Christians were either put to the sword or sold into slavery. Many of her Pashas have been monsters of cruelty. One in particular, El Jezzar, amused himself in torturing his victims by putting out their eyes, or cutting off their ears, tongues, and noses. On one occasion he suspected the fidelity of his wives, and with his own hands put to death his whole harem. Some of his servants having offended him, he caused them to be thrown into a heated oven alive and roasted. During my visit to this place I saw a man who had all his fingers, toes, and part of his tongue cut off by order of a former Pasha. These abuses, I am happy to say, are being rapidly corrected in Turkey.

CITY OF TYRE.

The mosque and tomb of El Jezzar occupy a portion of the garden where he wantonly murdered the beautiful, and, as is generally believed, innocent women of his harem. The pillars in front of the mosque are red granite, with bronze bases and capitals. A colonnade incloses the garden on three sides, all the columns of which are from older buildings, and scarcely two alike—granite, marble, porphyry, of every size, color, and quality, some of exquisite workmanship. The court is paved with the richest marbles; waving palm-trees shade the walks; flowing fountains cool the air; cozy arbors with soft divans invite repose, and the whole, gladdened by the sweet notes of many songsters, and redolent of the orange, jasmine, and other blooming plants, make up a luxurious pleasure-ground such as can be found only in Oriental lands.

A few miles north of Acre the spurs of Lebanon crowd into the sea, forming the "Ladder of Tyre," a very narrow, difficult pass, beyond which the Israelites were never able to extend their conquests.

And here we cross again the pathway of our divine Lord, for over this mountain staircase the Saviour of our world must have passed when he visited "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon;" and it was here he gave to our world those crumbs of comfort which inspire with hope the despairing soul, and prove God's willingness to save, even where there is no promise of salvation upon which to rest a plea for mercy.

The renowned city of Tyre, whose king furnished the skilled workmen and much of the material for Solomon's grand temple, was situated just beyond the *Scala Tyriorum*. And on the ridge about three miles east of the ancient city, overlooking the plain and sea, is the reputed tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre —historically, the first Grand Master of Masonry. It is a

massive monument of pyramidal shape, fifteen feet long, by ten feet wide, and twenty-one feet high, composed of large blocks of limestone in perfect ashler, roughly dressed, the upper courses being single stones, and evidently of Phœnician workmanship.

A very interesting discovery has just been made at Tyre by Dr. Sepp, of Prussia. In digging for the remains of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa they came upon the ruins of a magnificent Christian church—probably the cathedral erected by Paul-

HIRAM'S TOMB.

inus, when Bishop of Tyre, and for which Eusebius wrote the dedicatory sermon. The great Origen and many of the fathers and early bishops were buried here. And, what is very remarkable, not only their graves and bodies were found with the recovery of this old church, but their vestments, jewels, and robes of office, in almost perfect preservation. This discovery is interesting as showing the vestments of the bishops during the first centuries of our era. One of these remains is, doubtless, the body of Origen. How strange all this seems! When they

discovered the tomb of the Emperor, at a depth of eight feet, it was found to be empty, which explains another mystery. On examining his wife's tomb a few years since, in the cathedral of Spires, Germany, it was found to contain *two* skeletons, which never before could be explained. It now appears that some person, perhaps centuries ago, quietly removed the bones of Frederick Barbarrossa from Tyre to Hohenstauffen, and placed them in the coffin of his wife.

All that remains of this once strong and wealthy city, "whose merchants were princes," are heaps of rubbish; piles of beautiful granite columns, some of vast dimensions; substructures of pagan and Christian temples, with here and there the fisherman's hut, who now spreads his nets upon the broken walls and fallen towers of Phœnicia's once proud capital, literally fulfilling the prophecy of Ezekiel, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: . . . and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. And I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built no more: for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God."[1]

[1] Ezekiel xxvi, 3–14.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOUNT CARMEL—SCENE OF ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE.

Convent of Mar Elyas—Cave of Elijah—Grotto of the Sons of the Prophets—Mukhrakah, or Place of Sacrifice—View from the Mountain—Priests of Baal—The Lord, he is God.

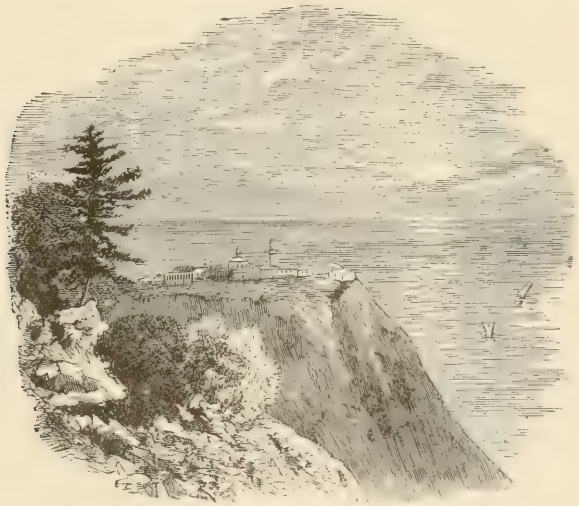
THIS noted mountain is called by the Arabs, Jebel Mar Elyas—Mountain of Elijah—as it was the favorite resort of that prophet, and is celebrated as the scene of his triumph over the priests of Baal. Isaiah speaks glowingly of the "excellency of Carmel," and Solomon, in complimenting his wife, uses the metaphor, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel."[1] As the name signifies, this mountain, without doubt, was once a "fruitful field," a beautiful park covered with forest trees, olive groves, and vineyards, as numerous old rock-hewn oil and wine-presses indicate; but she has long since been shorn of her tresses, the "plentiful field" has become barren, and the shouting of her vintage has ceased. With the exception of here and there a cultivated patch, and a few large trees, the mountain is covered with scrubby oaks and a dense undergrowth of brush, the favorite haunt of wolves, hyenas, jackals, wild boars, and other wild animals.

Carmel is a ridge about fifteen miles long, running in a northwesterly direction from the mountains of Samaria to the Mediterranean Sea, forming a natural barrier between the rich plain of Acre on the north and Sharon to the south. The ridge continues to rise as it recedes from the sea, until it attains its great

[1] Song of Solomon vii, 5.

est elevation—one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight feet near Esfieh, about ten miles back.

The Convent of Mar Elyas, a large stone edifice belonging to the order of Carmelite monks, is beautifully situated on the bold promontory at the northern extremity of Carmel, commanding a fine view of the Bay of Acre, and the Lebanon mountains beyond. The Cave of Elijah, where it is said the prophet concealed himself from Ahab and Jezebel, is directly



CONVENT ON CARMEL.

under the altar of the convent chapel, and is the principal object of interest. These monks claim Elijah as their founder, and they, no doubt, have a remote ancestry. They are mostly Spaniards and Italians, and in general bigoted and indolent, but manage to raise their own tobacco and make their own wine. We spent a few days with them, but were not favorably impressed with monastic life. At sunset the massive gates were closed, and strong bars and bolts secured every portal of the fortress-

like convent. At the call of the vesper bell all collected in the chapel for evening prayers. The sanctuary was dimly lighted, and in the grotto beneath burned a glimmering taper, throwing out light just sufficient to reveal the form of the old prophet, who is here represented in his peculiar dress as still occupying his lonely cell. Vespers over, the monks retired to their rooms, and during the watches of the night the profound silence was often broken by the plaintive song, suppressed moan, or half-audible prayer of some burdened heart communing alone with God. The nights seemed dreadfully long, and the days interminable.

Life in such a place is entirely too monotonous for me. We have something more to do in this world than lock ourselves up in prison-like convents to fast and pray, or, worse, drink and smoke our lives away. God and humanity, religion and politics, have claims upon us we dare not ignore. Man was created for an object. He should live to some good purpose; not bury, but improve his talents. If one has the privilege of thus secluding himself from society, all have the same privilege, which would soon stop all progress, and terminate ignobly our race.

Near the base of the promontory, a few hundred yards north of the convent, and close by some ancient cisterns, is the Grotto of Elisha, or of the "Sons of the Prophets," a large cave, fifty feet long by twenty-five wide, and twenty feet high, where, according to tradition, Obadiah concealed and fed the prophets of the Lord during the long famine in Samaria. There is a deep niche facing the entrance, and a large recess on the east side, with seats cut in the rock along the west side and south end. It is a natural cave artificially enlarged, and bears the marks of great antiquity. Many curious designs and inscrip-

tions are cut on the wall, some in old Phœnician and Greek, others in unknown characters. This grotto is held in great veneration by Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans, and for some reason the Druzes come every year and sacrifice a lamb at its entrance. There are many other caves in this neighborhood, once the retreat of pious hermits, now the lair of wild beasts and half-naked Arabs.

Mukhrakah, the place of burning, and traditional site of Elijah's sacrifice, is a truncated cone not over one hundred yards in diameter on the top, at the extreme south-eastern point of the Carmel range. It was probably at one time covered with a forest of oaks, as the trunks of several large trees are still standing; and it is just such an eminence as the followers of Baal would select for their worship. Some old foundations, a large open cistern, with many dressed stones lying round, would indicate that some kind of a temple had once crowned its crest. On the summit, where the Tishbite's altar is supposed to have stood, the native rock crops out, forming a natural platform which can be seen from almost every point on the mountain and terrace below. The locality, the name, and all the surroundings, favor the supposition that this is the identical spot where it was demonstrated by fire from heaven that there was still a God in Israel.

The view from this point is very grand. On the west and south all the plain of Sharon, and the sea-coast for fifty miles, can be seen; to the north the verdant mountains of Galilee, with Great Hermon in the distance, head and shoulders above his fellows, radiant in midsummer with the snows of winter. Eastward the view is unsurpassed; at your feet flows the Kishon, where the priests of Baal were slaughtered, and beyond it the great plain of Esdraelon, not only the battle-field, but

granary of Palestine, yellow with its rich harvest ripe for the sickle. Tabor rises up beautifully directly in front of you, with the Jordan valley and mountains of the Hauran in the background. Next comes Little Hermon on the right, with the villages of Nain and Endor on her slopes, and Shunem at her base. One can almost fancy he sees the prophet's room upon the wall, and the Shunammite riding across the plain in the heat of the day, to tell Elisha of her son's sudden death. Then comes Gilboa, Mount Gilboa, where Saul and his three sons fell in the battle, and the shield of the mighty was cast away. On a low spur of the mountain jutting out into the plain are the ruins of Jezreel. This is the site of Naboth's vineyard. Here Ahab built his ivory palace, and three successive kings of Israel reigned. Here, also, Joram was pierced to the heart by Jehu, and the profligate Jezebel trodden under foot and thrown to the dogs.

This locality fulfills all the conditions of the inspired narrative. The mountain here breaks off in terraces to the plain, a thousand feet below, and can easily be ascended from all sides. In a depression on the north side, about one third down, is a copious fountain walled round with ancient masonry, which may have supplied the water used on the occasion. The Kishon sweeps close by its eastern base, and a mound on the right bank of the river, called Tell el Kusis—"The Hill of the Priests"—is pointed out as the spot where the false prophets were slain. What interest gathers about this spot! On this lofty eminence, in the presence of all Israel, the great controversy was settled as to who was the true and only God. How noble the conduct of Elijah on that occasion! Though he stood alone, confronted by eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, his faith did not stagger for a moment. Fearlessly he reproved

MOUNT TABOR.

Ahab, and propounded the important question to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" His proposition, to submit the question to God, was accepted, and the test was at once to be made. The priests of Baal prepared their sacrifice. From morning till noon, and from noon till evening, they called in vain upon their god, "O Baal, hear us." Then came the momentous hour! Elijah, the only prophet of Jehovah left, prepared his offering. The vast multitude waited, in breathless expectation, the result. The hopes of the world centered upon that rude altar. The sun was rapidly sinking beneath the horizon. All eyes were now fixed upon Elijah. An earnest prayer ascended to God. Instantly fire from heaven consumed the sacrifice. The people, blinded by the light, buried their faces in the dust; then, with one voice, exclaimed, "The Lord, he is the God! The Lord, he is the God!"[1]

The mountain has ever since been regarded as holy ground. Pythagoras, Vespasian, and many others, have come from afar to touch the "mount that burned with fire," and the event is still celebrated by an annual feast on the 20th of July, which is the great festival of the year. We were present on one occasion at the celebration of this feast. Thousands were in attendance from all parts of the country; some from as far as Damascus. They generally come in parties consisting of villages or families, bringing their own provision, and each party a lamb or kid to make merry with, fattened for the occasion, which is slaughtered and eaten, not as a sacrifice, but as a memorial feast. There was no particular religious ceremony observed, nothing instructive or inspiring, but eating and drinking, dancing and shooting, seemed to be the order of the day—more in keeping with pagan rites than Christian worship

[1] 1 Kings xviii, 39.

All descriptions I have ever read of this locality represent the altar as *near*, but not *upon*, the summit, and the sea as *not visible* from the place of sacrifice, which are incorrect. The altar stood upon the *top* of Carmel, in full view of all Israel, and from this point the sea can be distinctly seen.

To harmonize the locality and narrative: When Ahab, after the slaughter of the priests, returned to the place of sacrifice, Elijah must have gone to some lower point on Carmel to pray for rain; probably stopped on the terrace near the spring, from which a view of the Mediterranean is shut out by a western spur of the mountain; and his servant would have to "go up" perhaps fifty feet to get a glimpse of the sea, and still higher to tell Ahab to "prepare his chariot," and get himself down before the great rain storm broke upon the mountain. It is clear to my mind that Ahab at this time was some distance above Elijah; and this agrees with the whole record, from which it appears the king went up to the place of sacrifice, or summit of Carmel, and the prophet only to the terrace lower down. One thing is certain, there is no point near where the altar stood from which the sea is not visible. So the place of sacrifice could not have been the place of prayer, or the servant of Elijah would have had no occasion —in fact, it would have been impossible—to go up higher to obtain a view of the sea. And is it not reasonable to suppose that the prophet would seek some retired spot where he could be alone in prayer with God, and not return to the summit where the noisy multitude were feasting and drinking?

Great changes have taken place since the lone prophet erected his altar on this mount, but the identity of the place has never been questioned; and though Carmel may languish, the name of Elijah the Tishbite shall never die!

CHAPTER XIV.

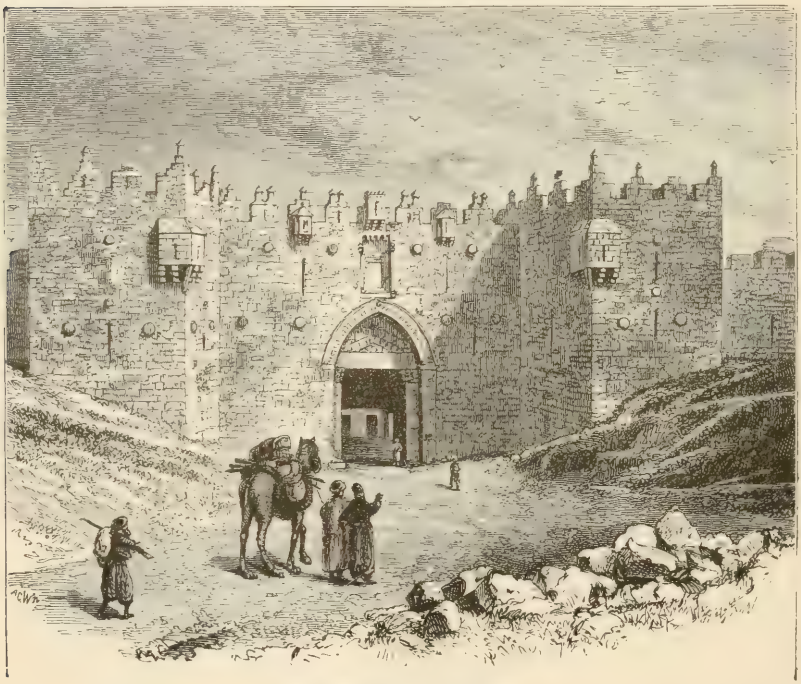
FROM JERUSALEM TO DAMASCUS.

Tent Life — Gibeah of Benjamin — Bethel—Curious Legend—Shiloh—Jacob's Well—Shechem—Nazareth—Sea of Galilee—Site of Capernaum—Waters of Merom—Dan—Cæsarea Philippi—Crossing Hermon—Tomb of Nimrod—Damascus.

WITH good tents, horses and dragoman, there is now no difficulty in traveling from one end of Palestine to the other, and, with the Bible as a guide-book, locate nearly every place of religious interest. And there is something fascinating, almost inspiring, in such a trip; the dews of night are cooling and refreshing; the atmosphere clear and exhilarating; every hill and dale and plain in the spring-time, covered with wild flowers; and the mind is kept constantly excited by the sacred and historic memories awakened by every tree and rock and ruin by the way.

True, there is nothing very striking or grand in the scenery, yet it possesses an interest greater than any other land, when we call up the ancient men born among its craggy hills and cradled in its little wadies, and whose bodies still sleep in its rock-hewn tombs. Nor is there any thing very beautiful; but who thinks of the beautiful when visiting a grave-yard, or strolling over a battle-field? Palestine contains the tomb of Christ; here repose the ashes of the Patriarchs, and this is the world's great moral battle-field, where the Captain of our salvation stormed the citadel of sin and death, and "brought life and immortality to light."

The events of the remote past seem to have occurred but yesterday. Christ appears every-where present, and you can almost fancy you hear his voice, saying, "Lo, I am with you alway." The narratives of the New Testament become living realities, and so striking is the harmony between the text of



DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

Scripture and the landscape, and so wonderfully do they accord, the very scenery is like a new gospel, or fresh revelation from God.

Going out of the Damascus gate, and taking the old Roman road leading north—the very same along which Christ must have journeyed on his way to Galilee—in about one hour we

reach the ruins of Gibeah of Benjamin, once the royal residence of Saul, Israel's first king, and where Rizpah watched with so much maternal tenderness the dead bodies of her two sons, from "the beginning of the barley harvest,"[1] about the month of May, till the autumn rains began to fall, in October or November. In the Orient they bury the dead very shallow, and this devoted mother during all that time watched the graves of her children, keeping off the vultures by day and the jackals and hyenas by night, from devouring their remains.

The names of towns in the East often apply to the districts in which they are located. Bethany, for instance, not only relates to the home of Mary and Martha, but to the district of which it is the principal village; and by Gibeah we are to understand not only the royal city of Saul, but the district of which it was the capital. This will harmonize the passages that refer to "Gibeah in the field,"[2] and Saul's abode being "in the uttermost part of Gibeah under a pomegranate-tree;"[3] and of his coming "out of the field with the herd,"[4] to meet the messengers from Jabesh. It was also here that the shocking offense was committed against a helpless woman, that well-nigh involved the extermination of the tribe of Benjamin.

Resuming our journey, in two hours we come to the site of ancient Bethel—the house of God—so called in commemoration of God's manifestations here to his servants the patriarchs. Near this Abraham, when he first entered Canaan, built an altar, "and called upon the name of the Lord."[5] Here Jacob had his wonderful vision of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, on which the angels of God ascended and descended; and it was here, in after centuries, the ark of the covenant was

[1] 2 Samuel xxi, 10. [2] Judges xx, 31. [3] 1 Samuel xiv, 2.
[4] 1 Samuel xi, 5. [5] Genesis xii, 8.

kept for many years, in the days of Phinehas. Bethel was situated on the highway between Jerusalem and Shechem. Portions of the paved road-bed may still be seen, and a few of the old mile-stones are yet standing and others lying by the way.

The supposed site of Jacob's vision is marked by the ruins of a square tower half a mile to the east of the modern village; and as we rode up to the place an Arab, wrapped in his *aba*, or cloak, lay fast asleep by the way-side, with a large stone for his pillow, recalling the old patriarch, who, long centuries before, had slept in the same manner, and very near the same spot, on his way to Padan-aram. This custom of using stones for pillows prevails all through Palestine, the thick turbans worn by the natives protecting the head, and rendering even a rock a comfortable pillow.

A curious legend is told in connection with this stone which Jacob slept on, and afterward set up and anointed with oil. After the conquest of the country, according to the tradition, this stone, known as the "Stone of Destiny," was kept in the sanctuary at Bethel until removed to the temple at Jerusalem, where the ark of the covenant was placed upon it. This, it is said, was the stone referred to by David as that "which the builders rejected," but which afterward became the "head of the corner," and was destined for peculiar honors! When the temple was destroyed by the Babylonians, the Prophet Jeremiah, as the story runs, with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, taking "Jacob's pillow" with them, and all the Irish kings were crowned upon it! An Irish prince afterward conveyed it to Scotland, and all the Scottish kings were crowned upon it; but with its loss Ireland lost her independence, and this is the secret of all her woes. In after centuries it was removed to Westminster Abbey, where it may

still be seen in the seat of the coronation chair, and upon it all the kings and queens of England, since the days of Edward III. down to Victoria, have been crowned, and many superstitious people think that so long as England retains possession of this stone, so long will she maintain her ascendency among the nations.

Ten minutes' walk along the ridge south-east of the old tower are the ruins of a large Christian church, probably built by the Crusaders, marking the supposed camping-place of Abraham on his return from Egypt, and where he parted with his nephew Lot. The spot commands an extensive view of the Jordan valley, and you can distinctly see from this point with the naked eye the traditional site of Zoar, near the southern end of the Dead Sea, thus removing at least all topographical objections to the location of the "little city."

On a lower spur of this mountain range, and just below where Abraham erected his altar, are large rock-hewn reservoirs, and the ruins of a very old city, supposed to be the remains of Ai, the second place taken by Joshua in the conquest of the land, and where Achan's sin brought defeat and disgrace upon the people of God.[1] Still farther east, perched like an eagle's nest on a craggy, almost inaccessible cliff, is Michmash, the scene of Jonathan's bold adventure, when with only his armor-bearer he surprised and put to flight the whole garrison of the Philistines.[2] And just here, where the mountain slopes down into the valley up which winds the road from Jericho to Bethel, Elisha was returning from Gilgal when the naughty children mocked this old servant of God, and two hungry bears came "out of the wood" and destroyed forty-and-two of their number.[3] Bears are still found in this region, and if the young

[1] Joshua vii, 21. [2] 1 Samuel xiv, 4. [3] 2 Kings ii, 23.

trees were allowed to grow forests would again cover these hills, as when Joshua's army lay in ambush on their slopes. It was no doubt up this same valley the lion came from the jungles along the Jordan that slew the disobedient prophet who came out of Judah.

After the formation of the new kingdom of Israel, Jeroboam selected Bethel as his royal residence, building here great palaces and "houses of ivory"—inlaid with ivory—making it the seat of the idolatrous worship of the golden calf, thus turning the house of God into a house of idols, until God in his wrath rent the altar asunder, and scattered its ashes to the four winds of heaven.

But little is left of the old city. The prediction of Amos, that "Bethel shall come to naught," has been fulfilled to the letter; for all that remains of this memorable place are a few hovels and a large ancient reservoir fed by a living spring, to which the village maidens may be seen coming with their water pitchers as of old, but entirely ignorant of the history of the place, and indifferent to its sacred associations.

The first night after leaving Jerusalem we encamped at Shiloh, under a venerable oak near the ruins of an old church, supposed to mark the spot where the tabernacle was first set up after the conquest of Canaan, and where Eli officiated as high-priest, and little "Samuel ministered before the Lord." The following day we lunched at Jacob's well, on the Plain of Moreh, where Abraham first pitched his tent in the Land of Promise. The well is one hundred and five feet deep, cut through the solid rock, and without doubt is the same on the curb of which the Saviour of our world, weary and faint, rested in the heat of the day, when he delivered his memorable discourse to the woman of Samaria. A ride of five minutes over

NABLOUS — ANCIENT SHECHEM.

the plain, directly north, brings us to Joseph's tomb, an open inclosure about twenty by thirty feet, containing, beyond question, the ashes of Jacob's beloved son.

Nablous, the old city of Shechem, our camping-place for the night, is situated a little way up the valley to the west, with Mount Gerizim on the south and Ebal on the north. It was here Joshua read the law "before all the congregation of Is-

SAMARIA.

rael,"[1] and we have in the topography of this locality a wonderful corroboration of the inspired narrative. Here are two vast amphitheaters facing each other, and forming a natural whisper-gallery, where a man reading with a clear voice could be heard distinctly by a million persons; showing that there was nothing impossible nor miraculous in the event recorded. In our illustration Gerizim is to the right, and it was on the summit of this mountain the Samaritans built

[1] Joshua viii, 35.

their temple, and even to the present annually observe the Passover.

Breaking camp early, and passing through Samaria, long the capital of Israel, with its once beautiful colonnade half buried in rubbish, and Dothan, where Elisha smote his enemies with blindness and where Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, we crossed the eastern spurs of Carmel, leaving the scene of Elijah's sacrifice to our left, and, descending into the plain, found our tents pitched on the site of Naboth's vineyard, near the Fountain of Jezreel, where the infamous Jezebel was thrown to the dogs. It was up this valley Jehu furiously drove in his chariot, and out on the plain before us is where "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" prevailed against the Midianites. Resuming our journey on the morrow, crossing the broad, rich Plain of Esdraelon, and sweeping round the base of Little Hermon and Tabor, leaving Shunem and Nain on our right, we began the difficult ascent of the Galilean hills, and after an hour's climbing reached the quiet village of Nazareth, the early home of the Son of God on earth. What memories the name of "Jesus of Nazareth" awaken! Among these hills Christ spent his childhood; on this landscape he must have gazed; at the fountain from which we drink he must often have quenched his thirst; here he labored for his daily bread; here he was trained for his life sublime; here he taught in the synagogue; and over one of these neighboring cliffs his own people, after rejecting his preaching, would have hurled him to death had not his divinity saved his humanity.

From Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee *via* Cana, where Christ performed his first miracle, is an easy day's ride. On the way we stopped for luncheon on the traditional mount where Christ delivered his inimitable sermon, and miraculously fed the hun-

gry thousands who waited on his ministry. Here, also, was fought, in A. D. 1187, the last great battle between the Crusaders and Mohammedans, that sealed the fate of Palestine. Rather singular that this fearful slaughter of Christians should have taken place on the reputed spot where the Prince of Peace taught our world the divine precepts of charity and forgiveness.

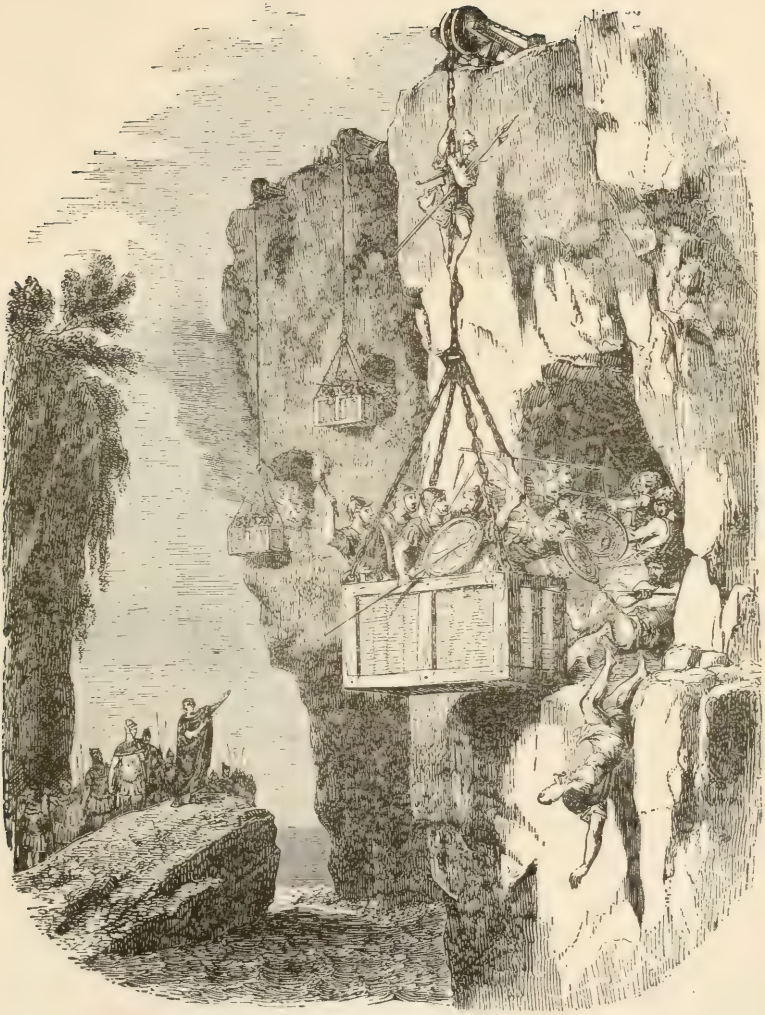
NAZARETH.

Mounting our horses, we soon began descending from the high table-land, and by sundown were in our tents on the shores of the lake just below the town of Tiberias—the ancient capital of Galilee. This lake is fifteen miles long by about half that distance wide, and lies six hundred and fifty feet below the level of the ocean. It still abounds with fish, and its shores are

covered with small shells, and bordered with oleanders and other flowering shrubs. What could be more delightful than to stroll along the pebbly beach, bathe in the limpid waters, and be lulled to rest at night by the rippling waves of the Sea of Galilee? Or, after a morning walk on its shores, or a sail over its glassy surface, make your breakfast on fish taken from the same lake where the disciples toiled all night and caught nothing?

About four miles north of Tiberias is the village of Magdala, the native town of Mary Magdalene; and two miles west of this, in a wild, rocky gorge, are the ruins of Irbid, and of an old castle perched on the top of a high cliff, in the sides of which are numerous caverns. This undoubtedly is ancient Arbela, from which Herod the Great dislodged the band of robbers who were such a terror to the inhabitants of that region. According to Josephus, Herod first laid siege to the caverns, but without avail. He then lowered parties of soldiers in large boxes by chains from above, and with fire and sword attacked those who defended the entrance, dragging them out of their dens with long hooks, and hurling them down the precipice; and in this way the place was finally taken and the robbers destroyed.

Magdala is on the southern edge of the rich Plain of Gennesareth, that here puts into the sea. On the northern side of this plain, which is about three miles wide, is Khân Minyeh, near the large spring of Ain et Tin, which is evidently the fountain of Capernaum mentioned by Josephus as on this plain; and the ruins on a low mound a short distance south of the khân and fountain in all probability mark the site of Capernaum, the adopted "city" of Jesus. This is on the great Damascus road, in a well-watered, fertile plain; and if Capernaun was "upon the sea-coast" in "the land of Gennesareth," a



HEROD DESTROYING THE ROBBERS.

Matthew affirms, it must have been here, and could not have been at Tel Hûm. Quaresmius states positively that it was by this khân. Dr. Robinson also locates it here, and the Palestine Exploration Society have lately found the very name, preserved by the natives and applied to these ruins, which are not very extensive, most of the material having been carried away to build up Tiberias.

But how terrible the judgments of God on the cities upbraided by Christ! Capernaum, once "exalted unto heaven," now thrust down so low, its very name and site are in dispute. As for Chorazin and Bethsaida, they have been entirely obliterated, not a soul living upon the site of either of these cities. All is desolation, death, and ruin. What a woe befell them!

Every spot along the shores of this lake seemed to be holy ground. Here the Saviour spent most of his public life; here he wrought his greatest miracles; and it was here he chose his twelve apostles. How the hours flew as we wandered along the beach, picking up pebbles, and plucking wild flowers from every sacred spot. Many wild ducks, geese, pelicans, and other water-fowl, were swimming about on its surface, and in the neighboring jungle, at night, could be heard the howl of the wolf or cry of the panther, jackal, and leopard, fulfilling most literally the prophecies concerning this land.[1]

If these prophecies had been written yesterday, they could not more correctly and graphically describe the present condition of this sea and its surroundings. Every prediction has become an historic fact. And in the ruins of the cities that once stood upon its shores we have an argument in support of the divine record that all the ingenuity of modern criticism and scientific skepticism can never overthrow.

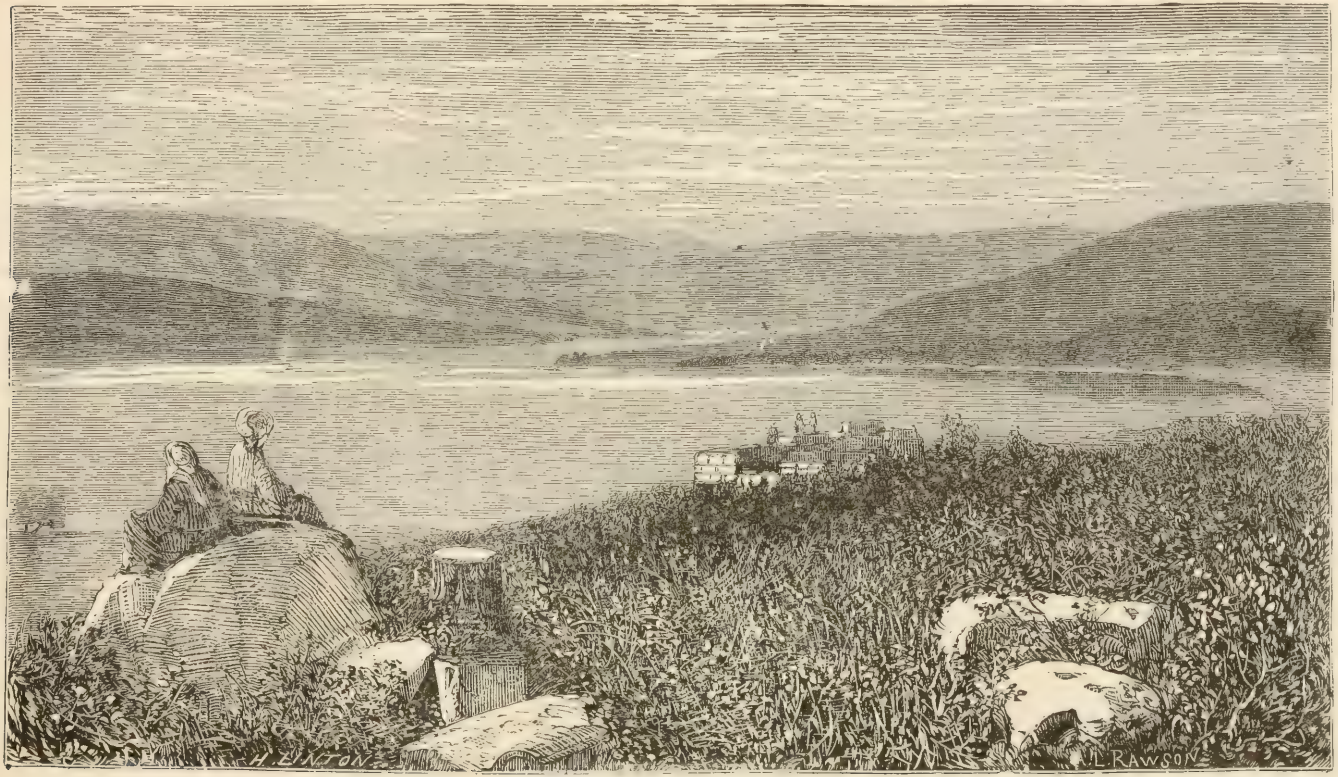
[1] Leviticus xxvi. 22–35.

Crossing a lofty ridge, with Safed—"the city set on a hill"—to the west, we stopped for lunch at Khân Jubb Yusuff—the Khân of Joseph—said to inclose the pit into which Joseph was thrown by his brethren, though we think Dothan has stronger claims; camping at night on the banks of Nahr Hendaj, a mountain stream that flows into Lake Huleh, the "Waters of Merom," where Joshua slew Jabin king of Hazor.[1]

Next morning we arose early, and, riding round the west shore of the lake, hugging closely the rocky hills to avoid the great marsh that surrounds this lake, we crossed a rich but swampy plain, black with grazing herds of buffalo, and sickening from the stench of numerous carcasses, the effects of a late storm that destroyed many of these beasts, upon which scores of eagles and vultures were preying, illustrating the saying, "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." After passing the Lebanon branch of the Jordan on an old Roman bridge, we came in a few miles to Tell el Kady, the Dan of Scripture—one of the sources of the Jordan, and largest fountain in Syria, where we lunched under the shade of a grand old terebinth, standing directly over the spring, and shading with its broad branches the portal of the river of God. Here stood ancient Dan, the most northern city in Palestine proper; here Jeroboam built his temple and set up his golden calf, and it was here Abraham, centuries before, rescued his nephew Lot and defeated the Mesopotamian kings on their retreat from the Jordan valley.

Our ride from Dan to Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi, the other source of the Jordan, where we encamped for the night, lay through a lovely district, shaded with terebinths and the "oaks of Bashan." As we were riding along, admiring the beautiful

[1] Joshua xi, 6.



CAPERNAUM AND SEA OF GALILEE.

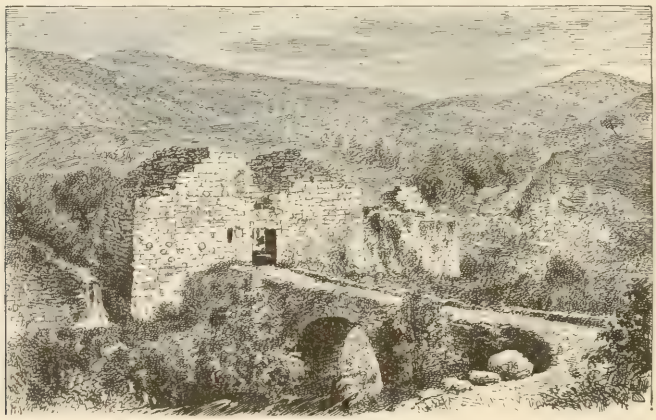
scenery, our attention was arrested by a Bedouin in gay attire on a swift dromedary, hurrying by us as if on some important mission. In a few minutes he halted, and, taking his position by the road-side, saluted, in the most profound manner, each one of our party as we passed along. On inquiring the meaning of all this civility, we were informed by our dragoman that the Arab was the Sheik of that territory, and wished to show all respect to the Americans passing through his country.

SWIFT DROMEDARY.

Our tents were pitched in an olive grove, near where the Jordan issues from the mountain, and during the night we were much disturbed by the jackals and other wild beasts that kept howling round our camp. Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, encamped one night in this same grove, and, being disturbed about midnight by some noise, looked out of his tent, and saw a large hyena in the camp snuffing the breath of the muleteers, who were sleeping on the ground, by putting its nose to their mouths. This was done to ascertain whether they

were dead or alive. Finding them alive, the hyena walked leisurely away, as, fortunately, this animal feeds only on putrid flesh.

As Minerva leaped full armed from the brain of Jove, so the Jordan here bursts a full river from its hidden source, and, sweeping on in its course for two hundred miles, plunges into the Sea of Death, and is seen no more. Beautiful symbol of man's career! The most remarkable river in the world, flowing throughout its entire length beneath the level of the sea.



CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

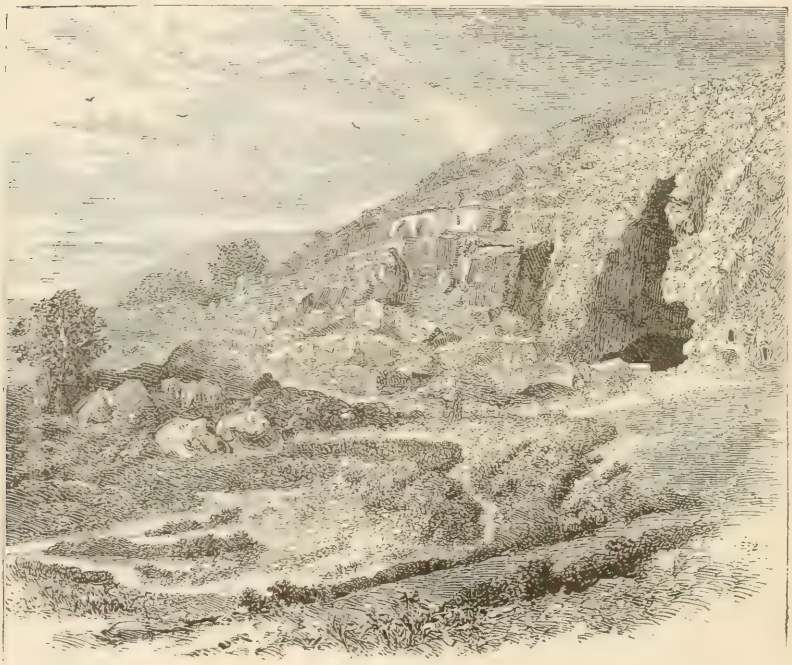
Cæsarea Philippi occupies one of the most picturesque sites in Syria, being situated on a terrace at the foot of Hermon, in the midst of olive groves and forests of oak, gladdened by numerous springs and waterfalls. It derived its name from Cæsar Tiberius and Philip the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great. This region was the great seat of idolatry among the ancients, and the whole country is dotted with the remains of old pagan temples. When the Canaanites yet held the land there was a temple here dedicated to *Baal-gad;* and just above

the principal fountain there is a large grotto in the face of the mountain, once used by the Greeks as a temple for the worship of Pan, as niches in the sides of the cliff and numerous inscriptions fully attest; here, also, stood the magnificent temple built by Herod the Great, and dedicated to Augustus Cæsar, where Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, was *fêted* by Agrippa, and returned thanks to his god for the success of his campaign. All these temples of Baal, Pan, and Cæsar are now gone, but the rock on which they stood remains unchanged, and on this solid platform Christ may have stood, and to this firm foundation may have referred when he laid the corner-stone of our Zion, and said to his disciples, "Upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;"[1] beautifully setting forth the stability and perpetuity of his kingdom. Eusebius, who visited this city at the close of the third century, says that the afflicted woman who had vainly "spent all her living on physicians," and who was healed by merely touching the border of Christ's garment,[2] was a native of this place; that her house was still standing in his day; and that the incident was commemorated by two bronze statues which he saw elevated on a stone base at the entrance to her house, one representing "the woman on her knees, with her hands stretched out before her, like one entreating;" the other, of "Christ, standing erect, clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman."[3] It is said these monuments were destroyed by Julian the Apostate. If not, they may still be buried beneath the *débris* of the old city, and some day may be recovered.

This same author gives an interesting description of the cave and fountain we have mentioned. He says: "At Cæsarea

[1] Matthew xvi, 18. [2] Luke viii, 43. [3] Eusebius, book vi, chapter 18.

Philippi, which is called Banias by the Phœnicians, there are springs shown at the foot of the mountain from which the Jordan rises, and that on a certain festival day there was usually a person thrown into these springs, and that the victim, by the power of some demon, in a wonderful manner entirely



BANIAS AND GROTTO.

disappeared." Josephus, also, in referring to this grotto,[1] describes it "as a very fine cave in the mountain, under which is a great cavity in the earth, and that the cavern is abrupt and prodigiously deep, and full of still water. Herod adorned this place, which was already a very remarkable one, still

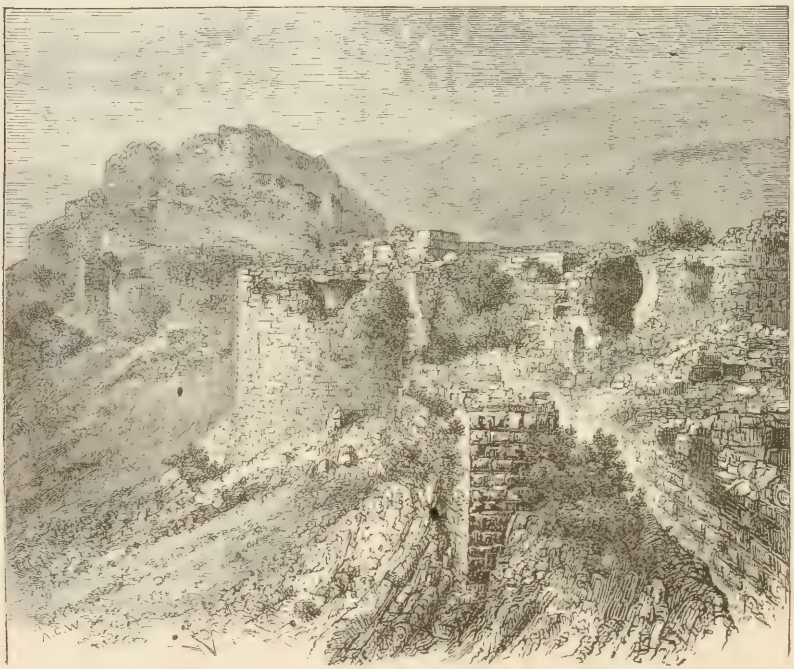
[1] Antiquities, xv, 10; Jewish Wars, i. 21.

further, by the erection of a temple of white marble by the fountains of the Jordan, which he dedicated to Cæsar. The place is called Panium, and beneath it a dark cave opens itself, within which is a horrible precipice which descends abruptly to a vast depth. It contains a mighty quantity of water, which is immovable; and when any thing is let down to measure the depth of the earth beneath the water, no length of cord is sufficient to reach it." Could this legend and cavern have suggested to John his imagery of the "bottomless pit;" and the Jordan flowing from its mysterious source beneath Hermon, which is more than probably the Mount of Transfiguration, his beautiful description of "the river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb?"[1] The Jordan, after issuing from the mountain, in a succession of sparkling cascades, flows down the valley, giving life, beauty, and fertility to the most charming landscape; and in the midst of it, "and on either side of the river," are all manner of tropical trees yielding their fruits every month, and the leaves of the trees are still used "for the healing of the nations." Very suggestive of Paradise; and may not this lovely spot have been a part of the garden planted by the Lord,[2] wherein the opening scene in the history of our race transpired?

Breaking camp at an early hour, we crossed the valley on a stone bridge, and, riding round the walls and through the city, soon began the long zigzag ascent of Hermon, the highest peak of the Anti-Lebanon range, passing on our way the old Phœnician castle of Subeibeh, one of the grandest ruins in Syria, and the last stronghold of the Crusaders. After hours of climbing, when near the summit we came upon vast fields of drifted

[1] Revelation xxii, 1. [2] Genesis ii, 8.

snow; deeper and deeper it became as we advanced. Our horses soon began to labor, then plunge, finally they stuck fast and were unable to proceed. Holding a consultation, it was determined to try a path to the left, but we soon found it impracticable. Next, we tried to force a passage over the ridge,



CASTLE SUBEIBEH.

but here met with a high precipice over which it was impossible to go. The day was intensely hot, the reflection of the sun on the snow blistering our faces. In one place we came upon the remains of a flock of sheep that had been devoured by wolves, and we had reasons for apprehending a similar fate. It was a perilous hour. Lofty mountains surrounded us. In

our fruitless efforts to get through we lost our way. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and we were five hours from our camping-ground. Something must be done, or the party perish. At last we made a *détour* to the right down the mountain, over fields of lava, and through drifts of snow, our poor horses struggling, falling, bleeding, almost dying, when we fortunately struck a path that led round the southern base of the mountain, reaching our tents at Kefr Hauwar, near the traditional tomb of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, about an hour after dark, faint and hungry, but thankful for our safe passage of Hermon. The ladies of our party, Mrs. A. N. Riddle, of Cincinnati, and my wife, showed great bravery in plunging through snow-drifts, almost burying their horses. We reached Damascus by noon the following day, but shall reserve for another place a description of this, among the oldest cities in the world.

WATER-WHEEL, FOR IRRIGATION

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN TO JERICHO.

The Inn by the Way-side—Going up to Adummim—Brook Cherith—Valley of Achor—Site of Gilgal—Passage of the Jordan—Place of Christ's Baptism——Pilgrims Bathing—Ancient Jericho—Singular Tradition—Quarantania—Mount of Temptation—Bone Caverns.

"DOWN to Jericho" from Jerusalem, is a trip taken by almost every traveler visiting Palestine. The distance is perhaps sixteen miles, and the descent near four thousand feet, Jericho being about one thousand feet below the ocean level. The road lies through the "Wilderness of Judea," and the journey is still full of perils, from the roughness of the way and the wild Arabs every-where to be seen skulking among the rocks, ready to pounce upon any wayfaring man courageous enough to venture into these forbidden grounds without proper guards.

On leaving Jerusalem and going out at St. Stephen's gate, you cross the Kedron on a stone bridge near the Garden of Gethsemane, and, sweeping round Olivet below the tombs of the prophets, in half an hour you are at Bethany, once the humble home of the Son of God in the hospitable family of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. From here you descend rapidly to En-Shemesh—the Fountain of the Sun—a fine spring now known as the "Well of the Apostles," issuing from the eastern face of a rocky ridge, and one of the old landmarks between Judah and Benjamin.

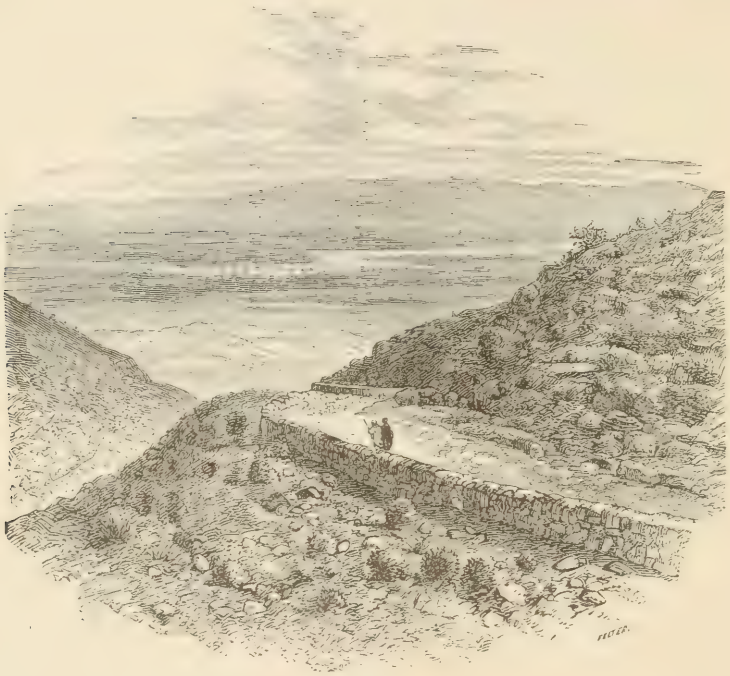
Following for two hours the meanderings of the stream

flowing from this fountain, you come to the traditional site of the "inn by the way-side," where the good Samaritan left the wounded man who had fallen among thieves. The spot is marked by the remains of an old khan, where you can lunch under the shadow of a great rock, the only shelter to be found in this, the most desolate and dangerous part of the route. This wild district is "the going up to Adummim," and is proverbial

THE BLOODY WAY.

for its bloody deeds. St. Jerome calls it "the red, or bloody way," and a deep ravine through which the road winds is still known as the "Murderer's Glen." Here Sir Frederick Henniker, a few years since, was stripped and left for dead by the roadside; and still later, Dr. Leyburn, of Baltimore, Md., was robbed by the Bedouins, who to the present infest this lonely uncultivated region. It was to protect pilgrims going over this

dangerous road that the order of Knight Templars was first organized, an office now performed by the Abu Dis tribe of Arabs, with whom we have a regular treaty, guaranteeing the protection of Americans passing through their territory.



DOWN TO JERICHO.

No scenery in Palestine is wilder or grander than from Adummim to Jericho—mountains heaped on mountains in endless confusion. The road now winding through tortuous glens, then over bold peaks and along the brink of fearful precipices, rendering one dizzy peering down into the seemingly bottomless depths. From one point the view is unsurpassed. Spread out before you is the whole Jordan valley, with the purple-tinted

Mountains of Moab beyond. On your right may be seen the Dead Sea, rolling its leaden waves over the supposed site of the guilty "Cities of the Plain," with a sleepy haze floating on the water, as if "the smoke of their torment" was still ascending to heaven; and on your left is Wady Kelt, or Valley of Achor—a deep rocky gorge through which the brook Cherith cuts its way, and where Achan was stoned to death for his covetousness. The descent here is very steep—the mountain breaking away abruptly down to the plain, rendering the approach to Jericho from the west very difficult. In places the old paved Roman road may still be seen, undoubtedly the same over which the "Man of sorrows" once pursued his weary way, and by the side of which poor Bartimeus sat when the Light of the world passed before him and dispelled the darkness forever from his sightless eyes.[1]

About sundown we crossed the Valley of Achor, and found our tents pitched on the banks of the "brook Cherith," where Elijah was fed by the ravens, or Arabs of Oreb—a village not far from this—just as you please.

The Jordan valley at this point is from ten to fifteen miles wide, the soil—if we except the nitrous plain bordering the Dead Sea—rich "as the garden of the Lord," and "well watered," as when Lot chose it for his inheritance before the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah. No less than six springs, any one of them sufficient to run a mill, and the remains of twelve ancient aqueducts for irrigating the plains, may still be seen in this immediate vicinity.

As there is no river so hallowed in its associations as the Jordan, having been thrice miraculously divided, so there is no valley like that through which this renowned river winds its tor-

[1] Mark x, 46.

tuous way, from its mysterious source beneath the base of Hermon to where it plunges into the Sea of Death to be seen no more. We have here an immense fissure, unparalleled in the world—a depression of more than a thousand feet below the level of the ocean, and which, apparently, must have existed before the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. Various conflicting theories of its formation have been advanced, but scarcely any reliable facts have been furnished. It is evidently, however, of volcanic origin, as the whole valley is one vast field of lava.

The entire length of this Ghor does not exceed one hundred miles in a direct line, and yet in that short distance we have every variety of climate and production found between Greenland and the equator. Standing on the Plain of Jericho, you can see to the north mountains covered with snow the year round; and to the south, fields growing every plant and fruit of the tropics.

The Jordan, that waters this valley, is very rapid, having a descent of over three thousand feet from the springs of Hasbeiya, its remotest source, to where it empties into the Salt Sea. And this river is so rapid, its course is almost one continuous cataract, and so crooked and broken by these numerous falls as to render it useless for commercial purposes. No vessels have ever navigated its waters, and not a city has ever flourished on its banks. A strange river, with a strange history.

As a winter resort, I know of no place more inviting than the valley of the lower Jordan. Here we enjoy a salubrious climate, with perpetual summer, rendering those familiar lines of Dr. Watts,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,"

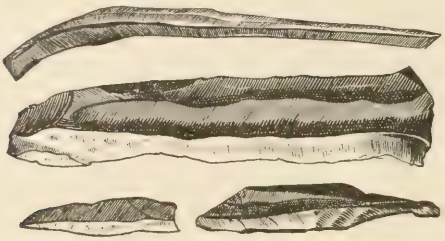
literally true of this region, when viewed from the mountains east of the river.

During our visit we witnessed here a singular phenomenon. Dark clouds and a furious rain-storm swept along the Judean Mountains to the west, and the Mountains of Moab to the east, shutting out both ranges completely from our view; while on the Plain of Jericho the sun was brightly shining—the valley of the Jordan, like a zone of light, separating the combating elements on either side.

Among the most important discoveries made by the English Exploring Society is that of Gilgal, the first encampment of the Israelites in Canaan. This place was considered by Dr. Robinson as forever lost. But traces of the name and site have lately been found at Tell Jiljul, about one and a half miles east of the old tower known as the house of Zacchæus, in El Riha, or modern Jericho, which agrees exactly with the location given by Josephus and Joshua. As the name indicates, we find here an undulating plain above the overflow of the Jordan, and precisely on "the east border of Jericho;" the natives of the Ghor never cultivating the land eastward of this point. The spot is marked by a large tamarisk-tree near an old reservoir called Birket Jiljulieh. There are also other ruins, and many little mounds scattered over the plain, more than likely the ash-beds of the Israelites' camp-fires.

If this is really Gilgal—and there seems no ground for doubting it—what solemn recollections the spot awakens! Here "the Captain of the Lord's host" appeared to Joshua, and the twelve memorial stones were set up by the children of Israel in commemoration of their safe passage of the Jordan. Here they kept the Passover, and pitched the tabernacle for the first time in the Land of Promise. Here the manna ceased, and for the

first time they ate of the corn and fruit of the land they were henceforth to possess. Here, also, the male children born during their wanderings in the wilderness were circumcised, and in confirmation of the identity of the place, some of the flint-



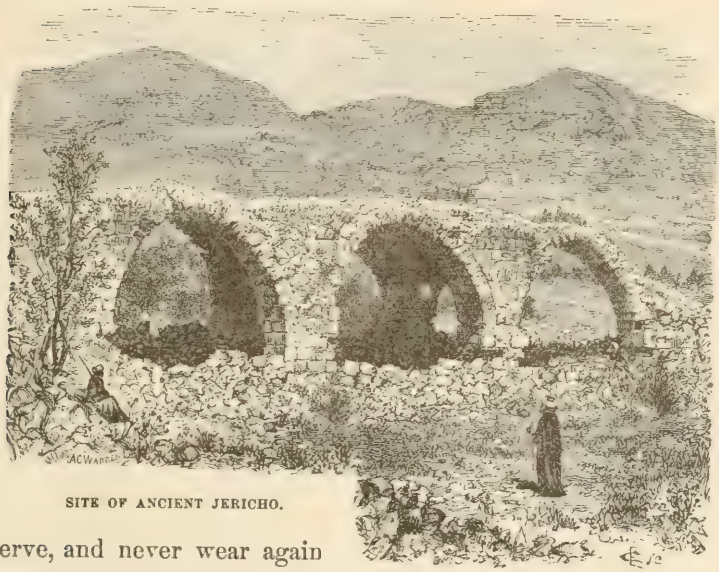
FLINT KNIVES.

knives, probably used in the operation, have here lately been discovered, similar in every respect to those found in the tomb of Joshua at Timnath-Serah.

This site is about five miles from the Jordan, and on the direct road from where the Hebrews crossed to Jericho. The river at this point, during its low stage, is not over fifty yards wide, and four or five feet deep. This is the traditionary place of our Lord's baptism, of the healing of Naaman, and where Elijah passed over just before he mounted the skies in his chariot of fire; and it is here the ceremony of the pilgrims bathing in the Sacred River is witnessed during the Paschal Moon, from year to year. On the Monday of Passion-week the number is incredible. Hundreds of tents dot the plain, and thousands of pilgrims from every part of the Orient, some on foot, others on horses—sometimes a whole family on a mule or camel—come to perform this religious rite. They usually first encamp on the higher banks of the Jordan near Jericho, recalling the tents of Israel when first pitched near this same spot, and in the early dawn, by the light of the moon and

FORD OF JORDAN.

numerous torches, guarded by Turkish soldiers, they resume their pilgrimage for the river, and as the first rays of the morning sun flash along the Judean Mountains, the mixed multitude, men, women, and children—red, black, and white—plunge into the turbid waters, in the firm though superstitious faith that all their sins shall be washed away. Some bathe entirely nude, but most of them in white dresses, which they carefully pre-



SITE OF ANCIENT JERICHO.

serve, and never wear again until attired therein for their burial. With them, the great end of life has been attained. They have made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land; have bathed in the sacred Jordan; and now have nothing more to do but return home and die.

Happily, there is no difficulty in determining the site of Jericho—the famous "City of Palm-trees"—the first city taken by Joshua in the conquest of the country. "The Fountain of Elisha," a magnificent spring gushing from beneath a partly

artificial knoll, is undoubtedly the same whose bitter waters were healed by the prophet whose name it bears, and settles the site of ancient Jericho. The remains of buildings, and the line of the old walls, may also be traced, inclosing several artificial mounds, the largest having an elevation of at least one hundred feet. Some of these hillocks, in their interior, are of stone, others of sun-dried brick, and evidently belong to the Canaanitish period, and were constructed either for defensive purposes or as high places for the worship of their gods. The walls of the city were rudely built of undressed stone, and could not have been more than two miles round.

Not a vestige of the house of "Rahab the harlot," is left; nor are we to suppose that this woman, who concealed the spies, was any thing more than the keeper of the inn of the place. She is called "harlot" because inn-keepers of old were generally of that class. Rahab, however, must have been an exception, as she subsequently married a prince in Judah, and became the mother of Boaz, who was husband of Ruth and head of the house of David, through whom, in the fullness of time, the Messiah came.

The overthrow of the place was complete—not a house of any kind marks the spot. Occasionally a few gypsy tents may be seen among the ruins, but, owing to the curse pronounced upon it by Joshua, all efforts to rebuild the city have proved abortive. And, what is remarkable, we find all the facts of the taking of this stronghold preserved in a curious legend common among the Bedouins of the plain.

The Arabs say that there once stood upon this site a city of brass; that it was inhabited by infidels and surrounded by seven walls. Imam Aly made war against the infidels, and, mounting his horse, Meimoun, rode around the city seven times,

and blew down the walls with a blast of his horn, the ramparts falling of their own accord—stone by stone. The day was drawing to a close, and Aly, fearing the infidels might escape, prayed to the sun, "Return, O blessed light," and the sun rolled back, and went not down till all the inhabitants were destroyed. Here we have the leading features of the fall of Jericho and of Joshua's victory over the Amorites, in the very legends of the country.

In the mountain just back of the ruins are many caves, where the two spies could easily have hidden for three days from their pursuers; and on a low spur of this mountain is where "the sons of the prophets" are supposed to have stood when they beheld Elijah go up in the whirlwind to heaven.

The Jericho of Christ's day, and where Herod the Great died, was about one and a half miles south of this. Nothing, however, remains of this once opulent city except a large reservoir, perhaps the same in which Aristobulus was drowned, with some broken aqueducts, and other extensive ruins. Enough to identify the place, and show the vanity of man's greatest monuments.

Directly back of Elisha's Fountain, and about six miles west of the river, overlooking ancient Jericho and the whole valley of the Jordan, rises one of the highest mountains of the Judean range, the traditionary scene of Christ's temptation and fast of forty days in the wilderness. This mountain, at least since the third century, has been regarded with peculiar interest as the locality of the interview between Satan and our Saviour;[1] and round its base, during the ascetic age that followed the bloody persecutions of the early Christians, the first monasteries were erected. The remains of no less than seven of these monastic

[1] Matthew iv, 8.

institutions, some of them equal to palaces in grandeur, may still be seen in this vicinity.

The eastern face of the mountain is, in places, almost perpendicular, and on its towering summit, where the eagle delights to build her nest and soar in her airy flight, are the ruins of a Christian Church and strong fortress with rock-hewn fosse—the latter, probably, of the crusading period. The sides of this cliff are pierced by numerous natural grottoes, to which many of the disciples of our Lord, "of whom the world was not worthy," fled for safety when driven by their enemies into the "dens and caves of the earth."[1] In time, others followed them from choice, among whom were many monks from Egypt, cutting for themselves cells in the limestone rock, until the whole mountain became burrowed like an ant-hill. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of these caves, natural and artificial, not cut in regular galleries, but here, there, every-where, to suit the inclination of their inmates; many of them inaccessible, and most of them dangerous to approach. The wonder is, how the old monks managed to reach their little cells, or to live when there, unless fed by the angels or ravens, as was Elijah, the illustrious founder, as they claim, of their order.

By a zigzag path and rock-hewn steps we succeeded in reaching a platform running along the face of the mountain, which in places over-hung the path, affording to the hermits protection in their walks from the sun and rain. At the southern end of this ledge we came to a large cavern communicating with a chapel and several small grottoes. The chapel had been frescoed, after the Byzantine style, the coloring in places still looking fresh, and some of the paintings easily recognized, one of Christ being very distinct. St. Paul and Andrew appeared

[1] Hebrews xi, 38.

to be favorite subjects; but we could see no trace of the Virgin and Child. The most curious fresco was a representation of the angels distributing white resurrection robes to the saints.

We found a Greek monk from New York living here, who took us to many other cells. One was known as Elijah's, the approach to which was by a narrow staircase cut in the natural rock. There were several apartments here, one above another,

QUARANTANIA—MOUNT OF TEMPTATION.

the only entrance being through a hole eighteen inches in diameter cut in the ceiling of the lower cave, and which could only be reached by a ladder or rope. Even after climbing up to this opening, we found it exceedingly difficult to squeeze our small bodies through the contracted entrance. This second chamber was a chapel with an inscription over the altar, and the entire room at one time had been beautifully frescoed; but the paintings and inscription were too much defaced for us to

make any thing intelligible out of them. There were still other apartments above these which we did not explore; and south of a rent in the mountain, still higher up, numerous grottoes, the access to which was both difficult and perilous.

In reaching these aerial habitations we had to clamber from rock to rock on our hands and knees, till we gained a shelf at a dizzy height, where we had just room to stand. Here we halted for breath; then, crawling along the brink of the precipice on a narrow ledge, we came to a projecting rock round which it seemed impossible to pass. But others had gone before, and we must follow. Rounding this point was frightful. We shudder to think of that hazardous feat. The path in places was so narrow that if a fragment of the rock had given way, or we had lost our balance, or had our feet slipped but an inch, instant death would have followed.

The cells in this upper tier were generally hewn out of the rock, some nicely vaulted, with recesses for sleeping, and cisterns to catch the rain-water as it dripped from the cliffs above others had rock-cut seats in front, on one of which, it is said, Christ sat, and where the old monks could sit far up on the mountain side, and enjoy a grand view of the Plain of Jericho and the Valley of the Jordan, with Pisgah and the Mountains of Moab beyond. Most of the caves have a little window in front to admit light and air; and among these pious anchorites a beautiful custom prevailed of putting a light in these windows at night, so that the whole mountain seemed illuminated with vestal lamps, as the hermits sat in the doors of their cells singing their vesper hymns.

The ascent to these upper grottoes is now so hazardous few persons will make the attempt, as it can only be accomplished by swinging with ropes from projecting crags over an abyss of

great depth, the paths that once led to them having been either filled up with rubbish or washed away by the storms of many centuries.

One feels very solemn visiting this retreat of the early Christians, and abode of those good though mistaken men, who, through a sense of duty, renounced the world and withdrew from all society, that they might commune more closely with God. In some of the cells human skeletons were found, with little earthen lamps by their side, that had expired with their lives, showing that the old hermits died where they lived, and were buried where they died. There are many of these sepulchral vaults containing the bones or dust of those who had spent their lives in prayer, fasting, and meditation, in imitation of the Master, who on this same mount is said to have overcome the temptations of the wicked one.

This mountain is separated from the main range on the south by Wady Kelt, along which there are also numerous caves, and through which the brook Cherith flows; so that the locality of Christ's fasting was identical with that of Elijah's. Many of the caves near the foot of the mountain were formerly occupied during Lent by Christian pilgrims; but, owing to the insecurity of life and property under Turkish rule, they are now hiding-places for Bedouin robbers, or dens for wild beasts, and in some of them bones of camels, hyenas, and other animals, may be found to the depth of several feet; fully explaining the formation of the old bone caverns without disturbing the chronology of the Bible.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEAD SEA.

Lowest Sheet of Water on our Globe—Mountains of Pure Salt—Lot's Wife—Destruction of the Cities of the Plain—Site of Sodom and Gomorrah—Identity of Zoar—Singular Phenomenon—Nature's Sanitarium.

WE have made the entire circuit of this inland sea, in many respects the most remarkable body of water in the world; and, with the exception of two places, where the mountains rise almost perpendicularly out of the water, we rode along the shore the whole distance, making the journey, including delays and necessary rests, in fourteen days.

The sea covers an area of perhaps three hundred square miles, and is the lowest sheet of water on the globe, being thirteen hundred and twenty feet lower than the ocean level; and its greatest depth of water thirteen hundred and ten feet, thus precluding the possibility of it ever having had any connection through the Arabah with the Red Sea. Then, there is a rocky ridge over twenty-one hundred feet high, running entirely across Wady Arabah, through which the Jordan never could have flowed.

Having no outlet, with the Jordan, Arnon and many other large streams flowing into it, there is only a variation of from ten to fifteen feet in its elevation and depression, being highest in the spring of the year, after the winter rains, though the Arabs say it rises and falls of itself, the rain having no effect upon it. This equilibrium is maintained solely by evaporation. The density of the water is very great, a gallon weighing

twelve and a quarter pounds, and containing, besides bromine, potassium, and other minerals in a state of solution, three and a quarter pounds of pure salt, or twenty-eight per cent.; while the water of the Atlantic contains only four per cent. Owing to the buoyancy of the water, bathing in it is a great luxury and perfectly safe, it being impossible for a person to sink. An egg that would sink in the Mediterranean will float half out of water in this sea; and a vessel which would float with ease here would sink instantly in the Atlantic or any other ocean. Of course, no fish can live in such a briny deep. Those carried into it by the Jordan instantly die, and may be found floating on the surface near the mouth of the river. The impression that this sea is always a dead calm, sending forth poisonous vapors, with the angel of death brooding over it, is erroneous. Storms frequently prevail here, the waves dashing high up on its shores: and we have seen birds flying over it and ducks swimming far out on its surface. There, however, is no animal or vegetable life in the sea itself. Nor is there any vegetable life along its shores; but up the valleys down which the sweet, pure waters flow from mountain springs every tropical plant grows luxuriantly, in some places the shrubbery crowding down to the very edge of the sea; and in these groves of palm, juniper, and oleander, you will find birds of every hue and song. Several of these fresh-water streams empty into the sea near its southern extremity, causing the arid "desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Nothing could surpass the productiveness of "The Safieh," as this district is called; a rich, well-watered valley, "even as the garden of the Lord," about six miles long from north to south, and two wide. In this oasis the osher-tree, or apple of Sodom, acacia, camphor, indigo, jujube, and other rare plants, all grow spontaneously.

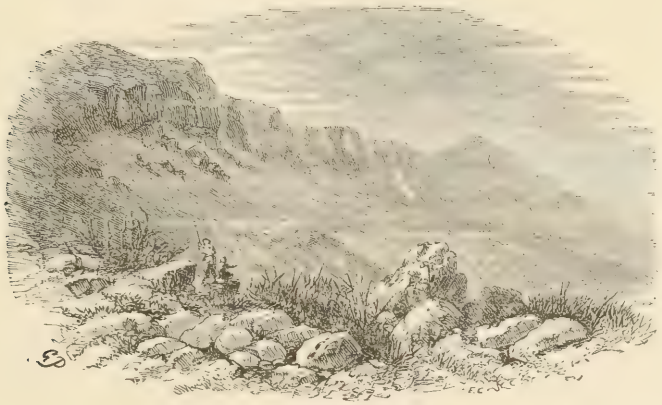
The osher-tree generally grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, has a large oval leaf, and when cut or broken discharges a milky fluid, said to be fatal to the sight if applied to the eyes. The fruit, when ripe, in color and size resembles an ordinary yellow apple, rather beautiful to the eye, but void of substance. It is not, however, filled with ashes, as commonly supposed, but with air, and when pressed explodes like a puff-ball, emitting smoke and a sulphurous smell, but containing nothing save a few small seeds and thin silky fibers, the latter very combustible, which the Arabs, not having matches, use as tinder, with their steel and flint, in firing their matchlocks and lighting their pipes.

The Bedouin tribes in this fertile valley are of the lowest type of human beings. A more desperate, savage, and degraded set of cut-throats and robbers are not to be found among Ishmael's depraved sons. Generally they are as black as Africans, entirely nude, and licentious as the Sodomites of old; ever on the lookout for victims, and ready for the perpetration of any crime. Our adventures among these miserable wretches were too horrible to relate.

Directly west of this Eden, across the Gharandel, is a great salt plain, entirely destitute of vegetation, the supposed site of Sodom, and where David overthrew the Edomites. The whole plain is a vast slime-pit, incrusted with salt, beneath which is a black, greasy marl, very slippery, rendering riding over it both difficult and dangerous.

As a general thing the mountains bordering this sea present a picture of utter desolation, as if scathed with lightning and riven with thunder-bolts. Many of the rocks are igneous, emitting fire when struck, and an odor very much like a Lucifer match. Slime-pits and sulphur springs are found along the

shore, and between the head of the sea and Jericho hills of almost pure sulphur; also gypsum, asphaltum, and black bituminous blocks, mixed with gravel and sulphur, strew the beach, as if thrown together by some great convulsion, and pure bitumen in large quantities may at times be found floating on the surface. The sea at night, when the water is ruffled by the wind, is one sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves as they break upon the shore throw a sepulchral light upon the rocks that wall in this dismal gulf—reminding one of the



MOUNTAINS EAST OF THE DEAD SEA.

"lake of fire," and may have suggested this imagery to the Apostle John.

Jebel Usdum, or mountain of Sodom, at the south-west end, is a ridge of almost pure rock-salt, extending for about five miles along the shore, and rising perhaps two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. There are many deep clefts in the range, leaving detached portions of salt standing like pillars in every fantastic shape, some of them at least one hundred feet high, any one of which would answer very well for "Lot's wife;" one in par-

ticular, on the very top of the cliff, from a certain stand-point resembles a woman in hasty flight, with her disheveled hair and torn garments flying in the wind, and her head slightly turned, as if looking back over her left shoulder on the burning cities from which she is fleeing for her life.

There is nothing very remarkable in the statement concerning the fate of this disobedient woman. From the narrative, it appears the Lord said unto Lot and his family, "Up, get you out of this place. Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain, lest thou be consumed." They started on their flight. "But his wife looked back, . . . and she became a pillar of salt."[1] Probably in the very act of disobedience she was struck dead with a thunderbolt, or suffocated with the sulphurous fumes that pervaded the valley, as the elder Pliny in the destruction of Pompeii. It would have been miraculous had she become a sand-stone or lime-stone pillar. But any man's wife would become a pillar of salt in this region if allowed to remain here long enough. No corpse would ever decompose on the shores of this sea, and if permitted to remain here would naturally become incrusted with salt, and in time a pillar of salt. These pillars are formed by secretion, from the spray, mist, and saline exhalations of the sea, and are always growing larger. So it is literally true, that if you break a piece off it will form on anew.

In one place we found a tunnel or cavern leading into the very heart of the mountain, into which we rode several hundred feet, until it became too dark to venture farther. It looked beautiful by the light of a few matches and candles, the vaulted roof and sides sparkling as of alabaster. Many grottoes led off to the right and left, all salt, nothing but salt, the whole mount-

[1] Genesis xix, 14, 17, 26.

ain salt! During heavy rains a stream of briny water runs through this cavern to the sea, only a few rods distant. This same rock formation, to all appearance the same vein of salt, crops out of the mountain east of the sea between the Fortress of Machærus and the Hot Springs of Callirrhoe, a fact, we believe, never before noticed.

The precise location of the Cities of the Plain will probably never be known. If not submerged, they are buried many feet beneath the soft marl constantly washing down from the surrounding hills and filling up the valley. The opinion has long obtained that Sodom was situated on the great salt plain at the base of Jebel Usdum, south of the sea. Recently some remarkable ruins have been discovered at Gumran, two miles north of Ain Feshkah, near the northern end of the sea, and supposed, from a similarity of name, to be the site of Gomorrah. The ruins consist of a rude wall, a small reservoir built of unhewn stone, and a mass of indistinguishable rubbish of old houses and broken pottery. The most interesting feature of the place is the great number of graves in the vicinity, perhaps a thousand. And what is more singular, the bodies all lie with their heads to the south; so they cannot be Jewish, Mohammedan, or Christian. The tombs are about five feet deep, with a vault for the body at the bottom. The receptacle for the corpse is built of large sun-dried bricks fifteen inches long, eleven wide, and nine inches thick. Rough upright stones mark the head and feet, and the surface of the graves is rudely paved with the same material. No inscription or device has yet been found to indicate the race or age to which these tombs belong, and all that has been written on the identity of this place with Gomorrah is hypothetical. Of the other cities destroyed, Admah and Zeboim, all traces have long since disappeared.

The identity of Zoar is not so difficult, as down to the fourteenth century of our era it was a place of considerable importance. All the fathers and historians of the Church locate it south-east of the Dead Sea, on the road leading from "The Safieh" to Kerak; and we find here, on a spur of the mountain, six hundred and fifty feet above the water, extensive ruins that have long been regarded as the remains of the "little city" to which Lot escaped when driven from Sodom. Zoar was made an Episcopal See at an early period, and its Bishop was present and took an active part in the Council of Chalcedon, A. D. 451. Being in the province of Kerak and Ar, it must have been south of the Arnon. It was also one of the five Cities of the Plain; so could not have been where Dr. Tristram locates it, on the western slope of Pisgah, several thousand feet above the plain. Lot was permitted to enter this city because the mountain was too distant for him to reach. Why, then, locate it on the mountain, and so far from the scene of danger?

Both Isaiah and Jeremiah refer to it among the cities of Moab. It is never mentioned as belonging to Israel, but always as within the territory of Moab; so could not have been north of the river Arnon, but somewhere very near the site we have named. We might also add, this situation can be distinctly seen from the mountain east of Bethel, where Lot and his uncle Abraham parted. Back of these ruins the mountain rises abruptly, and there are numerous caves among the rocks, one of which is pointed out as the cave of Lot; and a short distance above this, along the sea-shore, is a curious pillar, not of salt but sand-stone, resembling very much a female with a water-jar in her right hand, and a child on her left shoulder, called by the natives Bint Sheik Lut—the "Daughter of Sheik Lot." We confess, however, that little is to be found

among these shapeless ruins to satisfy the inquisitive mind; and as to the other cities, we are fully convinced, after the most thorough investigation of the whole plain, that there is nothing above ground by which they can be identified or their sites determined.

From the topography of the whole Ghor, and the peculiar geological formations, such as banks of water-worn shingles, with deposits of salt and sulphur, there must have been a sea or fresh-water lake in this valley long prior to the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and there is no reason for believing that these cities were submerged, or that their destruction was brought about by any great geological disturbance.

Among the mountains that border the sea on the east there are several craters, and other evidences of extinct volcanoes. The road leading north from Machærus down to the Zurka Main runs over great fields of lava, scoria, and cinders, very much like the descent of Vesuvius. The Cities of the Plain were, more than likely, constructed of perishable materials, perhaps sun-dried bricks mixed with cut straw, like Damascus and other places in the East, as the remains of such brick-kilns still exist on the plain near ancient Jericho. In the erection of their buildings, bitumen, which abounds in this region, was probably used instead of mortar, and the houses were covered, as in Babylon, with a matting made of rushes coated with bituminous slime, and supported by wooden beams.

From the Mosaic account it appears the cities were destroyed, not by water but fire, very much as Pompeii and Herculaneum, probably by a shower of hot sulphurous ashes from some neighboring volcano, leaving no trace of their sites. This would literally be a rain of "brimstone and fire," entirely consuming the combustible material of which they were composed. And the

niter thrown out by the eruption would transform the rich vale of Siddim into the present alkali desert, and the fresh water lake into this briny sea. It also appears, as before stated, that the whole lower valley of the Jordan is nothing but a bed of lava, indicating some such volcanic action.

The most remarkable feature of this most remarkable sea is, that it appears to be subsiding or growing less every year. The water lines on the beach, of which there are three distinct levels, clearly indicate this; and, what is more strange, the bottom seems to be receding, or falling out; that is, the surface is sinking lower, and the sea becoming deeper. When Lieut. Lynch made his survey in 1848, there were but three fathoms at the ford opposite the Lisan, and many old Arabs say they could easily ride across on their camels when they were boys. Now there is not less than thirty or forty feet of water at the lowest point where once it was fordable, and yet the shore line is lower than it was then. At another place a portion that was frequently dry ten years ago is now completely submerged. This is true of all south of the peninsula; instead of filling up with the *débris* washed down from the neighboring hills by a hundred mountain torrents, it is actually growing deeper. We have no explanation of this phenomenon, unless on the suppo sition that the prevailing winds being from the south and west, a current is created which carries the sediment from the shallow portion at the lower end into the almost fathomless depths farther north. This, however, would not explain the settling of the surface, which perhaps could be accounted for by increased evaporation.

The Bedouins call this lake, Bahr Lut—the "Sea of Lot"—and all traditions among these tribes touching this locality, together with the sea and all its surroundings, fully corroborate

the inspired record. The Scriptures are so legibly written along the desolate shores of this desolate sea, that a person visiting this region who had never heard of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, would infer from the sterility and death-like solitude which prevail, that nothing but some great judgment from the Almighty could ever have produced such utter desolation. We find here "a waste land that smoketh, and a fruitful land turned into saltness for the wickedness of them that dwelt therein;"[1] so that "no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it; and the stranger that shall come from a far land shall say, . . . Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger? . . . The whole land is brimstone, and salt, and burning."[2] Lieutenant Lynch, in his report upon this region, says: "We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of our party was skeptical, and another a professed unbeliever. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scripture account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. And this conclusion I record as a protest against the shallow deduction of those who would be unbelievers."

In summer, at this great depth below the ocean, and walled in by mountains four thousand feet high, the atmosphere is very hot and sultry. The average temperature on the shores of this sea for the first ten days in June, 1877, was one hundred and four degrees in the shade; but there is nothing in this heat deleterious to health. In winter, however, the climate is perfectly delightful—no frost, miasma, or chilling winds, but a salubrious, invigorating, almost intoxicating atmosphere. Here you can "run and not weary," climb the highest mountains

[1] Psalm cvii, 34; Jeremiah xlix, 18. [2] Deuteronomy xxix, 22, 24.

without any sense of fatigue, and breathe freely with one lung, or half a lung. The effect of the bracing air is really wonderful. You feel as though you could "run through a troop, or leap over a wall." Bathing here is delicious. You have also the choice of hot or cold baths, in fresh, salt, or sulphur fountains along the shore.

The waters of the sea have not that dull, leaden appearance described by some travelers, but are as clear as Lake George, sometimes of a greenish tint, and often look as blue as the Mediterranean. And the purple tint of the mountains in the rays of the setting sun, reflected from a sky of unequaled beauty, are often gorgeous. As Mr. Palmer remarks, "The coloring of the Dead Sea, and its neighborhood, when the atmosphere is clear, is simply magnificent."

Instead of the exhalations from the sea being injurious, as has been supposed, they seem to sharpen the appetite, quicken the intellect, and impart new life to the whole physical system. As it seldom rains in the Ghor, the days are generally bright and cheerful, the nights dry and balmy, lulling the weary into refreshing slumbers, from which they awake "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."

A steamer on this sea for excursions, and a good hotel near its shores, would make this a most charming winter resort for invalids, nature's own sanitarium for suffering mortals.

CHAPTER XVII.

FORTRESS OF MASADA AND CLIFF OF ZIZ.

Last Stronghold of the Jews—Great Strength of the Fortress—Tragic End of the Garrison—The Silence of Death—Engedi—Cliff of Ziz—Rocks of the Wild Goats—Burning Bush—Stones of Witness.

PERCHED, like an eagle's nest, on one of the boldest cliffs along the western shores of the Dead Sea, and overlooking a scene of natural desolation unequaled on the globe, is the renowned fortress of Masada, the last stronghold taken by the Romans in the conquest of Palestine.

This celebrated fortress was erected by Jonathan Maccabæus, about the year 160 B. C., but afterward enlarged and greatly strengthened by Herod the Great, who surrounded it with walls and towers of great strength, and supplied it with stores and arms for ten thousand men, designing it as a place of refuge for himself in case of rebellion among the Jews, or Cleopatra transferring his kingdom to Mark Antony, of which the queen of Egypt had given some intimations.

Josephus describes the castle and fortress as "built on a rock prodigiously craggy, and inaccessible enough to strike the stoutest man living with horror."[1] All which we found to be strictly true; the rock rising almost perpendicularly one thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and separated from the mountain range by deep chasms apparently impassable. A round tower with double walls, and other extensive ruins on a detached ledge to the north—probably the "beautiful and

[1] Jewish Wars, vii, 8.

richly garnished" palace of Herod, where his wife, the queenly and matchless Mariamne, was cruelly imprisoned before her death, are entirely inaccessible, the secret passage from the palace to the citadel being still undiscovered.

Almost the only approach to this aerial fortress was by a serpentine path called the "Snake," so narrow and difficult that to slip or make a misstep was certain death to the bold intruder. Even this perilous path was so guarded by strong towers as to render the place next to impregnable. One hour of climbing, falling, and sweating under the scorching rays of the noonday sun, brought us to the great causeway thrown up by the Romans from the mountain in the rear, to the isolated castle in front, over which we easily passed, and soon gained the esplanade of the fortress, a platform about one mile in circumfer ence.

The view from this lofty position was magnificently wild and drear. The whole of the Dead Sea and all trans-Jordanic Palestine, with the Jordan Valley to the north, and the great Salt Plain to the south, were spread out before us. The breastworks and other fortifications constructed by the Romans when they laid siege to this stronghold, nearly two thousand years ago, may still be distinctly traced on the plain below and up the mountain side, in some instances looking as if vacated but yesterday.

Of Masada little remains. There was only one gate-way to the fortress, which still stands almost perfect, the enemy having entered through a breach to the north of it; but the wall and towers on the summit have all been toppled over. The ruin of a synagogue, with tessellated floors, near the center of the platform, is in good preservation, and undoubtedly is the oldest one in existence—a cut of which we insert as sketched

by Dr. Ridgaway on the spot. Much broken pottery and glass covered the ground. Several rock-hewn cisterns and natural caves are within the inclosure, and the remains of many large buildings may still be seen. The mountain near the top is pierced with numerous galleries, one above another, running along the face with loop-holes for the archers. We counted four tiers of embrasures facing the north, with parapet walls in front and passage ways from one to another cut in the solid rock, and flanked by strong towers at the angles. The position, naturally strong, was rendered doubly so by art; gallery above gallery, turret on turret, and fortress within fortress!

SYNAGOGUE IN MASADA.

After the fall of Jerusalem, Herodium, and Machærus, Flavius Silva, now in command of the Roman army, led all his forces against Masada, the last important post held by the Jews. The place was defended by the Sicarii, a class of Jewish desperadoes, or freebooters, whose only bond of union was their hostility to the Romans. They were under the command of Eleazar, a man of great bravery and influence among his followers, and were prepared to make a most desperate resistance.

Silva first seized a high projecting rock called "the lance,"

immediately in the rear of the fortress, from which he raised a causeway over against the outer ramparts of the citadel by filling up a deep ravine, thus enabling his engines of war to play upon the walls. He also constructed a tower sixty cubits high, plated with iron, from which scorpions and firebrands were hurled against the doomed garrison.

Those within long and stubbornly resisted any attempt on the part of the enemy to scale their works, but when they saw their massive walls crumble beneath the ponderous strokes of immense battering-rams, and their wooden defenses swept away by the devouring flames maddened by a furious wind, they gave up all as lost, and prepared like men to meet their fate.

The Romans having carried the outer walls after a long, desperate struggle, were preparing to storm the citadel as night dropped her curtain upon the bloody scene, and they retired to their quarters, expecting on the morrow to return, complete their work, and gather their spoils, little dreaming of the bloody tragedy to be enacted within the fortress during that night of horrors.

Eleazar, despairing of any help from without, determined never to surrender to his sworn enemies; and, conscious of his own inability to hold out longer, called a council of war; set before his comrades the hopelessness of a further resistance; told them of the disgrace and sufferings that awaited them if they capitulated; related the wrongs the Romans had inflicted upon their nation; then appealed to their religious convictions, showing how noble it would be to die as martyrs for their God, and proposed that all their wealth be gathered into the castle and destroyed by fire; that each husband murder his own wife and children; that ten men be selected by lot to slaughter the rest, and finally one from the ten to complete the work of death

by the suicide of himself, after all his brethren were dead. The Sicarii, ever ready to obey their leader, at once accepted the proposal. Their vast treasures were soon given to the flames. Infatuated husbands and fathers first affectionately embraced, then murdered their own wives and offspring. The men chosen to slay their fellow-soldiers did faithfully their work. Throughout the fortress during that night of blood, the cry of death was every-where heard, and when the morning dawned nine hundred and sixty victims lay dead upon the ground. Two women and five children who concealed themselves in a cave were all that survived to tell the tale of woe.

In the morning the Romans entered, but found death and destruction had gone before, leaving them an empty victory after their long siege. Thus the prophecy was fulfilled, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Two hours north of Masada is Engedi, the site of ancient Hazezon-tamar, a city of the Amorites older than Sodom or Gomorrah. It was not far from here, in the "Vale of Siddim," perhaps near the slime-pits a few miles south of this, that the kings of Mesopotamia defeated the five kings of the cities of the plain, carrying off Lot among their prisoners, who was afterward rescued by his uncle, Abraham.

About four hundred feet above the sea the celebrated "Fountain of the Kid," that gives its name to the place, gushes from the mountain side, distributing its warm, sweet waters through a thousand channels over the fields below, changing the arid desert into a blooming garden, fragrant with tropical flowers and fruits.

"The Wilderness of Engedi," where David found a hiding-place from Saul, is a desolate tract of country lying directly west of this; and it was here, in one of the numerous caves

among "the rocks of the wild goats," probably Adullam, that the son of Jesse cut off the skirt of the king's robe.

This is still the highway and usual route between Moab and Western Palestine. The road winds round the southern end of the sea, up its western shore, thence by the "Cliff of Ziz" to Hebron or Jerusalem. Nothing could be more frightful than

DEAD SEA FROM ENGEDI.

crossing this mountain pass; several times we had to unload our poor mules, and with ropes help them up the acclivity. At some points as we looked ahead it seemed utterly impossible for man or beast to scale such rocks; but after three hours of hard climbing we accomplished without serious accident the renowned passage of the "Cliff of Ziz."

While encamped at Engedi some Arabs brought in a "wild oat" they had just killed among the rocks, showing that this animal is still found in the neighborhood. We also had here a fine exhibition of the "Burning Bush." There is a tree peculiar to this region, and which, when cut down or dying naturally, sends forth numerous branches or parasites from near the ground, forming a thick cluster of bushes large as a shock of corn. At night the natives, to light up their camp, set fire to the dry stump in the center, and the flames slowly spread to the green twigs until the whole is ablaze and gradually consumed. A single brush heap will burn for several hours, and in the darkness looks beautiful. It was thus the Almighty manifested himself to his servant Moses on Horeb, only in that instance the bush was not consumed, symbolizing God's care for his people amid the fiery trials of earth.

We observed also a beautiful custom among the Arabs of commemorating every important event, and marking every prominent point, by setting up memorial stones, as Samuel raised his Ebenezer at Mizpeh; and every good Christian or Mussulman, in passing these memorials, is expected to add thereto his "stone of witness." These Ebenezers you will find on almost every high place in Palestine, and scarcely a pilgrim visits the Holy Land without commemorating the event by setting up a stone in acknowledgment of God's goodness and protection.

On a spur of the mountain, about midway between Engedi and Jebel Usdum, commanding a fine view of Mount Hor and the tomb of Aaron far away to the south, there is an immense pile of witness stones, the accumulation of ages, and every year growing larger, as every Bedouin and traveler passing that way contributes his stone to the heap. Having a great reverence

for the memory of Aaron, we, of course, added our testimony to the countless multitude of witnesses, then resumed our journey, bidding adieu to the Valley of the Dead Sea. Even passing travelers thus adopt the peculiar customs of Palestine; and so fully do all these regions claim our veneration—by historical ruins and by traditional sites; by inspired records and by Mohammedan legends; and especially by an indescribable antique and oriental quality pervading every sight and sound and feeling—that, in spite of ourselves, we are transported to other days, and in fancy live again the lives of patriarchs and judges, of prophets and monarchs, of Christian disciples and knightly crusaders.

Piece of Silver.

Reverse side.

Farthing—Two Mites

Widow's Mite.

COINS USED IN TIME OF CHRIST.

PART III.

TRANS-JORDANIC PALESTINE.

"And Moses gave unto the children of Gad, and to the children of Reuben, and unto half the tribe of Manasseh the son of Joseph, the kingdom of Sihon king of the Amorites, and the kingdom of Og king of Bashan, the land, with the cities thereof, from the river Arnon unto Mount Hermon, and all the plain on the east." Num. xxxii, 33; Josh. xii, 1.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF MOAB.

Beyond Jordan—Rich, unexplored Region—First settled by the Descendants of Lot—Conquered by Moses—Given to Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh—Now overrun by the wild Sons of Ishmael—Castle of Kerak—Fortress of Machærus.

DIRECTLY east of Jerusalem, beyond the Jordan, and overlooking the whole of western Palestine, is the almost unknown and unexplored region generally known as Peræa—the land beyond; a vast tract of high rolling table-land lying at least four thousand feet above the valley of the Dead Sea, and extending eastward to the great Desert which stretches away to the Euphrates.

This portion of Syria, from south of the Dead Sea to Mount Hermon, usually referred to in Jewish history as the land of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, was first permanently settled by the Moabites and Ammonites, the descendants of Lot's two sons, Moab and Ben-ammi.[1] It was among the first countries conquered by the Israelites, and, on account of its rich pasturage, given to Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh as their inheritance, because "they had much cattle."[2] In the eighth century B. C. this country was invaded by the Assyrians, and these tribes were carried away captives into Assyria.[3] And from that period down to our era the land was successively occupied by the Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, the remains of whose wealth and power may still be seen in the magnificent ruins found scattered all over this part of Palestine. No dis-

[1] Genesis xix, 37. [2] Deuteronomy iii, 19. [3] 1 Chronicles v, 26.

trict of equal extent on the face of the earth can furnish such remarkable remains of ancient races.

After the fall of the Roman empire, the wild sons of Ishmael from the Arabian Desert overran the country, and to the present have retained their possession. So that for centuries this whole territory, including Edom, so intimately connected with Jewish history, has been inaccessible to travelers.

The Bedouins who occupy this land are a warlike, lawless, independent race, very much like our North American Indians. They have no permanent settlements—have never submitted to Turkish rule, pay tribute to no king—lead a nomadic life, dwelling in tents, and roaming from place to place as necessity may require, the most independent people in the world. The men pride themselves in being warriors, and are generally seen mounted on splendid Arab mares. You never see a Bedouin chieftain riding a horse. The women do all the drudgery, and are treated as mere slaves. The principal occupation of these tribes is plunder; their religion, Mohammedan, with the simple creed, Love Allah, kill your neighbor, and pray with the face toward Mecca five times a day. Owing to their predatory character, their greed for backsheesh, and great hatred for Christians, this interesting field, which, without doubt, contains the oldest monuments of man, remains almost unexplored.

It is only within a few years that foreigners, under any circumstances, have been allowed to enter this "no man's land," as it is called. In company with Dr. James Strong and his party, under the American flag, with a firman from the Sultan, and letters from the Pasha of the Belka, by paying liberal tribute we made our first tour of this disputed territory in the spring of 1874.

No portion of the United States is richer than this high

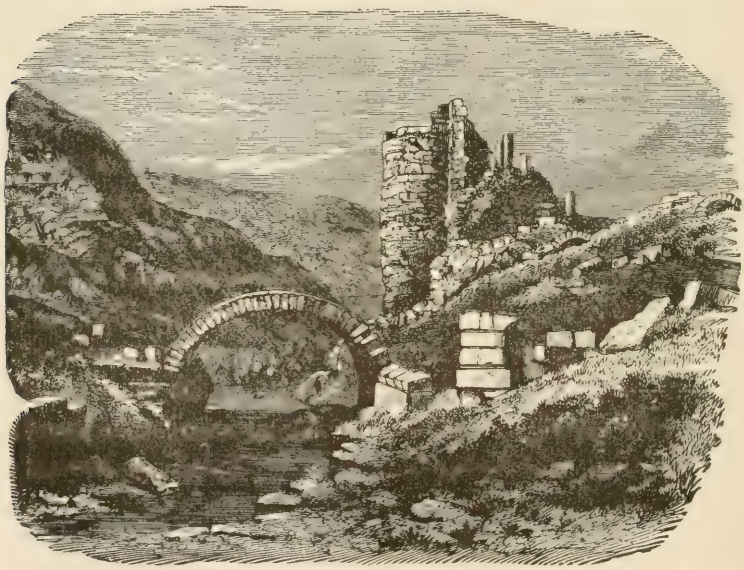
plateau, containing several thousand square miles of well watered, fertile land, covered with flocks and herds, and black with Bedouin tents. The soil is a rich limestone loam, capable of supporting an immense population, and of growing almost any thing, reminding one very much of the rich rolling prairies of the Western States.

The central portion of this region is known among the natives as the Belka, and from its natural productiveness, its salubrious climate, and the grand outlook from the lofty mountains, taking in the whole of the Land of Promise from "Dan to Beer-sheba," and "from the Jordan to the uttermost sea," with Jerusalem, "the city of God," as the central figure, probably suggested to Isaiah his imagery of the Land of Beulah, which Bunyan has so beautifully woven into allegory, illustrating the repose experienced by the Christian warrior after having overcome the world, and the joy which enraptures his soul, when, with the heavenly Canaan and the Celestial City in view, he descends into the shadowy valley of death, crosses in safety the Jordan, and passes triumphantly home.

The Land of Moab included the southern part of this territory from Edom to the Mountains of Gilead, a vast, almost unbroken plateau of the richest soil, capable of sustaining a dense population. When first conquered by the Israelites, Moses took among other spoils six hundred and seventy-five thousand sheep, and seventy-two thousand beeves; and after it became tributary to Israel we find the king of Moab paying as a revenue to the king of Israel two hundred thousand lambs and rams.[1] These figures do not astonish us after seeing the natural productiveness of the country, and the numerous ruins that almost literally cover its surface.

[1] 2 Kings iii, 4.

Some of these ruins, as of Rabbah Ammon, are immense; hundreds of beautiful granite and marble columns strew the ground, some of them sixty feet long and fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. One very unique building near the river must have been designed for a tomb; or, perhaps, was the repository of the "iron bedstead"[1] of Og, the giant king of Bashan. The gate-way on the north, before which Uriah proba-



RABBAH AMMON.

bly fell, is a wonderful piece of workmanship, and of itself would repay a trip from America to see. This city must have been destroyed by an earthquake, as the columns generally lie in one direction, as if prostrated at the same moment by some sudden shock or upheaval of the earth. We saw many camels feeding among the ruins, literally fulfilling the prediction of

[1] Deuteronomy iii, 11.

Ezekiel, "I will make Rabbah a stable for camels."[1] Of Heshbon, the royal city of Sihon, king of the Amorites, but little remains. Her famous fish-pools are in ruins; her walls lie in the dust; and in looking over her waste places one is ready to adopt the plaintive language of Isaiah, "I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon."[2] Near Rabbath-Moab we found the remains of a large temple, facing the east, with portico in front, and many broken pillars, and richly carved capitals, and fragments of cornice lying around. Among the rubbish were several sculptured figures of lions and other animals, and on the end of a stone two feet square and four feet long was carved the head of a woman in *alto relievo*. The hair was parted in the center, and hung in ringlets over the sides of the face, resting gracefully on the shoulders. There seemed to be a crescent supporting the figure, with rays of light radiating from the head. The features were youthful and intellectual; and, I have no doubt, the image belonged to the temple close by, and was designed to represent Ashtaroth, the queen of heaven and consort of Baal, the favorite goddess of the old Phœnicians, whose first settlements, long anterior to the founding of Tyre or Sidon, were east of the Dead Sea and in this immediate neighborhood.

Rabbath-Moab, the Arcopolis of the Greeks, became the capital of Moab after the Amorites took possession of that portion of the territory lying north of the river Arnon; and after the fall of Petra it was made the metropolis of Palestina Tertia. The place is now, and has been for centuries, entirely deserted. The old Roman road from Petra, running north, passes through it, along which may still be seen some of the mile-stones giving the distance in Roman numerals to unknown places. Many of

[1] Ezekiel xxv, 5. [2] Isaiah xv, 9.

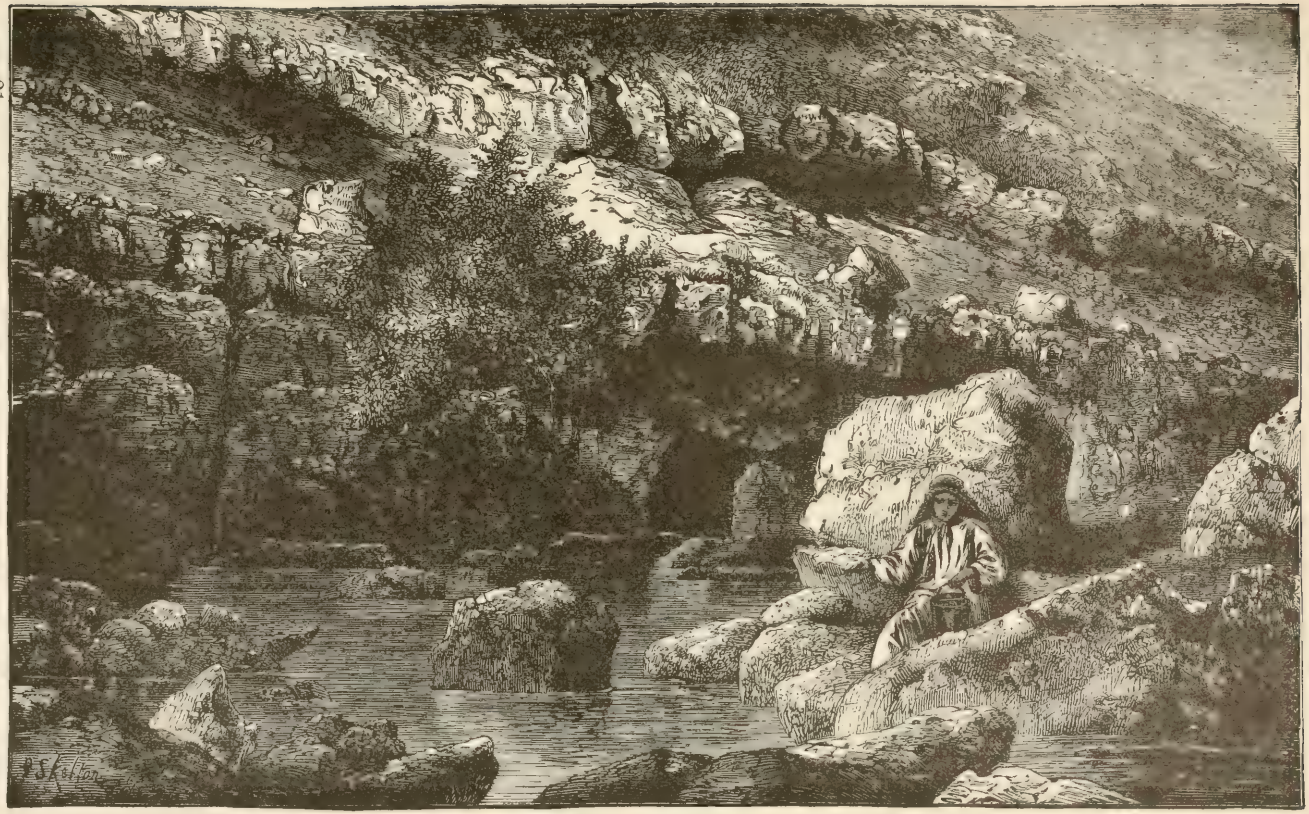
the streets are clearly defined. The gate-ways are plainly marked. Some beautiful columns are still standing, and half buried in rubbish are the remains of tombs, temples, theaters, and other edifices, showing the extent and grandeur of the city that was "laid waste and brought to silence in a night."[1]

"The road to the Arnon," along which the children of Israel must have traveled when they came up out of Egypt, may still be traced from here to the "city in the midst of the river,"[2] and in places the ruts may still be seen, worn by chariot wheels in its solid bed. Wady Mojib, through which the Arnon flows, formed the southern boundary of trans-Jordanic Palestine and the northern boundary of Moab after the conquest of the country by the Israelites—a natural barrier, standing like a wall of iron two thousand feet high between the two nations. The passage of this chasm was truly frightful. It was with great difficulty we succeeded in getting down to the river, as in places the bluffs were almost perpendicular; and the only way we could make the ascent was by a zigzag path through clefts in the rocks. Sometimes it appeared like going up a winding staircase, and in a few instances we had to dismount, and were drawn up by holding on to our horses' tails.

A few miles south of ancient Ar is the renowned fortress and city of Kerak, the Kir-hareseth of the Bible,[3] one of the most remarkable ruins in the world.

As the name signifies, this is emphatically a city on a hill, being situated on a towering rock at least one thousand feet above the surrounding valleys, and four thousand three hundred and ninety feet above the Dead Sea at its base. And yet even this elevated platform is commanded by the neighboring heights, which inclose it on all sides except the west

[1] Isaiah xv, 1. [2] Joshua xiii, 9. [3] Isaiah xvi, 7.



FISH-POOLS OF HESHBON.

On these heights the armies of Israel were encamped when "the slingers went about it and smote it."[1] Naturally a strong position, it was rendered by art almost impregnable. Formerly, the only entrances were through two dark, crooked tunnels cut out of the solid rock, and commanded by fortifications of great strength. Even the citadel was so isolated from the city by a deep, wide fosse that an enemy in possession of either post could not occupy the other. These fortifications are of three distinct periods. The most ancient belongs to the Jewish, the next to the Roman, and the third to the time of the Crusaders. It was here that Raynald of Chatillon, when Lord of Kerak, feeling secure in the possession of this stronghold, defied the authority of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, broke the treaty with Saladin, and by his rashness brought on the battle of Hattin, that resulted in the fall of Jerusalem and expulsion of the Crusaders from Palestine.

The platform on which the city is built is about two miles in circumference, and has been surrounded by a high, strong wall resting on the natural rock, which was either scarped down or smoothly faced, rendering it insurmountable from without.

These defenses are, in many places, in ruins, it being the policy of the Turkish Government to weaken the position as much as possible. A year or two since a Turkish garrison was sent here, but the natives refused to tolerate it, and drove the soldiers out of the citadel and back to Damascus.

The two principal positions of strength are the castle and citadel. The former was built by Bybars, King of Egypt, about A. D. 1363. This fortress fronts to the north-west. The lower sections of the walls are twenty-seven feet thick, casemated, and the whole flanked by two lofty square towers with loop-

[1] 2 Kings iii, 25.

holes for the archers. The other stronghold is the great citadel on the southern angle of the wall, an immense fortress, perhaps one thousand feet long, by half that distance wide, and from eight to ten stories high. Portions of this citadel belong to a very early period, but it was greatly strengthened and enlarged by Raynald and Godfrey of Boulogne, in the twelfth century. Taken altogether, this is the grandest ruin in Moab, and the greatest monument the Crusaders have left of their energy and power. The walls are of incredible thickness, and of the most massive masonry—vaults, arches, galleries, rising one above another to a bewildering height, and pierced by innumerable loop-holes. In the center are the remains of a large Christian church, with vaulted ceiling, once frescoed. Some of the paintings may still be faintly traced—one, the head of some saint with a corona, is quite distinct. A secret gallery cut through the solid rock connected the citadel with the castle. Somewhere on this high altar, perhaps on the esplanade where our tents are pitched and the American flag is waving, thirty centuries ago one of the most tragic scenes in our world's history was witnessed. The kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom, made war against Moab. They laid waste the whole land, and drove the Moabites with their king into this strong position, laying siege to the citadel. The battle became too sore for the King of Moab, and as a forlorn hope, with seven hundred men he undertook to cut his way out of his beleaguered castle, but in this he failed. Then, in his desperation, that he might fire his own army with increased ardor, and show to the enemy his determination to sacrifice every thing before surrendering, "he took his eldest son, who should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall,"[1] probably in full view of both armies;

[1] 2 Kings iii, 27.

rousing among his soldiers such a feeling of indignation against Israel as to cause the allies to raise the siege at once, "and return to their own land."

The Kerak Arabs are among the most treacherous and dangerous tribes east of the Jordan. We were the first Americans to pass through their territory, and on several occasions apprehended the most serious results, but by paying liberal backsheesh, with due prudence and firmness, managed to escape with our lives.

But the place of greatest interest to the Christian in all this land, so remarkable for its wonders, is the lonely fortress and castle of Machærus, mentioned by both Pliny and Strabo as among the strongest fortifications of the Jews, and where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded. About midway between Wady Zerka on the north and the River Arnon on the south, two of the deepest, wildest gorges that cut their way down to the Dead Sea from the east, on a bold spur of the mountain that projects westward from the main land, and appears to overhang the sea four thousand feet below, are the ruins of this celebrated fortress.

This spur is, perhaps, two miles long, sloping gradually toward the west, but is cut through about midway by two deep ravines, leaving in the center a high, almost perpendicular, conical hill, upon which stood the citadel and palace, the city covering the upper and lower terraces east and west of the Acropolis.

The place, naturally strong, was rendered almost invulnerable by numerous walls, ditches, and towers, the remains of which lie scattered over the ridge. No sooner had we pitched our tents, and unfurled the stars and stripes amid the ruins of the upper city, than we, in company with Dr. Ridgaway, hastened

off to the citadel, perhaps half a mile due west, ambitious to be the first Americans to enter this interesting ruin. Descending by the old road to the causeway thrown across the valley on the south-east by the Romans, when the stronghold was taken by Bassus, we began the fatiguing ascent, and after much climbing, scrambling, and falling, the writer was the first to reach the summit, and look out upon the grand panorama in front; for from this eminence the whole of the Dead Sea, with its desolate shores—Jerusalem, and all the hill country of Judea, Jericho, and the Valley of the Jordan stretching far away to the north, can be distinctly seen. The fortress was circular, about one thousand feet in circumference, the walls of which can still be traced, and, as described by Jewish historians, were of great strength, and one hundred and sixty cubits high, which may be correct, as the upper section of the cone appeared to be artificial, similar to that at Herodium. The valleys which formed the natural defenses of this fortress are of great depth, so deep, says one historian, "that the eye could not reach their bottom," which is strictly true, for when standing among the ruins on the summit of this lofty cone, we found it impossible to see some of our party in the abyss below, so precipitous are the sides and so deep the valleys.

Within the citadel was the royal palace, which to us is the chief point of interest, as the place of John's imprisonment and martyrdom. The palace, according to Josephus, was of "towering height and vastly beautiful," the ascent to which, from the lower city, was by a secret staircase, which also communicated with great cisterns cut in the sides of the mountain, one of which is ninety feet long, twenty wide, and thirty deep, hewn out of the solid rock, with steps leading down to it on the north.

Among the remains of the castle we found two vaulted dungeons, thirty feet long and twenty wide, near the wall on the south; in one of which, more than probably, the forerunner of Christ was beheaded. It was with peculiar emotions we hunted among the rubbish of ages for some memento of the place, and when we found the mouth-piece of an old earthen water-jar, we could not but think that perhaps the parched lips of the martyr might once have touched that piece of potter's clay. Very sad, indeed, to visit the scene of such painful events.

Josephus gives a full description of Machærus and its eventful history,[1] and the place in every particular answers the description. It was built by Alexander, son of Hyrcanus I., but afterward enlarged and strengthened by Herod the Great, who, to protect his Arabian frontier, made it the most formidable fortress east of the Jordan.

To this castle Herod Antipas brought Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, having first discarded his own wife, the daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia, with whom he had long happily lived. John at the same time was preaching and baptizing in the neighborhood. He was unsparing in his denunciations, and fearlessly told Herod "it was not lawful for him to have his brother's wife." This rebuke provoked the wrath of her with whom the king was living in adultery. At the instigation of Herodias John was at once arrested and cast into the prison of Machærus. And it was here that Herod, during the celebration of his birth-day, when surrounded by his court, to please the whims of this abandoned woman and to flatter the vanity of a dancing damsel, against his own better convictions, sent to the prison in the midnight hour and had this man of God beheaded.

[1] Jewish Wars, vii, 6.

Herod and his infamous mistress have long since gone to their reward, their palace lies in ruins, and their scepter has departed forever; but the voice they sought to hush in death may still be heard "crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and John the Baptist never preached more effectively than he does to-day from the prostrate walls and silent dungeons of Machærus. How strange that the scene of one of the most tragic events in Gospel history should so long remain unvisited by the Christian traveler; and more especially when we consider that the name has never been changed, M'khaur, the present name, being the exact Arabic of the Greek Machærus!

CHAPTER II.

HOT SPRINGS OF CALIRRHOË—THE MOABITE STONE.

Zurka Mâin—Enchanting Valley—Numerous Hot Springs—Delicious Bathing—Strange Legend—Fishing in Wady Wâleh—Dibon, Ancient Capital of Moab—Discovery of the Mesha Stone—Oldest Alphabetic Inscription—A lost Chapter of the Bible recovered.

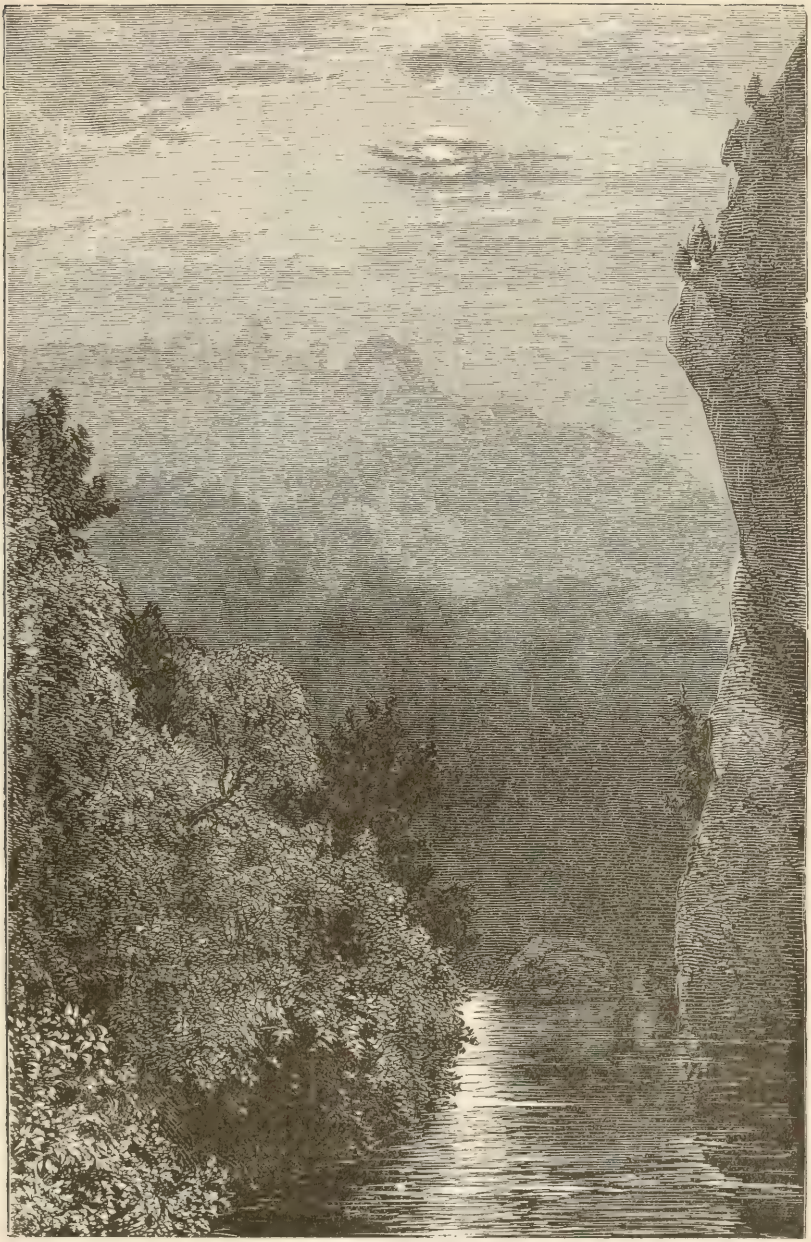
ONE of the most remarkable and romantic valleys in this land of wonders and romance is the Zurka Mâin, or Calirrhoë, celebrated for its hot springs, mentioned by Pliny and Josephus,[1] and to which Herod the Great resorted during his last illness—a wild gorge directly north of, and about three thousand feet below, Machærus. Riding out the old Roman road along the ridge north of M'khaur, we soon began the descent of the mountain to a lower terrace, where we found traces of a pre-historic race in numerous dolmens, tumuli, and curious stone circles composed of large basalt blocks, the inclosures being from two to three hundred feet in diameter. Sweeping round the head of Wady Z'gara, from which a grand view of the sea and country beyond is had, we continued our descent by a perilous path over fields of lava and scoria, very much like Vesuvius. Next, we came to the limestone bed, and below this to a strata of pure rock-salt of unknown thickness, cropping out of the mountain, and corresponding exactly with the formation at Jebel Usdum. It was a bold piece of engineering to construct a chariot road down such a declivity, but the old Romans did it, and did it well, as in places where our path

[1] Antiquities, xvii, 6.

crossed the old track we could still see its solid bed and side walls. After two hours of riding and walking, stumbling and falling, we reached safely the bottom of this deep gorge, which, for natural beauty, is without an equal. The valley, generally, is not more than fifty or one hundred yards wide, walled in with almost perpendicular cliffs from five hundred to one thousand feet high, as if rent asunder by some earthquake, reminding one very much of the cañons of California. The view through this chasm down to the Dead Sea is fearfully grand; for wildness nothing can surpass it in Palestine. On these towering cliffs the eagle, undisturbed, builds her nest, and the ibex, unpursued by man, leaps from crag to crag, while in the jungle at their base the wild boar and leopard still find a safe retreat.

Being one thousand feet lower than the level of the ocean, with a mild temperature, and well supplied with water, vegetation is prolific and the effect enchanting. Date-bearing palm-trees, with the juniper and tamarisk, grow in every nook and corner; thickets of oleanders, in full bloom, border the streams; dense cane-brakes wave their beautiful plumes in the air; wild tulips and geraniums, of most delicate tints, perfume the whole valley; mosses and maiden-hair ferns fringe the limpid fountains, and every rock appeared as set in a frame-work of flowers. The whole scene, gladdened by the voice of many waters, and the softer notes of the cuckoo and other warblers of the glen, makes this truly a lovely spot for sick and weary mortals.

There are ten hot springs in the distance of, perhaps, three miles. They are all on the north side of the gorge, four to six miles from the sea, and burst forth at the junction of the limestone with the red sandstone. Their temperature ranges from ninety to one hundred and forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. In testing one I found it impossible to hold my hand in the



ZURKA MAIN—CALIRRHOE.

water over half a second. It was rather amusing to see the horses jump when they stepped into these seething fountains. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and where it issues from the mountain leaves a sulphurous deposit, in some instances acres in extent. This deposit increases from year to year, so that some of the springs, immediately below their source, are entirely covered to a depth of from fifty to one hundred feet, just as ice forms over a running brook in winter. In some places there are crevices in this crust from which the heated air and steam escape, affording a grand vapor bath. Where the water forms into cascades the rocks, shrubs, and even trees, are incrusted with the sulphur, giving them the appearance of beautiful coral formations. In one place, in particular, at the foot of a water-fall, large palm-trees were petrified or turned into sulphur, and crumbled like chalk to the touch. A few steps, however, from the springs, vegetation flourishes as in tropical climes.

Bathing here is as great a novelty as luxury. Almost any temperature of water can be enjoyed, as hot and cold streams frequently flow side by side in the same channel, for some distance, without commingling. On the one side, where the cold stream flows, all is life—fish abound, and flowers bloom along the shore; on the other side, where the hot water runs, all is death, not a thing that hath life can be found in the stream or on its banks. In bathing, you can first plunge into a pool seemingly hot enough to scald you, then with a bound leap into another cold enough to chill you; or you can lie with your head in the cold water, and your feet in the warm. And quite a novel and pleasing sensation is experienced by lying on your back in the middle of the stream with half your body in cold water, and the other half in hot; one side almost parboiled, the other de-

lightfully cool. What a place for a sanitarium! I know of nothing like it.

On the plateau directly north of these springs is the traditional field where Elijah, on his return from Horeb, met Elisha "plowing with twelve yoke of oxen."[1] There is nothing surprising in this statement. I have seen as many as twenty yoke of oxen plowing at the same time in the same field.

Our party were the first Americans to visit these remarkable springs, which for more than two thousand years have been celebrated for their healing properties. This was the great resort of the Romans in the days of the Empire, but we could find no trace of Herod's marble baths; every thing being buried beneath the sulphurous deposits of twenty centuries. The few Bedouins who come here to be cured of their infirmities believe firmly in the virtue of the water, and have a tradition that these fountains flow from the lower regions, and are allowed to escape lest the unfortunate doomed should bathe in their healing waters and be restored to life again.

Leaving these springs, and continuing up the valley to its head, we rode over a rocky ridge into Wady Wâleh, a branch of the Arnon, where we encamped for the night in a grove of flowering oleanders. An old Roman road once crossed the valley at this point on a bridge of five stone arches, now in ruins; the paved road-bed may still be seen, and on some of the mile-stones can still be read the name of the Emperor Severus. We saw illustrated here how "the waters wear the stones." The bed of the stream is a soft limestone, and the waters have worn it into a thousand different channels, cavities, and pools, of every fantastic form: some of them have the shape of bath-tubs, in one of which we took a refreshing swim; others are

[1] 1 Kings xix, 19.

THE MOABITE STONE.

larger, and full of fish, of which we caught enough for breakfast. The fish, not being acquainted with modern tactics, were easily taken with a pin-hook. The natives thought the fish very foolish for biting, and said, "They caught themselves, for if they didn't bite, they wouldn't be caught."

Striking our tents at an early hour we soon gained the high, rich plateau immediately north of the Arnon, dotted with flocks and herds, and yellow with fields of wheat and barley, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, was slain when he gave battle to the Israelites after refusing them the privilege of passing through his territory. A ride of a few miles over this fertile plain—the grass in some places up to our horses' knees—brought us to the ruins of Dibon, the ancient capital of Moab, where the celebrated Mesha stone was found.

Among all the discoveries of modern times none possess greater interest to the linguist, historian, and biblical scholar, than "The Moabite Stone." Apart from the light it sheds upon an obscure portion of Jewish history, it is of great value to the archæologist as the oldest specimen of alphabetic writing extant—dating back at least to 890 B. C. The Assyrian inscriptions are older than the Moabite, but they are not a language of letters; the arrow-headed character being used to denote whole words. The hieroglyphics of Egypt are older, but they are symbolic writing, not alphabetic. Among the Egyptians a lamp signified life; a jackal, cunning; a waving line, running water; so that the finding of this stone has helped greatly to settle the long-disputed question as to the origin of letters and the art of writing. It also shows clearly that the Semitic nations east of the Jordan were more civilized than is generally admitted; that they practiced writing nearly a thousand years before Christ, if not much earlier; that they had a complete

alphabet of their own language, and kept correct records of important events; that in writing, the same characters were used by all the Semitic nations; and that the Phœnician and Hebrew alphabets are closely allied, if not identical, in their origin. It also illustrates the history of our own language, for the whole of the Greek alphabet is here found in its primitive state, not only similar to, but scarcely distinguishable from, the Phœnician; answering fully the objections that have been made to Psalm cxix, and other alphabetical Psalms; and showing that the Greeks must have received their entire alphabet from the East, which is very likely, since it appears that Cadmus signifies the Orient, and is not a proper name. And what is singular, we find on this stone many of the letters of our own alphabet, showing that the characters in use to-day are very similar to those used in the days of Moses.

This is the first fragment recovered of Moabite literature, and all that is extant except what is preserved in the Mosaic records. The finding of this stone is like the recovery of a lost chapter from the inspired volume, and, without doing violence to the text, might be added to the Second Book of Kings. The first chapter of that book opens with the declaration, "Then Moab rebelled against Israel after the death of Ahab." The subject then changes, and nothing more is said of this revolt till we come to the third chapter, when the kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom, go forth to suppress the rebellion. On this monument we have the particulars given us of this war, who the king of Moab was, where he lived, the cities he built, the god he worshiped, how he took Nebo, what he did with the prisoners, and finally, in his desperation, sacrificing his eldest son, and heir to his throne, on the esplanade of his citadel at Kerak, in sight of all Israel.

For near three thousand years this inscription had been lying among the rubbish of a ruined city. Its preservation was entirely owing to the quality of the stone upon which it was engraved—hard, black basalt, requiring a diamond to cut it—and its discovery was purely accidental. The first European to see it was Rev. F. A. Kline, an English clergyman of Jerusalem, who was passing through Moab, and had his attention called to it by a friendly Arab in the summer of 1868. The value of the stone was not known at first, and for more than a year it remained where first found, on the surface of the ground, in a depression between two hills covered with ruins, in the northwest corner of Dibon. When discovered it was lying with the inscription uppermost, and in a perfect state of preservation; but unfortunately, through a rivalry that sprang up among the Bedouins in reference to the backsheesh, the Ishmaelite, Saleem el Karî, who first found it, kindled a fire beneath the stone, and by throwing cold water upon it when heated, broke this invaluable monument of antiquity into ten thousand pieces. About seven tenths of the fragments were afterward recovered, and are now in the Louvre, at Paris. There were over one thousand neatly cut letters on the tablet arranged in thirty-four lines. About seven hundred of these letters have been secured, which, with the "squeezes" taken before and after its destruction, give a pretty correct idea of the record.

The language is very expressive, and the sentences carefully punctuated. It was probably placed by the king in front of some temple to commemorate his victories; and from the facts set forth, we learn that after Solomon's reign Moab again became an independent nation; that it was known then as the land of Moab or Meab; that Mesha was king, and Dibon its capital; that they were oppressed forty years by the house of

Omri, father of Ahab and founder of Samaria; that Jehovah was generally known among the nations as Israel's God, and Chemosh as the god of the Moabites. Mesha goes to war with Israel, and this monumental slab was erected to commemorate his deeds.

We are indebted to that eminent archæologist, Clermont-Ganneau, for the most correct translation of this invaluable record. Other portions of the stone have more recently been recovered by M. Clermont-Ganneau, from whom we learn, in addition to the above, that the name of Mesha's father was Chamos-Gad; that he was a native of Dibon; and among other exploits took Ar, or Rabbath-Moab, and slew Ariel, probably Benaiah, one of David's mighty men, who had slain two lion-like men of Moab.[1]

How strange that a chapter from the word of God, after lying for nearly thirty centuries among the ruins of a pagan temple, should thus be found by a Christian missionary traveling through the land!

The Bible does not claim to narrate all the events of the past, only the most important, and such as relate to God's purposes in the redemption of man. So, really, we are no wiser religiously, by this discovery. Still, it is gratifying in this age of skepticism, when the authenticity of the Scriptures is often called into question, to find among the vestiges of a former remote civilization such a record of Jewish history, and to recover from King Mesha's own royal library, a lapidary volume fully corroborating the truth of revelation.

[1] 2 Samuel xxiii, 20.

CHAPTER III

MOUNT PISGAH.

Its Identity Established—Wady Musa—The Outpourings of Pisgah—High Places of Baal—King's Highway—Moabite Images—Grand Outlook.

THE dream of my life has at last been realized. From boyhood I had been singing in my heart,

"Could I but climb where Moses stood."

That desire has just been gratified. My feet have stood on Pisgah, and with my natural vision I have looked beyond the Jordan, and viewed "the landscape o'er."

Few places mentioned in the Bible have been more frequently discussed than the situation of Pisgah. Yet, down to the present, its precise locality had been undetermined. This was owing to the danger attending a thorough exploration of the country, from the hostility of the Bedouins to all foreigners, especially Christians. All these tribes are uncivilized and rapacious, and it would be madness to attempt to go through their territory without permission and proper escort. We had many adventures with these wild sons of Ishmael, on two occasions being compelled at midnight, Arab-like,

"To fold our tents and steal away."

We, however, accomplished our purpose: making safely the tour of Moab and Edom, and, at least to our own satisfaction, fixing many localities hitherto unknown—among them the Pisgah of Moses.

All who have investigated the subject will admit that this mountain must be in the immediate vicinity designated. To our mind the arguments adduced are conclusive in fixing its locality on the highest summit of the Nebo range, known among the natives as Jebel Neby, or Mountain of the Prophet, a bold promontory about five miles west of Heshbon, where the mountain breaks off abruptly, falling in rocky terraces down to the Salt Sea and plain of Shittim, four thousand feet below.

In determining the position of this mountain we have to rely upon the scriptural account and natural topography of the country. The inspired record is sufficiently clear on the subject: "And Moses went up from the Plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho," etc.[1] Here are several conditions to be met in determining its locality. Pisgah must overlook the Dead Sea and Plains of Moab. There must be an easy ascent to its top from the valley below. It must stand opposite to or facing Jericho; must have two or more summits, with a ravine separating it from Bethpeor, and a field capable of cultivation on its top, with springs of water flowing from beneath it; and, finally, it must command a view of the whole of Western Palestine, and trans-Jordanic Palestine, from Dan to Zoar. Now, all these conditions are met in the locality we have given.

Nebo is the name of the mountain—a spur of the "Abarim" range. This mountain has several summits, which answer to the "high places of Baal," to which Balak brought Baalam. Pisgah, which signifies the height, we very properly apply to the highest of these summits, and the only one from which the "utmost sea," and other points mentioned in the narrative, can

[1] Deuteronomy xxxiv, 2.

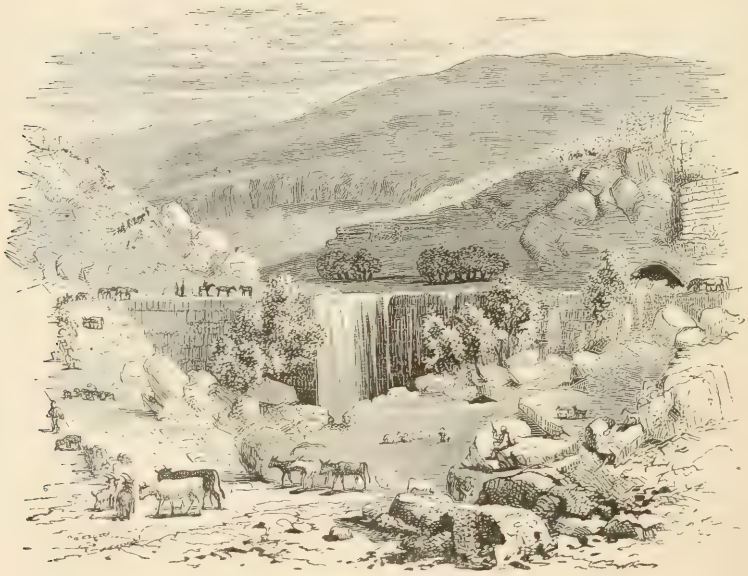
be seen. Ruins, as of an old altar, are found upon this hill; we, however, attach but little importance to this circumstance, as the remains of altars and temples are found on all the "high places of Moab."

There can be no doubt as to the place where the Israelites were encamped at the time of their leader's death. It is definitely given, "On the Plains of Moab, by Jordan, *near* Jericho."[1] This alone should settle the position of Pisgah; as Moses locates it directly east of the Jordan, overlooking the Plains of Moab, and facing Jericho, which is the exact position of the mountain for which we contend. By referring to the interview between Balak and Balaam, you will find that the king of Moab brought the Assyrian prophet to the "field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah;"[2] which literally means to the cultivated field on the "top of Pisgah," and very truthfully applies to this mountain. As we rode over the undulating ridge to the east it looked like a beautiful meadow, with here and there cultivated patches—the wheat in some places up to our saddle-skirts, and even on the top and down the slopes of the mountain we found fig and juniper-trees growing; and in one place discovered an old wine-press ten feet by eight cut in the solid rock, two feet deep, showing that there must have been at one time vineyards here.

Moses, in assigning to the children of Reuben their portion of the territory, names, among other places, Dibon, Heshbon, and "Ashdoth-Pisgah"—the outpourings or "springs of Pisgah," as rendered in our translation.[3] Here we have natural landmarks by which Pisgah may be determined to a certainty; it being the highest peak, opposite and nearest Jericho, from beneath which the fountains pour.

[1] Numbers xxxi, 12. [2] Numbers xxiii, 14. [3] Deuteronomy iv, 49.

Sweeping round the base of this mountain on the east and north is a deep ravine, extending down to the Jordan, up which Moses could easily have ascended from the plain to the top; and, what is remarkable, this valley is still called by the Arabs Wady Musa—the Valley of Moses. Near the head of this ravine, bursting from beneath the highest summit, are a number of living springs of clear, pure, cool water, forming



SPRINGS OF MOSES.

quite a brook, that leaps in beautiful cascades down the mountain side. These springs are known as Ayun Musa—Springs of Moses—and correspond exactly with the outpourings of Pisgah. In fact, one of the springs literally pours from a natural tunnel in the limestone rock, and, after flowing a short distance along the projecting cliff, at one bound leaps fully fifty feet into the gorge below. These springs are an argument in favor of this

locality, which will not apply to any other mountain east of the Jordan.

After the Lord showed his servant "the land which he sware unto Abraham," it is recorded that Moses died, and was "buried in a valley over against Beth-peor." Now, directly east of this mountain, across Wady Musa, is another eminence, with the tomb of some sheik and ruins upon it, which in every respect answers to Beth-peor; that is, the House of Peor, or place where Baal-Peor, the god of the Moabites, was worshiped. This deity corresponds with the Roman Priapus, and is iden

MOABITE IMAGES FOUND NEAR PISGAH.

tical with Chemosh, the national god of the Moabites, whose name is frequently mentioned on the celebrated Moabite stone, found at Dibon, only a few miles south of this.

The religious rites attending the worship of Baal-Peor were of the most indecent character, as the name indicates, and as may be seen from the idols and coins recently found in Moab; and it is a singular coincidence that within a few years hundreds of obscene idols of this god, made chiefly of terra-cotta, have been found in this vicinity, and are now on exhibition in the Berlin museum. When the children of Israel entered the

country and pitched their tents "before Nebo," they became enamored with the daughters of Moab, and joined in the worship of this deity, thus provoking the anger of the Lord, who sent a plague upon them, and destroyed twenty-four thousand of the people for their apostasy. The identity of this place we regard as additional proof in support of our position.

The valley over against Beth-peor is, beyond doubt, Wady Musa, or the deep ravine between Pisgah and Beth-peor, which leads down to the Plains of Moab, and up which Moses made the ascent of Pisgah, and the same down which the children of Israel may have passed. Ayun Musa, or the Springs of Moses, referred to above, are also in this ravine, pouring down from over a shelving rock their limpid waters, causing the whole valley to rejoice. Here, it is said, the servant of God rested on his weary way up the mountain. Poor pilgrim! another halt, and thou shalt reach thy journey's end! Slake thy thirst for the last time; for from the peak that towers above thy head thy pure, meek spirit shall return to God. There are many caves and rock-tombs in the side of Pisgah facing Beth-peor; and if the great prophet was not translated, no doubt somewhere in this lovely valley, among the blooming lilies and babbling waterfalls, forever concealed from mortal eyes by the wild flowers and ferns that hang in drapery rich from every cliff, is the grave of Moses—God's faithful servant, and earth's greatest lawgiver.

Having carefully examined all the mountains from the Jabbok to the Arnon, we are fully persuaded this is the only one that can fulfill all the conditions in the scriptural account—Mount Gilead being too far north, and Attarus entirely too far south. Then, neither of these mountains are opposite Jericho; there never could have been a cultivated field on their rocky

summits; they do not overlook the Plains of Moab, and the outlook from their tops is too circumscribed.

The Pisgah we contend for meets all these conditions; the scriptural topography harmonizing exactly with the actual facts. We have here the Nebo range, with "the high places of Baal"—the mountain with two summits facing Jericho, with the springs gushing from beneath it; Beth-peor on the east, with Wady Musa sloping gently down to the plain; and on the top, traces of a cultivated field, from which can be had the most extensive view in all the land. This site agrees with both Jerome and Eusebius, who locate Pisgah "six miles to the west of Heshbon"—the exact distance by the old road; and also with Drs. Strong and Ridgaway, with whom the writer first visited this mountain; and in all essentials, with Prof. Paine, who, however, contends for the more westerly peak.

In examining this locality, much to our surprise we found, on a second projection of Nebo, about half a mile west of Pisgah, extensive ruins of a city not marked on any map. In some places the walls were standing twenty feet high; many prostrate columns were lying about, as if thrown down by an earthquake; we also found large cisterns, rock-hewn tombs, and massive foundations as of a strongly fortified place, in all probability the remains of the city of Nebo. The ruins indicated a remote antiquity, as there was no trace of Grecian or Roman architecture among them. Nebo is mentioned among the cities rebuilt by the tribe of Reuben, and was built, doubtless, on this second knoll for defensive purposes. Eusebius refers to it, and locates it in this neighborhood. Isaiah classifies it with Heshbon, Dibon, and Baal-Meon, all in this vicinity; and Jeremiah, in denouncing the judgments of God upon Moab, exclaims, "Woe unto Nebo, for it is spoiled—judg

ment is come upon Dibon and Nebo—Moab shall howl over Nebo."

We also found the track of an old paved road in good preservation, with the side walls standing, leading from this city in the direction of Aroer, which undoubtedly is the "KING'S HIGHWAY," by which the Israelites entered Canaan! From the Mosaic record it appears they came by this highway to the "top of Pisgah," pitching their tents "in the mountains of Abarim, before Nebo,"[1] that is, in the valley or table-land, "over against Beth-peor."[2] The discovery of this city and road we consider, apart from the interest they possess, an additional argument in support of the identity of Pisgah, establishing beyond controversy its site, leaving no longer a doubt as to the verity of the spot where "Moses, the servant of the Lord," closed his eyes on earth.[3]

The view from the top of this mountain is sublimely grand. Nothing on earth can equal it in sacred and historic interest. I shall never forget the rapture of that vision. At our feet the Sea of Death rolled its sullen waves over the once fertile Plain of Siddim. To the north, the winding course of the Jordan could be traced to its fountain head, with Hermon, standing like an old sentinel with frosty locks, guarding the source of "the river of God." To the west, the mountains of Western Palestine, dotted with cities and villages, were spread out like a panorama before us. Far away to the south was Mount Hor, throwing her misty veil over the grave of Aaron on its highest summit. Far away to the north, "goodly Lebanon," still clothed in her wintry robes. On our left, Hebron loomed up in the distance, as if proud of her sacred charge—the tomb of the patriarchs. On our right, tinged with a bluish haze, were the Galilean hills,

[1] Numbers xxxiii, 47. [2] Deuteronomy iii, 29. [3] Deuteronomy xxxiv, 5.

with Nazareth nestling on their bosom. Directly in front of us was the "city of palm-trees;" and just back of it, the mountain of Christ's temptation, and the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens; and beyond, Herodium, the mausoleum of that monster—Herod the Great. And still beyond, near the summit of the Judean mountains, Bethlehem, to the Christian the most sacred spot on earth; and a little to the north, Jerusalem, so beautiful for situation, and hallowed in its associations; and close by, Olivet, beaming in the sunlight like the gate-way to glory; and just beyond, Neby Samwel, where Israel's last judge lived, died, and awaits the resurrection. Still farther north could be seen Gerizim and Ebal, overlooking the well of Jacob and the tomb of Joseph; and beyond, Carmel, stretching away to the "utmost sea," the Mediterranean Sea. Then came the depression of the Plain of Esdraelon, guarded by Tabor and Gilboa; scenes of some of the most stirring events in sacred history. The Mount of Beatitudes was only partly seen, but east of the Jordan, Mizpah-Gilead, where Jacob and Laban last parted, was in full view, with the tomb of Hosea on its summit. And eastward, as far as the Hauran and Mountains of Arabia, rolled the Belka, the beautiful Belka—one vast fertile plain, fragrant with flowers, and covered with the flocks, herds, and black tents of the Bedouins, who now roam at will over the ruins of those giant cities that mark the march of civilization, and clearly indicate that

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Words, however, can never describe the grand outlook from this lofty eminence. Only such as have enjoyed the prospect can fully appreciate it.

CHAPTER IV.

LAND OF GILEAD.

Mount Gilead—Name Applied to all Eastern Palestine—Home of Elijah—Jephthah—Ramoth-Gilead—Remarkable Ruins—Arak el Emir—Jerash—Pella—Gadara—Balm of Gilead.

THE mountainous district lying north of Moab, and extending along the Jordan like a massive wall from its mouth to the lower spurs of Hermon, was known as Gilead, deriving its name from Mount Gilead,[1] or Mizpah Galeed, where Jacob and Laban had their last interview, and set up their memorial stones as a witness between them. This country was early conquered and absorbed by Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan.[2] It afterward belonged to Gad, and though the name survived, and sometimes applied to the whole of Eastern Palestine,[3] the aboriginal inhabitants became extinct.

The Adwan tribe of Bedouins, of which Ali Diab is sheik, now hold the country, and have generally been friendly to Americans. We have visited their camp frequently, and always received a hearty welcome. The sheik's tent can be easily distinguished from the rest by the number of lances stuck in the ground around it, with shafts from twelve to fourteen feet long, and often ornamented with tufts of black or white ostrich feathers near the blade. These plumes are their battle-flags, and the warriors who carry the black feathers on their spears are the invincibles, who never retreat, surrender, or show mercy; but those with white plumes will both grant

[1] Genesis xxxi, 25–49. [2] Joshua xii, 1–5. [3] Deuteronomy iii, 12.

favors and ask for quarters. Hence the familiar saying, "Show the white feather." Their entertainments are usually given in the sheik's tent, without any great display or ceremony, the guests sitting on mats or rugs spread on the ground, and all eating out of the same large dish. Such articles as knives, forks,

ALI DIAB, SHEIK OF THE ADWANS.

spoons, and plates, are unknown among them. If you are a person of distinction, and the sheik desires to show you great respect, he will seat you on his left, then dip his hand into the mess of pottage first, and, taking out a piece of the kid or

handful of lentiles, thrust it into your mouth, almost choking you; but woe betide the guest who refuses this special mark of attention. All visitors are required to conform to these usages. As "when in Rome we do as the Romans do," so, on the same principle, when in Turkey we must do as the *Turkeys* do, that is, gobble every thing down. After the repast the dogs lick the platter, when it is set aside all ready for the next meal, no washing of dishes being required. Liberal backsheesh is generally expected in return for their hospitality.

ARABS EATING.

Among so many mountains it is difficult at this late date to determine the particular eminence where Laban overtook Jacob, and that gave its name to this whole province. It, however, is generally conceded to Jebel Jil'ad, the Arabic of Mount Gilead, a peak that rises to the height of four thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and not only retains the name, but meets all the conditions, of the text. This mountain is also known as Jebel Osha, from the reputed tomb of the Prophet Hosea being on its summit; and is supposed to be Mizpah-Gilead, where Jephthah made the rash vow which cost the life of

his only child, whose untimely death the maidens of the land still lament, by the annual observance of a day of mourning on this lofty mountain. David, when driven from his kingdom by the wrathful Saul, found here an asylum for himself and parents. Elijah was a native of Gilead, and from the plain below, near the Jordan, mounted the heavens in his chariot of fire. As we rode over the same plain, a whirlwind swept across our path, and we could almost fancy we saw the fiery prophet ascend the skies.

Sweeping round the base of this mountain on the north is the river Jabbok and the ford where Jacob spent the night he prevailed with God; and only half an hour's ride from here is Ramoth Gilead, so celebrated in Jewish history as one of the cities of refuge, where Ahab received his mortal wound, and the impetuous Jehu was anointed king of Israel.

The view from this eminence is magnificent; in some respects even finer than from Nebo, taking in the entire Jordan Valley and all Western Palestine from Lebanon on the north to the Dead Sea on the south. This was the landscape on which Abraham first gazed as he journeyed over this same mountain on his way to the Promised Land. Some have contended that this Mount is the Pisgah of Moses, but no one who has ever visited the two mountains will entertain such an idea for a moment. Except in the extensive outlook, Jebel Jil'ad does not fulfill a single condition of the true Pisgah; then, it is at least twenty miles too far north. On the summit of this mountain the naked rock crops out, forming a natural watch-tower from which a beacon light could be seen half over Palestine. Excavated in this rock are some curious tombs and cisterns, with steps leading down to them, and under the ledge that projects toward the west three large caves, forty feet

square, one with seats cut in the rock round three sides, with a recess facing the entrance, as if designed for a place of worship or council chamber. As we entered one of these caves the largest eagle I ever saw flew out, an auspicious omen, the Arabs say. This was Israel's great rendezvous. Here they held their councils of war, and probably in these caverns Jephthah and his desperadoes laid their plans for the reconquest of the country from the Amorites.

This whole land at one time must have been thickly populated and highly civilized. Every few miles you come upon the remains of cities, some of them dating back to the days of the Rephaim. The great number of these ruins prove a dense population; and the magnitude and elegance of their works, their numerous reservoirs and aqueducts, their well-paved roads and rock-hewn tombs, their wine and oil presses, and the inscriptions in some instances found upon their monuments, evince a high degree of civilization.

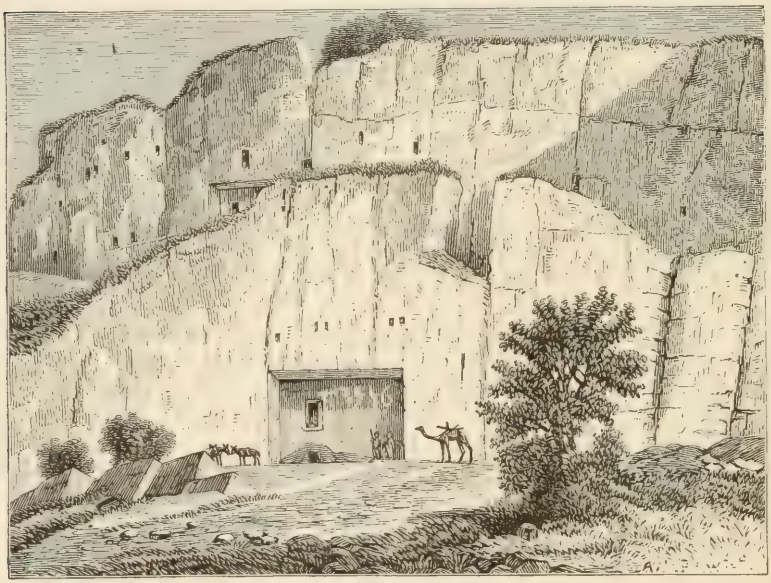
The Castle of Hyrcanus, about fifteen miles south of Mount Gilead, is one of the most remarkable ruins in Peræa. It was built by Hyrcanus I., an Asmonean prince, one hundred and ninety years before Christ, on a terrace of the mountain twenty-five hundred feet above the Jordan, a secure position, near the source of a mountain stream, abounding with fish, and shaded with large trees. On a knoll in the center of this beautiful plateau, surrounded by a strong wall and deep fosse, stood the castle or fortress. The only entrance to it was by a massive gate-way of large beveled stones, well dressed, with a beading running up the angles. The frieze of this portal was an enormous stone, in the Ionic style, and very beautiful. There was a colonnade in front of the castle composed of plain and fluted columns with Ionic and Egyptian capitals—rather a strange

medley. The building itself was constructed of great stone slabs, hard as marble, from fifteen to twenty feet long, by ten feet wide and two feet thick, just the thickness of the wall. These slabs stood on their edge, and were held together by knobs about eight inches square, cut on the upper edge of the lower stones and fitting snugly in corresponding sockets in the

CASTLE OF HYRCANUS.

next course above, and so on to the topmost course. No mortar or iron clamps were used. Above the second course, or twenty feet from the foundation, ran a Doric belt-course, highly ornamented, and above this a frieze twelve feet high, formed of colossal sculptured slabs, with enormous lions in *alto*

relievo; and above this, still another entablature and frieze in the Ionic style. Most of this once beautiful edifice is now in ruins—fragments of broken columns and cornices strew the ground; but the foundations and several courses of the walls, and a few of the sculptured slabs, are yet *in situ*, having resisted the storms and earthquakes of more than two thousand years. The account of this palace, as given by Josephus,[1] is very correct, to which the reader is referred for details.



ARAK EL EMIR.

Ten minutes' walk from the castle is Arak el Emir, the rock dwelling and stables of the prince, a perfect labyrinth of dark passages and haunted cells. The road from the fortress to this rock castle is clearly defined by two rows of squared perforated stones, standing a few feet apart, as if for some kind of a signal

[1] Antiquities, xii. 4.

or railing. This unique castle consists of numerous halls, chambers, and stables cut in the solid rock, and rising tier above tier in the face of a bold cliff, almost inaccessible.

The first hall you enter is a large square room with vaulted ceiling and cornice, perhaps a council chamber or banqueting hall. On the right of the entrance is a mutilated inscription in old Samaritan characters. Still higher up we reach by a very steep and difficult path a narrow passage or rent in the rock, which leads to a long range of cells for all purposes—some for feasting and sleeping; others for attendants and guards; in some instances several cells communicating. One apartment designed for a stable, was large enough for at least a hundred horses; the feeding and watering troughs, and holes for fastening the halters, all hewn out of the native rock.

The approach to all these caves is difficult, and to some dangerous, it being necessary in places to creep along a narrow ledge on your hands and feet. The doorways generally are so small that not more than one person can enter at a time. The only entrance to one suite of apartments was by a small hole through the floor of the cell above, concealed by a stone slab, rendering it impossible for an enemy to force an entrance, as the trap-door would only admit one man at a time, and he would have to drop himself from the ceiling to the floor, at least fifteen feet, on barbed pikes. There is a deep cistern connected with these apartments, and in all probability it was here that Hyrcanus ended his unhappy life. When he built this stronghold and cut out these numerous hiding-places in the cliffs of the mountain, he fancied himself secure; but being naturally timid and suspicious was kept by his enemies in a constant state of alarm, and after seven miserable years, committed suicide in one of these cells, when Antiochus Epiphanes laid

siege to the castle and fortress. One feels very sad wandering through these dark passages and tomb-like cells, once the seat of royalty, now the habitation of wild beasts and the wilder children of the desert. Alexander, who built the fortress of Machærus, was the son of this Hyrcanus.

Crossing the Jabbok at Jacob's ford, we began the ascent of the Mountains of Ajlûn, covered with forests of oak, fir, and terebinth. It was somewhere in these forests that the rebellious

OAK OF BASHAN.

Absalom came to his ignoble death. The stiff, shaggy branches of the oak hang very low, and unless a person is careful he is likely to meet with the same mishap that befell this young man. Riding carelessly under one of these trees I was caught by the low boughs round the neck, and would have been lifted from the saddle and left dangling in the air had my horse not suddenly stopped.

Two hours of climbing over hills and rocks, through jungles

SOUTHERN GATE-WAY TO JERASH—MAHANAIM

and park-like forests, brought us to an open country of low, rounded ridges and verdant valleys, running north and south, and covered with the remains of a once magnificent city known among the natives as Gerasa or Jerash. In some respects, these ruins are more imposing and extensive than any others in Syria; not so colossal as those at Baalbec, but equally classical and more vast. It appears to have been a city of palaces, temples, and other public edifices; and one is perplexed to know where the people came from to fill these theaters and numerous temples.

Though most of the city is a heap of ruins, much of its ancient grandeur remains. Colonnades fully a mile in length, crossing each other at right angles, may still be traced. Triumphal arches of rich design, spanning the streets at different points, may still be seen. One of several bridges over the valley and stream which ran through the midst of the city, may still be crossed. Grand gate-ways, towers, theaters, baths, and other public buildings, some almost entire, are still standing. Of the Forum alone, fifty-seven columns, with their entablature, remain erect, and throughout the city not less than five times that number are still *in situ*, with thousands of others lying prostrate and broken at their base. The Temple of the Sun, of which only eleven columns of the portico remain, must have been a gem of Grecian art. Many inscriptions may still be seen on pedestal, column, and architrave, but nothing earlier than the Greek and Roman period, though there is every reason for believing that this city existed long before that period. The first mention made of Jerash in history is by Josephus, who gives an account of the taking of the place by Alexander Janneus, B. C. 85,[1] showing that it must have existed prior to

[1] Jewish Wars, i, 4, 8.

that date. And from the fact that Mahanaim, where Jacob met the angels,[1] about this time mysteriously disappears from history, and Jerash as suddenly springs into notice, this city is now generally believed to be the place where the Lord appeared to Jacob, and to which David fled for protection from Absalom, and mourned so piteously over his son's death. It is also supposed that the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm was written here.[2] The valley of the Jabbok, through which David must have fled, with his enemies lurking behind every rock, would represent forcibly "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," and the shepherds watching their flocks would naturally suggest the Lord's constant care for his people. Not a soul is now living on the site of this once opulent city. The place is entirely deserted. With some difficulty we clambered up into the room over the southern gate—a very antique and curious ruin, with foliage round the bases of the columns—where it is supposed David received the first news of his son's death; and when there, we could almost fancy we heard that stricken father exclaiming in all the anguish of his soul, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"[3]

Twenty miles north-west of Jerash, on a terrace of the mountain overlooking, and about a thousand feet above, the Jordan Valley, a few standing columns near the foundations of some old buildings, and some rock-hewn tombs in the side of the mountain near the remains of a temple or church, mark the site of ancient Pella, which possesses no interest to the general reader except as the city of refuge for the Christians during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus.

[1] Genesis xxxii, 1.
[2] 2 Samuel xviii, 33.
[3] See Sermon by Rev. Stopford Brooke.

Gadara, the most northern city of Gilead, was situated on a north-western spur of the mountains just south of the Sea of Galilee, where the river Hieromax empties into the Jordan, and on the highway between Jerusalem and Damascus, along which the Israelites probably traveled when taken captives to Babylon. As at Jerash, a colonnade street ran through the city, the columns of which are all lying among the rubbish of ages, but

RUINS OF GADARA.

the paved road-bed, with the ruts worn by chariot wheels, may still be distinctly seen. The remains of extensive fortifications, two theaters, and what appears to have been the Forum, are easily traced out; also the ruins of the Cathedral of Gadara. North-east of the city are many rock-cut tombs similar to those about Jerusalem, some quite large, with stone doors still swinging on

their stone hinges. We found several of these tombs occupied by a low, desperate class of natives, recalling the visit of Christ to this neighborhood, and the healing of the demoniac who came out of the tombs, and met Jesus as he landed from the ship.[1] This miracle, it will be observed, was not wrought at Gadara, but "in the country of the Gadarenes," of which Gadara was the capital, or, according to Strabo, "in the territory of Gadara," which extended to the Sea of Galilee.

This was one of the cities of the Decapolis, and at one time the capital of Peræa. It was first taken by Antiochus the Great B. C. 218, afterward rebuilt by Pompey, and again captured and destroyed by Vespasian, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. Again it was rebuilt, and became the seat of an episcopal see, but never recovered from its conquest by the Mohammedans; and all that remains of this once opulent city is a confused heap of ruins.

The old stone bridge over the Jordan, and the only one over that river now passable, and the same very likely by which Saul crossed on his way to Damascus, is a little south-west of this and in tolerable preservation.

Among the rare plants indigenous to this country is the celebrated shrub or tree from which the balm of Gilead was extracted, once the great specific for all diseases peculiar to the East. It is an aromatic tree with long slender twigs thickly covered with sharp thorns, still found growing about Jericho, and along the Jordan in Gilead, commonly known as the Arabian Nubk, or *Spina Christa*, and is probably the tree from which the Saviour's crown of thorns was woven. And may not Jeremiah have referred to the crowning of our Lord with thorns, and to the blood which flowed from the peerless

[1] Mark v, 1–21.

brow of Christ, when he, in the bitterness of his soul, inquired, "Is there no balm in Gilead?"[1]

This most precious gum was generally obtained by making an incision in the bark of the shrub; it also oozed from the leaves, and hung in drops like honey from the branches. The tree, which originally was only found in Palestine, was transplanted to Egypt by Cleopatra, to whom the groves near Jericho were presented by Marc Antony. The plant was afterward taken to Arabia and grown in the vicinity of Mecca, whence the balsam is now brought to Europe and America, not as balm from Gilead, but balsam from Mecca.

The gardens around Heliopolis and the Fountain of the Sun, in Egypt, no longer produce this rare specific for suffering mortals, and it has long since ceased to be an article of export from Gilead; but the more precious balm it typified is still offered "without money and without price" to a dying world.

[1] Jeremiah viii, 22.

CHAPTER V.

STONE CITIES OF BASHAN.

Giant Tribes of Men—Land of the Giants—Present Population—Patriarchal Character—Deserted Cities—Adraha—Bozrah—Salcah.

THESE are the ruins described by Mr. Porter as the Giant Cities of Bashan; but whether there ever was a race of men much larger than the present remains to be proven. At a very early period, when the mode of living was more simple, and the habits of the people more hardy, certain tribes, under favorable circumstances, may have attained an unusual height and extraordinary strength; still, from the statements of the most ancient historians, from the human remains found in the oldest tombs, and from the dimensions of their dwellings and the size of their armor, it does not appear that the early inhabitants of the world differed materially from the present race. True, the Bible makes mention of the fact, that "there were giants in the earth in those days;"[1] but we are only to understand from this that they were wicked, ferocious men; men of violence and blood; men of strong animal passions, who oppressed and plundered the weak and defenseless. The Hebrew word *nephilim*, which is rendered giant, literally signifies earth-born or fallen, men of depravity, strong, bull-necked, muscular men, of which "the earth was full" after the fall; but it nowhere represents them of great size, such as the term giant in modern parlance implies.

The Rephaims, or first settlers of Bashan, appear to have been

[1] Genesis vi. 4.

of this character, of whom Og, their giant king, only remained in the days of Moses. That there were men of gigantic proportions in every age of the world none will deny, as we occasionally meet with them in our own day; and it would seem that in primitive times, when armies fought hand to hand, and much depended on great physical strength, these semi-civilized nations selected the largest men for their leaders. Such was Og, king of Bashan, whose iron bedstead was nine cubits long;[1] Saul, first king of Israel, who stood head and shoulders above his brethren; Goliath of Gath, whose height was "six cubits and a span," nine feet and a fraction;[2] Porus the Indian king, who was five cubits in height, and many others we might name. These, however, were exceptions, and only prove that the soldiers composing the armies they led to battle were no larger than ordinary men.

The "land of Bashan" extended from the "border of Gilead" on the south, to Mount Hermon on the north; and from the Jordan Valley on the west to Salcah on the east,[3] including that portion of Palestine east of the Jordan, called "the land of the giants," which fell to the lot of the half tribe of Manasseh.[4]

As the name signifies, it was a fat and fruitful country, a high plateau of rich pasture-land, densely populated, and proverbial for its exuberant fertility, ever-green forests, and superior breed of cattle. "The oaks of Bashan" are classed by the inspired writers with the cedars of Lebanon. Her "rams, lambs, and goats," are alluded to as superior to all other fatlings,[5] and the "bulls of Bashan" have always been celebrated for

[1] Deuteronomy iii, 11.
[2] 1 Samuel xvii, 4.
[3] Deuteronomy iii, 3–14; Joshua xii, 3–5.
[4] Deuteronomy iii, 13.
[5] Ezekiel xxxix, 18.

their great strength, and are supposed to be the behemoth mentioned by Job.

This country is first noticed in connection with the invasion of Chedorlaomer and his confederates, who "smote the Rephaims in Ashtaroth Karnaim,"[1] the royal city "of Og, king of Bashan, who was of the remnant of the giants, that dwelt at Ashtaroth."[2] The land was anciently divided into three provinces: Gaulanitis, on the west; Argob or Trachonitis, to the north; and Auranitis or Batanæa, on the east. It is now generally known as the Haurân, the land of mountains and of freedom, so called from Jebel Haurân, a volcanic mountain that rises from the great plain of Moab, six thousand four hundred feet above the sea. When the Israelites invaded Canaan, they "went up by the way of Bashan," probably by the Haj route east of the Salt Sea, now traveled by the pilgrims to Mecca, and after conquering the nations east of the Jordan, crossed over into Western Palestine.

The present occupants of this country are chiefly the wild, nomadic children of the desert. Most of these Bedouin tribes are lawless, hereditary robbers, and have always lived by plundering all who came within their reach. Time has neither changed their character nor improved their condition. You will find them to-day leading the same predatory life they did a thousand years ago. They excuse themselves for their robberies by the treatment received by their father, Ishmael, who, being turned out upon the world without patrimony, was allowed to take all he could find, and collect tribute from all travelers passing through his dominions.

There are, however, a few tribes who pride themselves on being the descendants of the Patriarchs—are given to hospi-

[1] Genesis xiv, 5. [2] Joshua xii, 4.

tality, and really are very patriarchal in their manners. They treat all travelers as guests, and often press you to accept their entertainment, and appear offended if you decline. They have coffee and milk always on hand, and a kid or fatted calf always ready to be served, with provender in abundance for your horses or camels, reminding one very much of the simplicity of primitive times.

On one occasion, as we approached a village, the Sheik and chief men of the tribe came forth to meet us, and after the usual salutation conducted us to their camp. Rich rugs were spread on the ground where we were to sit, and soft pillows given us to recline on, after which we were served with bread, honey, milk, coffee, and every other delicacy they had, the chiefs joining us in our repast, which was accompanied by singing, and music on a stringed instrument something like a violin. They pressed us earnestly to stay with them over night, and when we declined, the Sheik appeared disappointed, and said, "I would rather bury one of my children than have you go." And he really seemed to mean it. In parting he gave us the customary blessing, and refused any gift for himself or servants.

The men generally wear the aba, girdle, and turban, and the women a dress of blue cotton cloth, with a white veil thrown over the head, the latter frequently elevated from twelve to fifteen inches above the head by a silver horn, richly chased, which makes them look very tall and defiant. Among the wealthy, and on special occasions, a silk fabric is worn.

This *tantura*, or horn, denotes wealth, position, and power, and is interesting as illustrating and explaining that familiar expression of the Psalmist, "My horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn."[1] The females all tattoo their cheeks and

[1] Psalm xcii, 10.

chin, the back of their hands, and arms up to the elbow, also the top of their feet and ankles. Their finger nails are painted red and their eyebrows black, giving them rather a hideous appearance.

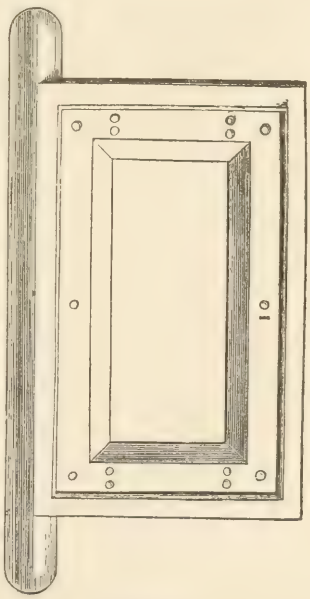
We met here with some young men living with women much older than themselves; and when we inquired the cause, were told that "the price of young women had gone up fearfully of late, and they couldn't afford to marry youthful maidens." One of our guides was a married man, and when we expressed a desire to see his wife, he replied, he had never yet seen her himself, and then went on to explain that he was poor, and had to pay for her in labor or service, and that she would remain with her father until he "worked her out." Among these tribes you can buy a camel, horse, or piece of land on credit, but not a beautiful woman; for all such articles you have to pay the cash or its equivalent on delivery.

Bashan was but a small portion of trans-Jordanic Palestine, and yet contained sixty "fenced cities," with towering walls and gates secured with "brazen bars." Out of over one hundred places mentioned in the Scriptures as belonging to this region, a few only have been identified; of most of them nothing is left but heaps of shapeless ruins without either name or story. Sometimes a solitary column will be found, standing like a lone sentinel with all his comrades lying at his feet, guarding the gate-way to some long deserted city. The old highways connecting these cities may still be traced by the deeply-worn ruts of chariot wheels in their solid beds, though no wayfaring man has walked therein for ages; and occasionally a bridge may be seen spanning some stream, or a mile-stone marking the distance to some unknown place, but nothing remains by which the names of many of these places can be determined.

In a few of these cities houses may be found perfect as the day they were built. They are constructed entirely of stone, generally of black basalt hard as flint. Not only are the walls stone, but the floors, roofs, doors, even the window-shutters and

SCARFED STONE WALL.

hinges. No mortar was used in the construction of these buildings, but the stones were scarfed, so as to bind them firmly together. In some instances the doors are beautifully paneled, with moldings running round, and ornamented with clusters of fruit and flowers. Some of the houses consist of several apartments with folding doors communicating, each door a single slab of stone. The streets are paved with stone, the court-yards flagged with stone, the gates leading to them are stone, some of them ten feet high and eight inches thick, with stone hinges, and grooves for brazen bolts. In the stables all the stalls and mangers are stone, and from the character of their habitations, one would suppose that the great aim of the former inhabitants of this land was to fortify themselves against their enemies, as each house is a fortification of itself. The cisterns, baths, and aqueducts



STONE DOOR.

which supplied them are all hewn in the solid rock, and in some of them water may still be found.

Many of these cities belong to the Greek and Roman period; others, however, are pre-historic, and carry us back to the first settlements made by man after the flood. Or, probably, they may owe their origin to the Geshurites, that powerful race of men known as giants, who occupied this land when Israel came up out of Egypt. And what is remarkable, in some of the oldest buildings materials from still older edifices may be seen, indicating a remote antiquity, and showing that portions of these structures must date back at least four thousand years.

After the conquest of the country by Alexander, the Grecian architecture was introduced; and when occupied by the Romans, every thing was remodeled in conformity to their ideas; and when Christianity became the established religion many old pagan temples were converted into Christian churches. So we frequently find ancient temples of Baal, first dedicated to some Greek or Roman deity, and afterward consecrated to the wor ship of Christ. Some of the inscriptions on these temples are very curious, as showing the religious changes that have taken place during the last two thousand years. One feels very solemn standing in these ruined churches, amid these deserted cities, gazing upon the broken columns and tottering walls of grand edifices that once resounded with the high praises of Jehovah, but are now without a single worshiper—all silent as the grave. Nothing could be more clear than the fulfillment of prophecy, in the utter overthrow and desolation of these once famous cities.

The nations which anciently held this country having either been killed in battle or carried away captives to other lands, their cities were not destroyed—only deserted—and their houses,

being constructed of stone, are still in good preservation. The present Arab population have always lived in tents; and from superstitious notions avoid these cities under the impression that they are haunted, or inhabited by evil spirits, so that many of these places are without an inhabitant. Often, in a day's ride, you will pass the ruins of half-a-dozen nameless deserted cities, built by an unknown people, or a people long since forgotten. Yet we know they were of our race, possessed of human feelings and affections, and in every other respect very much like ourselves; and after the lapse of ages, from their dwellings we can see how they lived; from their temples, how they worshiped; from their theaters, how they amused themselves; and from their tombs, how they died and were buried; but as to their history, we know nothing more. A striking fulfillment of the prophecy, "The cities thereof shall be desolate, without any to dwell therein."[1]

The first European to visit this unexplored region was Burckhardt, in 1814. Since then, a few other travelers have passed hastily through it, among them the Rev. J. L. Porter, who, in his "Giant Cities of Bashan," has furnished us with much valuable information touching this country. Still later, the American Palestine Exploration Society sent out two exploring parties, but owing to the lack of funds and the unsettled condition of the land they failed in accomplishing their work.

To describe at length these remarkable remains of a former civilization, so replete with interest to science and religion, would require us to go beyond the limits of this volume. We shall, therefore, only give a brief sketch of some of the most interesting ruins visited in our late trip through the Haurân.

Leaving Gadara when the sun, as the Arabs express it, was

[1] Jeremiah xlviii, 9.

about "six lances high," we continued up the valley of the Hieromax, or Yarmûk, and over Jebel Ajlûn, by the old cities of Abila and Capitolias, to Adraha, supposed by some to be Edrei, the ancient capital of Bashan. There is nothing here, however, to indicate royalty, or that it was ever a place of great strength. The city is literally buried beneath the filth of ages. The only ruin of any extent is an old Christian church, opening on a court surrounded by cloisters, in one of which we found an empty basaltic sarcophagus, ornamented with lions' heads. It is said there is a subterranean city beneath the more modern, and we looked long for it, and inquired diligently of the natives, but could learn nothing. As the place is entirely destitute of living water, the probability is, the numerous cisterns below gave rise to the report; and during a state of siege, the citizens would very naturally take refuge in these cisterns, which would explain the statement that when the Romans occupied the place, and attempted to draw water, "their buckets were always cut from the ropes by some malignant spirit."

From Adraha to Bozrah we followed the old Roman road, crossing the Zeidy on an ancient stone bridge, and traveling most of the distance through one continuous grain-field. We were ten hours making the journey, and it was after night before we reached our tents, which were pitched near the spring a little north-west of the city. It being quite dark, and we compelled to pick our steps over heaps of rubbish, I became separated from our party just outside the gate, and soon found I was lost! lost amid the interminable ruins of a deserted city. My first impulse was to ride round the city until I came to our camp, but very soon discovered it was no easy matter to ride five or six miles over broken walls in the darkness of the night. I next tried to find my way through the city, but the streets

were so blocked up with ruins as to render the task impossible. My great fear was, of falling in with the desperate robbers who frequently infest these abandoned cities. Finally I made for the citadel, and fortunately met there a Turkish soldier who conducted me safely to our tents.

Bozrah, once the Roman capital of Bashan and the Haurân, is situated on the plain of Moab, which is here, perhaps, fifty miles wide from east to west, and, with the exception of some sandy ridges, is of unusual richness and fertility. The Castle of Bozrah, with its deep fosse and massive square towers, is a citadel of great strength, and commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles. The outer walls are almost perfect, and within, besides the numerous courts, halls, and galleries of a great fortress, there are the remains of a grand amphitheater nearly three hundred feet across the arena, with a Doric colonnade running round the upper tier of seats, and two large royal apartments of the same order, on either side of the stage. Underneath the theater are extensive vaults and dungeons where the wild beasts were kept, similar to those under the Colosseum at Rome, only deeper and larger. In one of these vaults there was standing a white marble column, beautifully polished, that glittered like alabaster in the light of our tapers, probably the first light to flash upon it in many centuries. Some of the passage-ways were covered overhead with old columns laid crosswise, and the arches were most unique in their construction, clearly indicating the work of different ages, and great antiquity. Many of these underground apartments are almost closed with rubbish, and as I groped my way from dungeon to dungeon, the gloom and silence, together with the vastness and massiveness of the work, impressed me as no other ruin had ever done before. The city must have contained a

population of at least one hundred thousand, and the whole plain for many miles around is dotted with the black remains of other cities and villages, presenting a picture of desolation rarely met with.

Little is known of the early history of Bozrah. Jeremiah first mentions it among the cities of "the plain country in the land of Moab,"[1] but it must have been a flourishing city, given up to wickedness, long before Jeremiah denounced against it the judgments of God. It is next mentioned in the Talmud, and by Josephus.[2] When the Romans conquered the country it was greatly enlarged, and by Trajan made the capital of Arabia. And the Emperor Philip, who was a native of Bashan, conferred still greater honors upon the place by making it the metropolis of his eastern kingdom. Early in the Christian era it became the seat of a bishopric, and afterward of an archbishopric, with thirty-three dioceses, and in time the center of Nestorian power and controversy. Being a frontier city, it was among the first to fall before the Moslem invaders, and from that moment began to decline, until now nothing remains but heaps of broken columns and tottering walls, to mark the site of this once renowned Roman metropolis.

Rummaging among the ruins, we found many inscriptions in Greek, Latin, Cufic, and Nabathean characters, generally giving the name and builder of the edifice. On the square base of a column half buried in the ground close by our encampment, probably the remains of some bath or temple, we found a bold Latin inscription, stating that the building was dedicated to "Antonia Fortunata, the devoted wife of Antonius Cæsar." There are many sermons written on these broken pillars and crumbling walls. You can sit for a whole day in an old temple

[1] Jeremiah xlviii, 24. [2] Antiquities, xii, 8.

musing over the past, and living through two or three thousand years in an hour.

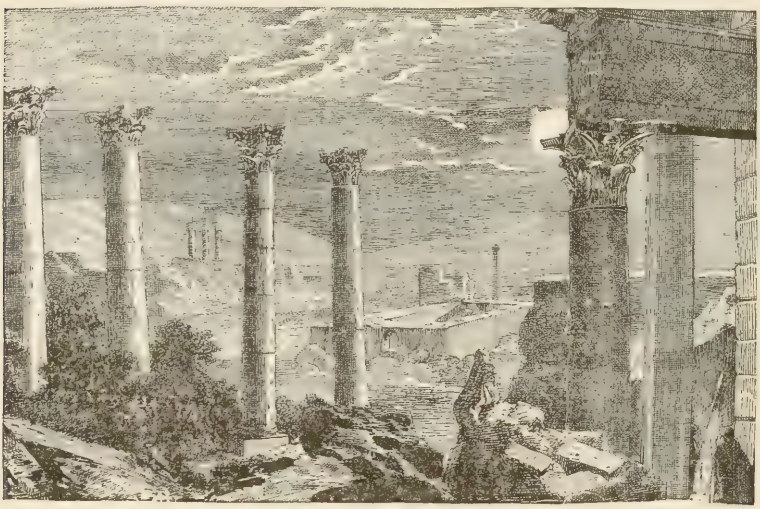
Here are Christian churches, some of them probably planted by Paul when he first preached in Arabia,[1] once crowded with worshipers, but now empty and quiet as the grave; grand temples dedicated to different pagan divinities, entirely deserted, without priest or devotee; triumphal arches, erected in honor of men unknown in history, tottering with age, and ready to fall; beautiful tombs, reared to the memory of persons long since forgotten; palaces, theaters, and other public edifices, unoccupied for centuries, and yet, in their decay, beautiful to behold.

Many of the columns that lie around on every hand are evidently of greater antiquity than the buildings in which they are found. Some of them are marble, a few porphyry. On one of the latter, standing in an old mosque, is the singular Greek inscription, "In the name of Christ our Saviour." On others you will find, perhaps, the name of some heathen deity, and wherever you stroll you meet with these inscriptions and sculptured stones, reminding one of the desolation of Pompeii. Truly, "Judgment is come upon Bozrah, and upon all the cities of the land of Moab, far and near."[2] East of the city, near the mosque of Caliph Othman, is an immense reservoir, of beautiful workmanship, five hundred and thirty feet long, and four hundred and twenty wide, supplied by aqueducts from distant mountain springs; and another, near the citadel, almost as large, designed to flood the fosse when necessary, both in good condition, and still full of water.

The great mosque, said to have been erected by Caliph Omar contains among many others in marble and granite, seventeen

[1] Galatians i, 17. [2] Jeremiah xlviii, 21–24.

porphyry monolith columns of the Corinthian order, probably taken from the Cathedral of Bozrah, or some older pagan temple. The church of the Nestorian monk, Boheira, who, it is said, assisted Mohammed in writing the Koran, is a grand old edifice, square without and circular within, very much like Dr. Hall's fine church in New York. From a Greek inscription over the entrance, it appears to have been originally a Christian church erected by Julianus, Archbishop of Bozrah, A. D. 513,



BOZRAH.

in honor of the blessed martyrs Sergius, Bacchus, and Leontius. How sad to contemplate such ruins!

Near the center of the city four tall Corinthian pillars, with their capitals, are all that remain standing of an imposing temple that once stood upon this spot. Some ruins east of the Castle are interesting on account of their ponderous stone doors, several being at least ten feet high, and eleven inches thick, still swinging on their stone pivot hinges. The western gate—Bab

el Hawa—"Gate of the Winds," is a fine specimen of Roman architecture. Nothing could be more graceful than the arches which span the roadway, the pavement of which is still unbroken. Five minutes' walk directly west of this is a round tower eighteen feet in diameter, standing on a square base, perhaps a tomb or watch-tower, and very beautiful. The stone has the ring and appearance of metal, and is about as hard, yet of the finest workmanship.

Salcah, the eastern border of Og's kingdom,[1] though six hours distant, can be distinctly seen from Bozrah, and the road leading thereto is as straight as an arrow. About half a mile east of Bozrah we passed a little stone mosque with stone door and tracery windows, said to mark the place where Mohammed's camel stopped when the Prophet first came to Bozrah. We followed the Roman road most of the way, over a rich plain covered with small, irregular blocks of basalt, but yielding abundant crops of grain. The Citadel of Salcah is built in the crater of an extinct volcano that rises about five hundred feet above the plain, and very difficult to ascend, owing to the lava and cinders that cover its slopes. The walls of the castle are massive, and of great height. Outside of them are two moats, one about two hundred feet below the other, rendering the position one of great strength. The interior is a labyrinth of dark vaults, narrow passages, and spacious halls: in one of the latter we saw a beautiful rose-window in stone tracery. Many curious sculptures of lions, palm-trees, eagles, and human busts, adorn the walls, but no inscriptions throwing light on its early history. And yet, from the large beveled blocks and other old material that may be seen every-where in the more modern portion of the fortress, there must have been a citadel here be-

[1] Deuteronomy iii, 10.

fore the Roman Conquest, and perhaps as early as the invasion of Bashan by Moses. No view could be more extensive than that from the towers of this "castle in the air." On the north and west may be seen Hermon, Ajlûn, and the mountains of the Haurân; to the south, the plain of Moab, covered with desolate cities far as the eye can reach; and to the east, the vast desert of Arabia dotted with tells, stretching away to the great river—the river Euphrates.

One hour east of Salcah, on the bosom of the plain, is Orman, the birth-place of Philip the Arabian, and where he was crowned Emperor of Rome. The country east and south of this appears one great plain, with tells or conical hills rising up here and there like islands in the sea, many of them the craters of extinct volcanoes. These tells are generally connected by low, sandy ridges, the depressions between them affording rich pasturage for the flocks and herds of the Bedouins. We met here with several Arabs trading with the tribes of this great desert, and they represented the country as rich and populous. One of them had brought in, a few days before, a thousand camels for the Damascus market, and was pasturing them near Salcah. We also met with Zadam, the intelligent Sheik of the Beni-Sackka tribe, who told me of a depression like the Jordan Valley, about four days' journey east of Zurka Mâin, and extending far down into Arabia. He called it Wady el Azrak—the blue valley—and said his tribe usually wintered in it, as they found there plenty of water, good pasturage, and many date-bearing palm-trees. He further said there was a lake of pure, sweet water in this oasis, and on its shore an old castle, with but one double stone door, large enough to admit a camel, with inscriptions in an unknown language on the lintel and down the door jams. As this tribe occupy

Southern Moab, I took occasion to ask him if he ever saw any of the Moabite pottery. He at once described several pieces he had found, two jars with inscriptions running round them, and many smaller vessels and images. He also spoke of a slab of basalt with the image of a man in bass-relief, about six feet high, with hands clasped in front, and the head resting on one shoulder, bearing an inscription of four lines across the base, which, of course, he could not read. When I inquired what became of this slab, he replied, "We buried it."

After enjoying the hospitality of the Sheik of Salcah, who had prepared a sumptuous feast for us, and calling to examine some folding stone doors in the lower part of the village, we turned our faces toward Bozrah; returning *via* Kerioth, one of the oldest, and at one time among the largest, cities of Bashan. You will find it mentioned in the judgments denounced against the cities of Moab by Jeremiah and Amos.[1] There are some very old houses and square towers here, with heavy walls and stone doors. One, in which we took shelter from a rain-storm, was ornamented with the vine and clusters of grapes, clearly indicating that it belonged to the Jewish period. Others appear still older, and many evidently date back to the Rephaim, who first settled this land. During our stay here a number of children gathered about us, and a large boy, for some cause, struck one of them on the head, and the little fellow began to cry most piteously. To pacify him, I gave him a piaster; when instantly the big boy, without any provocation, began rapping them all over the head, raising a terrible howl. All which was for backsheesh.

[1] Jeremiah xlviii, 21; Amos ii, 2.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAND OF UZ.

Suweideh—Ancient Tombs—Kunawât—The Kenath of the Bible—Interesting Monuments—Strong Towers—Serai of Job—Land of Uz—Probable Scene of Job's Fiery Trial—Book of Job.

AFTER spending three memorable days in and around Bozrah, we started early on Tuesday morning, May 2d, for Kunawât. Our ride most of the way was through waving grain fields, almost ripe for the harvest. About nine o'clock we passed the village of Ary, on a tell in the midst of rich downs, at the base of Jebel Haurân, and at noon were lunching under the shade of a plane-tree in an old Christian church, just without the walls of Suweideh, the present capital of the Haurân.

This city was beautifully situated on a low spur of the Haurân mountains, and must have been a place of considerable importance; but not a temple, palace, or house remains entire—all ruin and desolation—the present sparse population living in the cellars or lower stories of the grand edifices that once crowned the ridge. And what is singular, nothing is known of the history of this place prior to the Roman Conquest, A. D. 105, though there is every reason for believing that the founding of this city dates much further back, as the buildings of that period look like patch-work, being all constructed of older materials.

Suweideh appears to have been a commercial city, and to have had her "merchant princes," who have left behind them in two temples, monuments of their wealth and liberality, though their own names, with the ancient name of their city,

are forgotten. From a Greek inscription on one of these temples, now used as a mosque, we learn, that it was erected by the "Bitaiena Company," in the eleventh year of Aurelius, A. D. 171. And the other by the "Alexandrian Firm," during the reign of the apostate Emperor Julian. But to me, one of the most interesting monuments here is a Doric tomb, about thirty feet square and forty high, standing on the ridge to the north of the city. The sides are ornamented with twenty-four Doric columns, between which are armorial designs in bass-relief, very bold, and on the north and east faces two inscriptions, one in Greek, the other in Palmyrene, stating that "Odainathos, son of Annelos, built this monument in honor of his loving wife Chamrate." Nothing more. How touchingly beautiful this memorial of a husband's affections? Mr. Porter suggests that this Odainathos may have been the husband of the celebrated queen Zenobia. On another tomb is recorded the virtues of a lady by the name of Flavia, who died A. D. 135; but who this beautiful character was will never be known until the records of time are unrolled.

Two hours' ride from Suweideh, over rocks and up among the mountain spurs covered with evergreen oaks, brought us to Kunawât, the Kenath of the Bible, and one of the "threescore cities" of Argob captured by Nobah, of the tribe of Manasseh, more than three thousand years ago.[1] We found our tents pitched a few minutes' walk west of the city, near the ruins of a beautiful periptery temple dedicated to some unknown god, which stood in an open court, on an elevated platform, with a portico on its eastern front originally supported by twelve Corinthian pillars in two rows. The columns rested on square pedestals about six feet high, on all of which there were inscriptions, no

[1] Numbers xxxii, 42.

longer legible. Only seven of these columns are standing; the others, with many beautiful sculptured stones, lie in confused heaps about the court. Strolling in any direction, you will find beneath your feet, half buried in the earth, broken statues, inscribed blocks, and other remains of architectural grandeur, presenting a sad picture of utter desolation. The principal ruins of Kenath extend for about a mile along both sides of a ravine, through which flows a mountain stream, supplying the place with an abundance of good water. In this valley, above the bridge and east of the stream, is the theater, built against a rocky cliff in which the seats are excavated, with a fountain in the center of the orchestra. Next comes a small temple or bath, and just above it, on the hill, a fort or castle built of large beveled stones, apparently of Phœnician workmanship. The stone doors of this building are tastefully paneled and embossed, with a groove on the inside for the bolt to slide in, which, by a simple but secure arrangement, could also be opened from without. May not these bolts be the "brazen bars" referred to in the Scriptures?[1]

A few rods from this fortress is one of the many round towers every-where to be seen in this region. They are from thirty to forty feet in diameter and about fifty high—some round without and square within, with stone doors barely large enough to admit one person at a time, and very thick walls. They bear the marks of great age, and were, no doubt, constructed for the protection of the herdsmen and shepherds from the Bedouins of the desert, and are the "strong towers" so often alluded to in the Scriptures, and to which David refers when he says, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and a strong tower from the enemy."[2]

[1] 1 Kings iv, 13. [2] Psalms xviii, 2; lxi, 3.

But the most interesting ruin in Kunawât is a group of buildings on the ridge in the heart of the city, known as the "Serai," or "Palace, of Job."

Three large buildings of different periods, in good preservation, are still standing. They have been remodeled and used as Christian Churches or convents, but evidently belong to a much earlier period. The door casings are elaborately ornamented with vines and clusters of grapes, and the friezes with grotesque satyrs in wreaths of flowers and fruit. Some of the

HEAD OF BAAL ON AN ALTAR AT KUNAWAT.

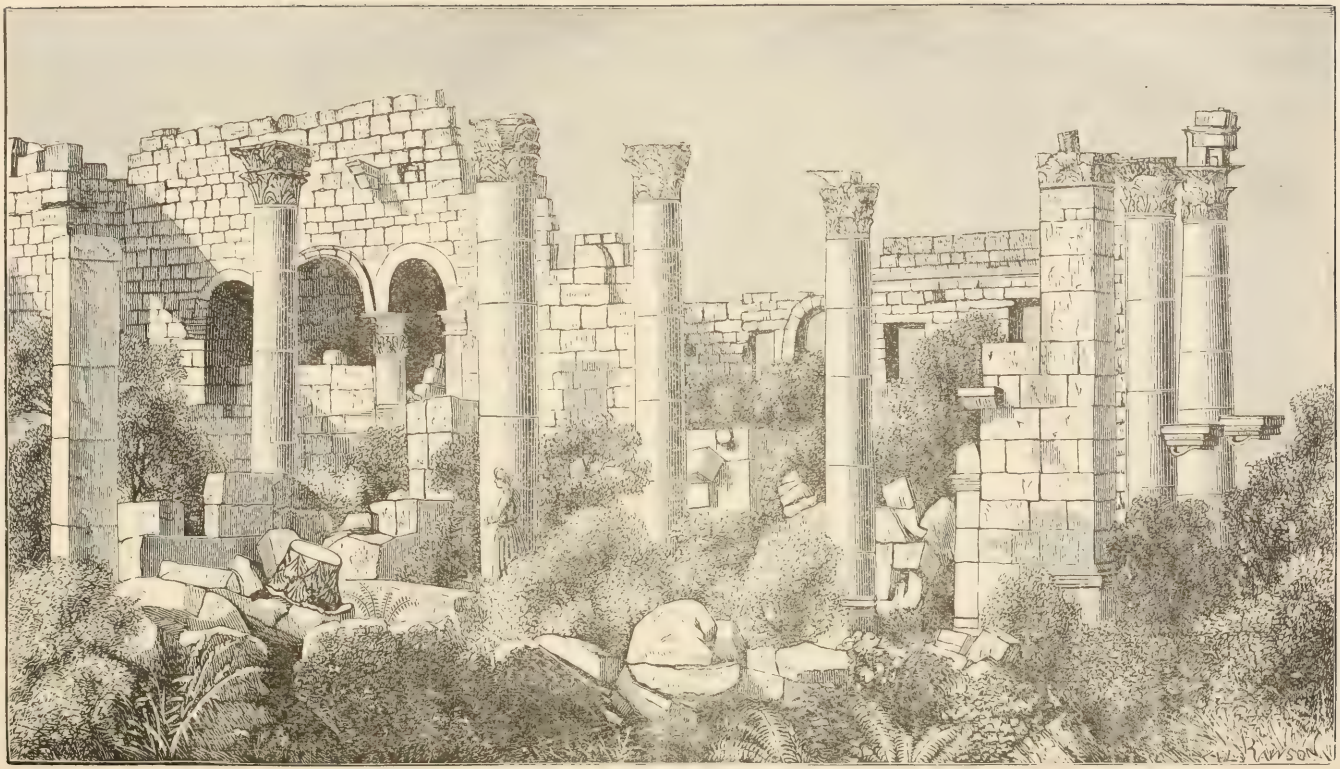
pillars are entirely plain, with square capitals; others Corinthian; and others, again, Palmyrene, with brackets for statues. The large court in front is nicely paved with dressed stones, and beneath it are numerous cisterns for water, and vaults for storing grain, or, it may be, sepulchers for the dead. There is such a collection of halls, galleries, and corridors, colonnades, porticoes, and sculpture, half buried in heaps of rubbish, and so overrun with brambles, hawthorn, and dwarf oaks, as to render it next

to impossible to make any thing out of this remarkable ruin. A Greek inscription on the base of a column, in raised letters, states that the temple to which it belonged was dedicated to "the great god," but who that god was we are left to conjecture. From a colossal head of Baal found near this, it would appear Baal was that deity. Some of the largest and most beautiful stone doors are here, still swinging on their stone pivot-hinges which work in corresponding sockets in the door-sill and lintel; and many other remains equally interesting. One ruin is supposed to be a temple of Ashtaroth, the Astarte of the Greeks, from an image of that goddess found near it. And another building, known as the Hippodrome, presents nothing but a confused heap of broken columns and statues, fragments of sculptured animals and inscribed blocks, perfectly bewildering to behold.

Eusebius and Pliny both mention this place under its Greek name, Canatha, and describe it as an "important town in Arabia, captured by Nobah, and belonging to the tribe of Manasseh, and situated in the province of Trachonitis, near Bostra;" thus establishing the identity of Argob and Trachonitis. We have here direct proof that Kunawât is the Kenath of the Bible and the Canatha of the Greeks, and one of the giant cities taken by Nobah in the conquest of Argob.[1]

How difficult it is to grasp at once the events of three thousand years! or to realize, when wandering through the streets of this city, that the ruined buildings over which we clamber were erected before Christ was born, before Rome was founded, even before the children of Israel came up out of Egypt; that this is the land in which "the giants dwelt in old time;" and that perhaps some of the ruins over which we have been

[1] Numbers xxxii, 42.



TRADITIONAL PALACE OF JOB—KUNAWAT.

climbing were reared by that powerful race of men; that these cities of Bashan are among the oldest works of man, and were standing before Abram left his native land, and before the patriarch Job endured his fiery trial.

But that which staggers our faith more than all this, is to believe the tradition, now almost an established fact, that the Haurân is "the land of Uz;" that Job was one of the first princes of this country; that this city of Kenath was his home; and that the "Serai," or palace, that still bears his name marks the site of his severe trial and glorious triumph.

There has been much discussion as to the locality of the country where Job resided. The name, doubtless, was derived from Uz, the grandson of Shem,[1] who is said to have founded Damascus and Trachonitis,[2] and probably lived in this neighborhood, giving his name to the district where he resided. The country being exposed to the incursions of the Chaldeans and Sabeans, must have been a frontier province to the north-east of Palestine. It could not have been as far south as Edom, for "the daughter of Edom" was in exile when dwelling in the land of Uz.[3] And the Edomite Uz is not to be confounded with the grandson of Shem, the Edomite being a descendant of the Horites, who removed from their own country and settled in "the land of Uz." Some locate the home of Job in Mesopotamia, near the Euphrates. But if Aram and Syria are identical, which none will deny; and if Padan-Aram, as we think can be shown, was in Syria round about Damascus, and sometimes called Aram Damascus;[4] and if the land of Uz derived its name from the son of Aram and lay to the north-east of Israel, in Aram, or between Aram and Edom, as is more

[1] Genesis x, 23.
[2] Josephus, Antiquities, i, 6.
[3] Lamentations iv, 21.
[4] 2 Samuel viii, 5.

than probable; then, no country can so fully meet all the conditions and facts in the life and writings of this remarkable man, as the Haurân. So there is some ground for the tradition that locates Uz in Aram, and the residence of Job at Kunawât.

This locality is not only the traditionary but historic Uz. Chrysostom speaks of many people, during the first centuries of our era, making pilgrimages to the Haurân to see the spot "where the patient patriarch sat and scraped himself with a potsherd." Wetstein, Delitzsch, and other eminent biblical scholars were of the opinion that Job was a native of the Haurân. It also accords with the general belief that the buffalo, or "strong bull of Bashan," was the behemoth of Job. And the customs, productions, and topography of the country, and the high degree of civilization described in the Book of Job, agree better with this locality than with any other in the East.

In a note appended to the Book of Job in the Septuagint version, it is stated, "That the translation was made out of a Syriac book, and that Job dwelt in the land of Ausitis, on the confines of Idumea." Now we know that the Herodian family was of Idumean origin, and, if their country did not extend so far north as the Haurân, that Bashan was given to Herod the Great by Augustus Cæsar, that it was also part of Philip's tetrarchy,[1] and that it was afterward given by Caligula to Herod Agrippa, and after Caligula's death, conveyed by Claudius to Agrippa II.[2] And it is a singular coincidence, that among the ruins of a temple at Siâ, near Kenath, very similar to the temple of Solomon, were found a statue of Herod the Great, and an inscription containing the names of the two Herod Agrippas.

[1] Josephus, War, ii, 6; Antiquities, xviii, 4. [2] Antiquities, xx, 7.

Uz, the eldest son of Nahor, probably lived in the country that bore his name. He was the brother of Buz, and it will be remembered that Elihu, the young friend of Job, was a "Buzite, of the kindred of Aram,"[1] showing that the land of Uz was in close proximity to Aram, as was also Aram to the Haurân;[2] and that Job may have been a descendant of Nahor, the brother of Abraham. But whether Job was an Israelite or Ishmaelite, it is generally admitted that he lived in Arabia, near the frontier of Palestine; that he must have had some acquaintance with Abraham or his immediate descendants; and that the country named fulfills the conditions of the narrative better than any other known. This region was never before visited by an American, and it was with peculiar feelings we strolled over the traditional estate of Job, drank from the spring of Job, slept in the old house of Job, and cooked our meals on, perhaps, the same hearth-stone where that holy man, in his great affliction, once sat in the ashes.

From the inspired record it appears that Job was an eastern prince of great wealth and unflinching integrity. Of no other man was it ever said by the Almighty, "There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man; one that fears God, and escheweth evil."[3] As a writer, his style is highly Oriental, his conceptions sublime, and his arguments unanswerable. No other book in the Old Testament is so full of divine truth, and none contain such revelations of the invisible world. It was probably first written in the Arabic, and afterward translated into the Hebrew by, perhaps, Moses, who is supposed to have been his contemporary; though some biblical historians make him the contemporary of Abraham.

All this region was anciently known as "the East," and it

[1] Job xxxii, 2. [2] 1 Chronicles ii, 23. [3] Job i, 8.

was probably from here the Magi came with their costly presents to worship the infant Saviour; as frankincense, myrrh, and other aromatics are indigenous to this section, and a star blazing over Bethlehem could be distinctly seen from here.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the scenery around Kunawât. The babbling waters leap in cascades down the mountain. The hills are covered with forests of oak—the oaks of Bashan; and from almost every high place some round tower or ruined temple, overrun with woodbine, wild flowers, and creepers, may be seen lifting its venerable weather-beaten head, as if defying the ravages of time.

CHAPTER VII.

ARGOB AND PADAN-ARAM.

Tribal Wars—The Lejah—A Sea of Congealed Iron—Part of Ancient Argob—Druses—Their History and Religion—Edrei, the Ancient Capital of Bashan—Taken by Moses—Mirage—Padan-Aram—Haran, near Damascus—Laban the Syrian.

THE night before leaving Kunawât we were waited on by a deputation from the village, and told not to be alarmed if we heard firing in the night, as they expected an attack from some of their enemies, with whom they had had a quarrel, as usual, about a young woman. Frequent reports of guns were heard during the night, but I slept through all; and in the morning learned that eight of the enemy had been killed, and twelve or more wounded. The victory was celebrated by a grand war-dance, very similar to that among the North American Indians.

Soon after leaving camp we saw a large wolf near some tombs west of Kenath, and shortly afterward a hyena ran slowly across our path. In about two hours we passed Suleim, where there is the ruin of a beautiful temple, and crossing a rich plain covered with porous tufa bowlders, struck about noon the Lejah, a most singular region. The name signifies "rocky," and is descriptive of its physical aspect, being a wild, sterile district resembling a sea of lava poured out from a thousand craters, and spread like a coat of mail over the surface of the plain. It looks very much like iron, is about as hard, and when riding over it, has the ring of iron. Though you see no great ele-

vations, the surface is not level, but undulating and broken—very rough in places, with many deep chasms and fissures, as if there had been internal disturbances and upheavals during its cooling process—a congealed sea of iron.

This remarkable district, forming the northern boundary of the Haurân, is about twenty-five miles long by twenty wide; and has always been a hiding-place for Bedouin robbers and wild beasts, and a place of retreat for the natives in time of danger, the numerous caves and clefts affording them a safe shelter from their enemies; its rocky fastnesses being inaccessible to horsemen, and its labyrinth of pits and crevices dangerous to footmen. The Arabs call it the "Fortress of God." Being in the midst of a vast plain unsurpassed for its productiveness, the remains of at least fifty cities and villages are found within its iron-clad limits, built there, no doubt, for security, as there are no living streams in this desolate region, and the only arable ground, a few small patches in the depressions, formed by the dust blown in from the surrounding plain. That the Lejah is a portion of the Argob of Scripture, afterward known as Trachonitis, there can be but little doubt, the Hebrew Argob having the same meaning as the Greek Trachonitis, and the same cities located by Moses in the former, later historians locate in the latter. We also find on the temple at Musmeih, ancient Phæno, one of the principal cities of the Lejah, an inscription of forty lines, giving a history of the place as the capital of Trachonitis; thus establishing, beyond controversy, the identity of the Lejah with Argob, and Argob with Trachonitis, over which "Philip the Tetrarch" ruled in the days of Christ.[1]

Many of the villages of the Lejah and of the Haurân

[1] Luke iii, 1

are occupied by Druses, a peculiar people, with a strange history and mysterious religion. They are of Caucasian extraction, being the descendants of the Mardi, a warlike tribe from north of the Caspian Sea, who settled among the Lebanon mountains about the close of the seventh century of our era. They have always been an independent, exclusive, and revengeful people, and yet noted for their hospitality, truthfulness, and temperance. Strangers among them are entertained in true patriarchal style. To one of their own sect they never tell a falsehood; and a good Druse never drinks wine nor smokes tobacco. Their religion is a mixture of idolatry, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, dating back to the Egyptian Caliph Hakin, whom they regard as their founder and prophet. Their meetings for worship are held on Thursday evenings, and are of a social, religious, and political character. Having no regular priesthood, these services are conducted by their sheiks, or emirs, as they are called, who are their religious and political leaders. These meetings are all held secretly, no stranger or uninitiated person being admitted under any circumstances, and in character partake of a secret organization, with different degrees, signs, and passwords. They are an intelligent, tidy, and industrious people, almost white, with red cheeks, and in every respect far superior to the ordinary Arab. In making some explorations in this region, Prof. Lewis, of Beirut, on one occasion, left his horse, shawl, and gloves, near the path. After an hour's absence he returned, and was surprised to find his shawl and gloves gone. He at once communicated the robbery to the emir of the nearest village, remarking, "That he thought the Druses were never guilty of stealing, and was sorry to lose his good opinion of them." The emir replied, "It was not his people that committed the theft, but some

Christians who had passed that way during the professor's absence." However that may be, the articles were returned in a few hours.

Nejrân is a large old city within the Lejah, but its ancient name and history are unknown. It is now inhabited by the Druses, and as we drew near the place, the emir and his chiefs met us with the usual salam, giving us a cordial welcome, and, after entertaining us in the most hospitable manner, expressed their regrets as we were leaving that we could not stay with them longer. One hour from here brought us to the extensive ruins of Kirâtah, where there is an abundance of water. Soon after leaving this place we were overtaken by a furious wind and rain-storm; some of our pack mules were swamped, and one we rescued with great difficulty from the rushing waters, which carried him far down the stream. The sun, however, came out bright and warm as we approached Edrei, where we encamped for the night, much to the alarm and amazement of its sparse population.

Edrei, the ancient capital of Bashan,[1] is situated on a spur of the Lejah, that runs far out toward the west into the fertile plain which incloses it on three sides. The ruins are not so extensive, but appear older than those of Bozrah. Many of the houses are still in their primitive state, though half buried in the rubbish of ages. Every thing about them is stone—black basalt, hard as flint—and yet, in some instances, of beautiful workmanship, though generally massive, gloomy, and rude. As the city had to rely entirely upon the rains for water, there are many cisterns, and underground vaults for storing grain. So when you ride through the city there is a hollow sound, as if you were riding over subterranean houses. It was with peculiar

[1] Numbers xxi. 33.

STONE HOUSES IN THE LEJAH.

feelings we stood on the walls of this old city of Og, and looked out over the rich plain, and considered that on that very plain the Amorites met the conquering Israelites in battle, and that perhaps on the very spot we were gazing on the giant king of Bashan fell when his whole army was routed by Moses, thirty centuries and more ago.[1]

There are here several churches that well deserve a passing notice. That of St. Elias, though in ruins, is the old church of John Methodius, and certainly the oldest *Methodist* church in the world. The Church of St. George, not the saint who killed the dragon, but the porter who aided Paul in his escape from Damascus, is a unique building, of an early date, and almost perfect. It is square without, and octagonal within, with an apsis containing three tiers of stone seats back of the pulpit. The rotunda is surmounted by an egg-shaped dome, thirty-six feet in diameter, resting on eight square piers. There never could have been a particle of wood about the building, the seats, altar-rail, doors, shutters, ceiling, roof, every thing stone. From an inscription over the door we learn that it was first a heathen temple, then a Christian church, and now a Mohammedan mosque. In the crypt we found many human skeletons wrapped in their winding sheets, perhaps the relics of the men and women who once sat under the preaching of Paul—the first converts from paganism—sleeping here, in their silent tombs, awaiting the trump of God, which shall call them to life again.

To avoid the sharp rocks of the Lejah, we turned to the west from Edrei, reaching Aëre for luncheon. We found here some large ruins, but were not able to make any thing out of them. Some of the stone doors were folding, and large enough to ride through without difficulty.

[1] Numbers xxi, 33–35.

At Aëre we struck again the great Haj trail from Damascus to Mecca, which follows the old Roman road far down into Southern Arabia. Many caravans were going and coming, but all under guard. How strange that from the oldest city in the world not a caravan, diligence, or traveler can leave, except under military escort. Riding over the plain a little west of the Lejah, we witnessed a singular phenomenon—one of those beautiful mirages peculiar to this region, produced, probably, by the glare of the sun on this metallic mirror. The entire Lejah looked like a rippled sea of glass, bordered with forests, with here and there islands covered with foliage. The whole effect was wonderful. In the evening we encamped at a place called Ghubaghib, near a Turkish garrison, and were compelled to add two of the soldiers to our guard to keep the garrison from robbing us. Such is Turkish rule.

Starting at an early hour to avoid the heat, a ride of two hours brought us to Musmeih, the Phæno of the Greeks, the capital city of Trachonitis, the Argob of Joshua. The Lejah here has the same general appearance—that of a molten sea of iron suddenly chilled, then settling and cracking, leaving the surface full of rents and air-bubbles. The principal ruin at Musmeih is a temple of a florid style of architecture. Three Doric columns of the portico are still standing, and to the right of the entrance on the door-casing is the long inscription to which we have already referred. A path winding among the broken and jagged rocks leads from here to Burâk, a deserted city on the extreme northern limit of the Lejah, containing many massive houses with beautiful stone doors, the slabs forming the roofs and floors looking like oak plank, twelve feet long and three inches thick, nicely jointed. Many of the houses were well preserved. From Burâk the road leads di-

rectly to Damascus, distant about twenty-five miles; but we shall sweep round to the east by way of Harrân el Awamid, which is more than likely the Haran where Abraham buried his father on his way to Canaan.

The country called Aram probably took its name from Aram, the son of Shem and father of Uz, who first settled in this quarter of the globe. After the Greek conquest it was known as Syria, and in the Greek translations of the Bible Aram is always rendered Syria, the two names having the same import and being used in common to denote the same country. The name signifies "highland," and was originally applied to both ranges of the Lebanon, the Haurân, and all the mountains of Palestine on both sides of the Jordan as far north as the Orontes. Of the several districts into which this country was divided, Aram Damascus was the principal; and though at first it only included the territory around that ancient city, was afterward applied to the whole of Syria, of which Damascus was for a long time the capital. Padan-Aram, where "Laban the Syrian"[1] lived, rendered in the Hebrew Aram-Naharaim, "the Plain of Aram," or the country between the rivers, or, as Dean Stanley renders it, "the cultivated district at the foot of the hills," we think, with Drs. Beke and Porter, refers to the Plain of Damascus between the rivers Pharpar and Abana. In the Septuagint version of the Scriptures Aram-Naharaim is translated "Mesopotamia in Syria," or Syria of the two rivers, as if a distinction was to be made between it and the country lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

When the Almighty appeared to Abraham and commanded him to "get out" of his own country, he left "the land of his nativity, Ur, of the Chaldees,"[2] situated, not on the head

[1] Genesis xxv, 20. [2] Acts vii, 2; Genesis xi, 31.

waters of the Euphrates, but down near its entrance into the Persian Gulf, and settled first at Haran, which appears to have been somewhere near the borders of Canaan. And when we consider that his steward, who was "born in his house," and whom he raised up as his heir, was "Eliezer of Damascus,"[1] the clear meaning of which is, he was born in or near Damascus, and that Josephus informs us, Abraham was a prince in this land, and "reigned at Damascus,"[2] we infer that Haran could not have been very far from that city. The river that Jacob passed over after leaving Laban[3] was probably the Pharpar, as from here he could see the mountains of Gilead, which is implied in the narrative. And it appears he was only ten days making the journey, with his family and flocks, from Padan-Aram to Mount Gilead, and Laban only seven days in overtaking him. We rode it in eight days; but from the Mesopotamia of the Greeks the journey could not be made in less than thirty days, and through a desert part of the way, where it would be impossible to drive flocks with their young. It will also be remembered that Nahor, the brother of Abraham, when living at Haran, named one of his sons Uz, indicating a connection between Haran and the land or family of Uz; and that Laban and Jacob, when they parted for the last time on Mizpah-Gilead, erected an altar, and heaped up stones of witness to define the boundary between the possessions of the two families,[4] showing that they could not have lived very far apart.

Now, strange as it may seem, after the lapse of near four thousand years, we find in the delta of the Pharpar and Abana, about twelve miles east of Damascus, the remains of a city still

[1] Genesis xv, 2.
[2] Antiquities i, 7.
[3] Genesis xxxi, 21, 23.
[4] Genesis xxxi, 52.

bearing the name of Harran, which meets every condition of the inspired account. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain between the two rivers, and on the shores of what was once a large lake before the waters were drawn off to irrigate the desert. Three Ionic columns of black basalt are all that remain standing of an ancient temple without name or date; and these silent witnesses, with a few fragments of sculpture, and some broken stone pillars, are the only memorials left to mark the site of this interesting place; which, so far as location and topography are concerned, may be Haran, "The city of Nahor,"[1] where Terah, the father of Abraham, died, and where "Laban the Syrian," lived. And "the well in the field," where the maidens still water their flocks, may be the same from which Rebecca often filled her pitcher, and where Jacob first met with his beautiful Rachel.[2]

[1] Genesis xxiv, 10. [2] Genesis xxix, 10.

CHAPTER VIII.

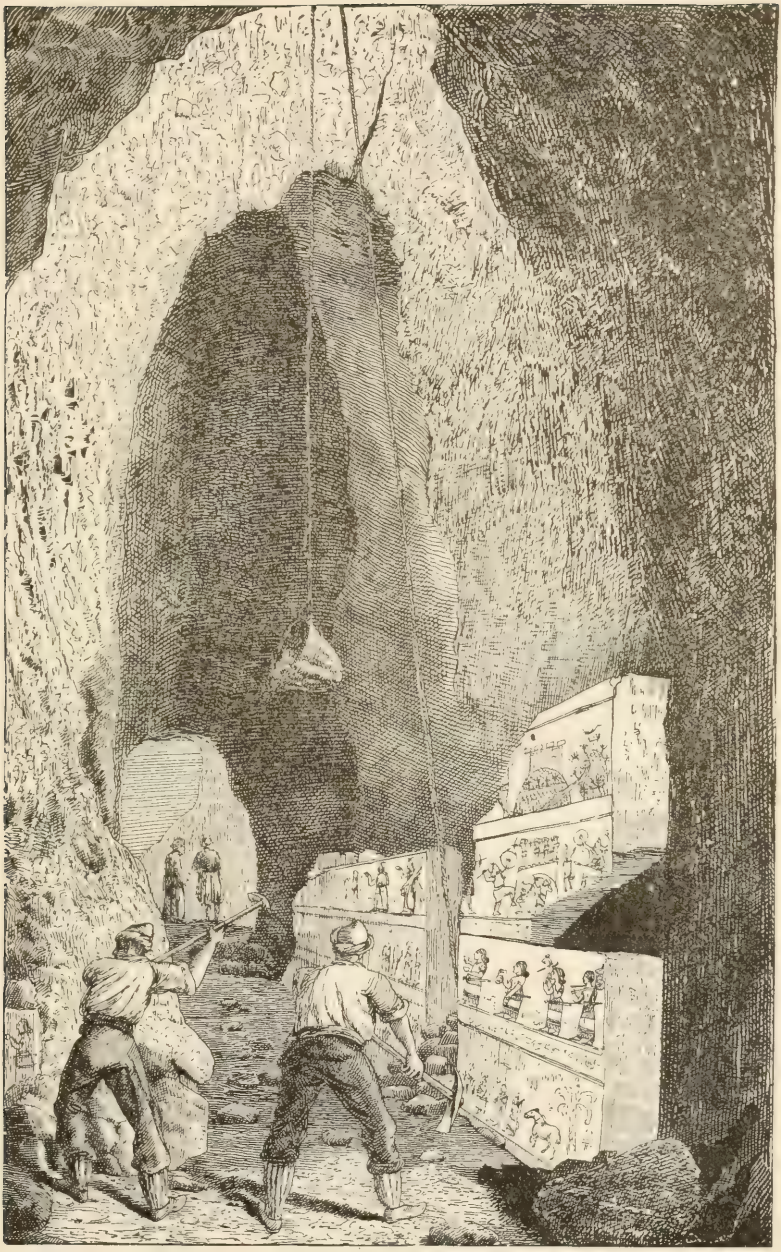
LATEST DISCOVERIES IN ASSYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Recovery of Long-lost Nineveh—Wonderful Remains of an Extinct Nation—Assyrian Records of the Creation—Cesnola's Explorations in Cyprus—Moabite Pottery—Suburbs of the Levitical Cities—Golden Candlestick—Image of Beelzebub—House of Simon the Tanner—Hadrian's Head.

THE discoveries lately made in Assyria among the ruins of long-buried Nineveh and Babylon, by Botta, Layard, Smith, and others, are a most valuable contribution to biblical archæology.

These cities appear to have been founded about the same time. Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, by Asshur, son of Shem—who may also have given his name to the country—on the river Tigris, five hundred miles above its junction with the Euphrates; Babylon, the capital of Chaldæa, by Nimrod, the grandson of Ham, on the Euphrates in the land of "Shinar," three hundred miles south of Nineveh. From the frequent reference to Nimrod on the Babylonian monuments, the name, like that of Pharaoh, probably applied to all the early kings of Babylonia.

Very little is known of the early history of these cities. It would appear, however, from recent explorations, that the Assyrians at an early period conquered Chaldæa, and that after this event the two nations became one empire—their language, religion, and customs appearing to be essentially the same, and that the old Accadian language of Chaldæa or Babylonia gradually became extinct, being substituted by the Semitic or As-



EXCAVATIONS AT NINEVEH.

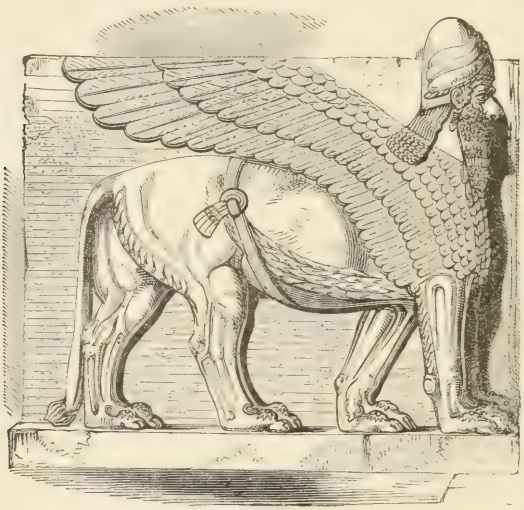
syrian. Nineveh was made the political capital of the new empire, and Babylon the religious capital, or city of her temples, gods, and priests.

Profane writers furnish us with nothing but some traditions touching the history of these renowned cities, and the only reliable information we possess of them is the little we glean from the Jewish prophets, and the results of late geographical and archæological explorations.

Nineveh, after flourishing for many centuries as the great city of the East, suddenly disappeared from the earth about seven centuries before Christ, as if engulfed by an earthquake, and for ages all traces of the place were lost. Herodotus, Xenophon, and other ancient historians, make no mention of it except as a city no longer existing. Xerxes, Alexander, and the Romans, marched their armies and fought their battles over its site without knowing that the city lay buried beneath their tread. Many persons began to doubt whether such a place ever did exist; and skeptics began sneeringly to inquire of the Christian, "Where is your great Nineveh? What do you think of Jonah and his whale story? Ah, Jonah was nothing but a myth—his book nothing but a fable—no such city as Nineveh ever existed." And some believers began to fear the long-lost capital of Assyria never would be recovered, so literally was the prediction concerning it fulfilled: "I will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her. . . . This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly; that said in her heart, I am, and there is none besides me: how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his hand."[1]

[1] Zephaniah ii, 13–15.

Early in the present century Mr. Rich, an English traveler, visiting Mosul, on the Tigris, observed an old mosque on the top of a large mound directly opposite the city, and on inquiring its name, was told by the natives that it was Neby Yûnus, or tomb of Jonah. Associating Jonah with Nineveh, he at once commenced some excavations, and soon came upon the ruins of what has since proved to be the grand palace of Esarhaddon, son and successor of Sennacherib. The walls were of



ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE—WINGED LION.

great thickness, and built of large sun-dried bricks covered with mysterious cuneiform characters.

This discovery soon led to others, of even greater importance, by Mr. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, and Messrs. Layard, Rassam, and Smith, under the auspices of the British Museum. These gentlemen, with a strong force, began their operations in the great mounds at Koyunjik, Khorsabad, and Nimroud—names of Arab villages that have sprung up over the ruins of this

ancient city—and in a very little while exhumed the magnificent palaces of Sargon, Sennacherib, Sardanapalus, and other kings of Assyria, with their wonderful collection of sculptured slabs in alto and bass-relief, representing the worship of their gods, combats with wild beasts, battle-scenes, and almost every event in their nation's history. So that now, after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, you can stroll through the streets and palaces of long-lost Nineveh, see how royalty lived in those early days, and can almost fancy you hear her kings tell of their great exploits from the thrones that are crumbling with age beneath them. In one sculpture Sennacherib is portrayed with a spear,

KING OF ASSYRIA PUTTING OUT THE EYES OF CAPTIVES.

cruelly putting out the eyes of prisoners dragged into his presence with cords, and iron hooks through their lips or nose. In another, we have pictured the invasion of Palestine, giving the very name of Hezekiah, King of Judah, together with the number of prisoners and amount of spoils carried away, and in still another, a description of the siege of Jerusalem, agreeing so remarkably with Ezekiel's account, that one would suppose the Prophet had been an eye-witness of the siege itself.[1]

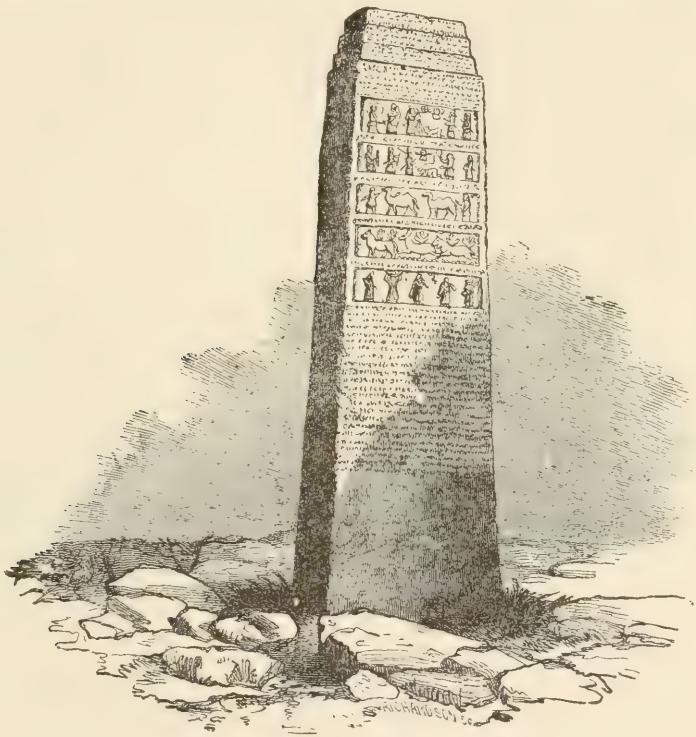
[1] Ezekiel iv, 1, 2.

During their explorations they came upon the bakery of King Sargon's palace, and the old hand-mills, with loaves of bread still in the ovens, baked probably before Rome was founded; and the wine-cellar was discovered full of large egg-shaped pottery jars; the wine had all evaporated, leaving a sediment in the jars, from which you could easily detect the odor of the grape when the vessels were filled with water. They also struck upon the store-room, containing many articles in different materials, principally wrought iron, such as nails, saws, chains, picks, and shovels, the latter weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, and so well preserved, they were put at once into the hands of the workmen, and the excavations carried on with shovels and picks forged by blacksmiths centuries before Christ was born. How marvelous all this seems!

This palace consisted of forty-nine halls, cased round with sculptured alabaster slabs, from seven to eight feet high, above which the walls were plastered and frescoed. The ceilings of the different apartments were cedar from Lebanon, or blackwood from India, the floors were paved with marble, and the principal door-ways guarded by colossal, human-headed, winged bulls or lions, denoting great strength, wisdom, and fleetness, beautiful symbols of their divinities. The gates leading to the palaces were bronze, two of which, twenty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide, have lately been recovered by Mr. Rassam at Balawat, belonging to the royal residence of Shalmaneser II., richly wrought in low relief, recording among many other campaigns the invasion and conquest of Israel by that king 859 B. C. Shalmaneser also built the north-west palace at Nimroud, in which was found the celebrated black obelisk now in the British museum. This obelisk, which is seven feet high and twenty-two inches square

at its base, supplies a lost link in Assyrian history, giving a full account of the reign of Shalmaneser II., who ascended the throne about 890 B. C.

The monument bears a Cuneitic inscription of two hundred and ten lines, and is covered with figures in bass-relief of men



BLACK OBELISK.

and various animals, but not very correctly drawn—the rhinoceros having hoofs and mane, the monkeys perfect human features, and the camels two humps on their backs.

After an invocation to Assarac, the supreme god of heaven, the king furnishes a record of his reign for thirty-one years,

INSCRIBED TABLET OF THE DELUGE.

comprising an account of battles fought, kings conquered, and cities taken. Among many other places mentioned, are Babylon, Borsippa, Tyre, and Sidon; and among his vassal kings, Jehu, king of Israel, and Hazael, king of Syria, whom Elijah anointed—confirming in a remarkable manner the historical statements of the Bible.

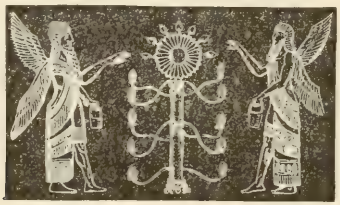
But the most interesting discovery made was the finding of numerous inscribed tablets and cylinders in the palaces of Sen-

nacherib, and his grandson Asshur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus, opposite Mosul. Hundreds of volumes were here found, not written on paper or parchment, but in the cuneiform character on thin bricks or clay tiles while yet soft, and then burned hard in the kiln. The books were neatly paged, numbered, catalogued, and arranged upon shelves for the convenience of the reader. They were on all subjects—history, poetry, and biography; agriculture, religion and politics; also grammars, arithmetics and dictionaries; legal documents, songs to their gods, tables of cube roots, even the multiplication table, that before this was supposed to have originated with Pythagoras. One work on astronomy covered seventy tablets, giving the position of the pole star, the movements of the comets, and of Venus and other planets. A library was found belonging to one of the early kings of Ur in Chaldæa, at least 2,000 years B. C. Abraham was a native of this city, and here were the books that perhaps the patriarch read before he left his native land. More than twenty thousand of these tablets have been recovered, and, what is very strange, they all bear silent witness to the truth of God's word; for here, on these earthen tiles, as well as on the gates of brass and slabs of marble that once adorned these splendid palaces, was found written the whole history of the world, from the creation down to a thousand years after the flood, wonderfully confirming the Mosaic narrative; as these ancient legends, some of them dating back four thousand years, must have originated in facts, and these facts are the facts of the Bible.

Not only was here found an account of the creation, the deluge, and the building of the Tower of Babel, but of the genesis of our world—the beginning, when "the earth was without form and void;" also, of the origin of evil, and of

man, with all the particulars of his temptation, his fall, the curse pronounced upon him, and his expulsion from Paradise.

But what is most strange, we find on these tablets an account of the Mammoth, and other huge extinct monsters, the fossil remains of which have been such an enigma to naturalists. And on one of the seals we have a curious representation of the cherubim guarding the tree of life, on another the casting of the dragon, or Lucifer, out of heaven; and on still another Noah, in his ark, floating on a shoreless sea. We also find on these cylinders and tablets the names of Abraham, Ishmael, Noah, Enoch, and other biblical characters.



CHERUBIM GUARDING TREE OF LIFE.

These records further show that "Eden" was the old and natural name of Babylon; and we have furnished here a geographical description of the garden in which the opening scene of human history is laid; answering, in every respect, the particulars as given in the Scriptures, even to the names of the four rivers that watered the garden.

Many of these clay tablets are not more than from three to four inches long, by two inches wide and half an inch thick. The writing is in the cuneiform character, and in some instances so small they can only be read under a magnifying glass, and some such instrument must have been used in their execution.

Thus, after the lapse of thousands of years, we see dug up

out of the rubbish of ages, the royal library of the Assyrian kings, written on slabs of stone, plates of brass, and tiles of burned clay, and so fully agreeing with the inspired volume, that they seem almost like a lapidary edition of the Book itself. And it would almost seem as if this ancient city had been allowed to remain entombed through so many centuries solely to confound the folly of modern skepticism.

Babylon, though first mentioned in connection with Nineveh, was probably founded before the flood, as the name signifies "the gate of God," or more properly, "the gate-way to the

EXPULSION OF LUCIFER OUT OF HEAVEN

garden of God," and it more than likely covered the site of the garden of Eden. It was only rebuilt by Nimrod, grandson of Ham, "the beginning of whose kingdom was Babel,"[1] a name with which Babylon became confounded after the confusion of tongues.

This famous city—the capital of Shinar or Chaldæa—was greatly enlarged and beautified by Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. Herodotus and other ancient historians describe it as a vast city situated on both banks of the Euphrates, inclosed with double walls of great height and thickness. The two

[1] Genesis x, 10.

portions of the city were connected by a bridge half a mile long spanning the river, also by a tunnel under the river bed, traces of which still remain. Recent researches show that these statements in reference to the extent and magnificence of Babylon were not exaggerations.

Mr. Rassam, so long connected with explorations in the East, has lately made some valuable discoveries on the site of this ancient city. He has succeeded in identifying the grand palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and in connection therewith found the remains of the celebrated hanging gardens, erected by that king to please his Median queen: great mounds of earth thrown up in terraces on stone piers; wells, reservoirs, and aqueducts, used doubtless in irrigating the gardens; ponderous masses of black basaltic rock, to represent mountain scenery, which must have been floated down the river from the hills of Armenia, together with inscriptions and numerous other articles, proving beyond doubt that this was the imperial palace of Babylon's greatest king.

Among the many interesting discoveries made here were the dens where the wild beasts were kept, and a sculptured colossal lion in basalt, about thirteen feet long and ten high, standing over a prostrate man, supposed to represent Daniel in the lions' den. There is a band around the jaws of the lion like a muzzle, indicating, perhaps, that the angel "shut the lion's mouth."[1] And in the mound of Birs-Nimrud, the supposed site of the Tower of Babel, Mr. Rassam found the remains of several richly decorated chambers. The painting was on plastered walls and enameled bricks of beautiful design. This able explorer also discovered the palace and banqueting hall of Belshazzar, the roof of which was Indian blackwood, supported by

[1] Daniel vi. 22

Mosaic columns and pillars of enameled bricks. This rich hall was probably the same in which the king gave the great feast to his thousand lords, and saw the mysterious writing on the wall, the night he was slain,[1] B. C. 539. It has been asserted that no such king ever reigned at Babylon, his name not appearing in profane history; but tablets have lately been found here bearing the identical name of "Belshazzer, king of the Chaldæans."

This was Babylon's last king. The Medes under Cyrus, after a two years' siege, that night entered the city. It was afterward taken by Alexander, who removed the seat of empire to Seleucia. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," passed forever away. And according to Isaiah's prediction, "It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."[2]

What Layard, Rassam, and Smith have done for Nineveh and Babylon, General Cesnola has done for Cyprus, the Chittim of Scripture. He has identified eight ancient cities, explored fifteen temples and over sixty thousand tombs; and has found in these tombs and temples twenty thousand vases, busts, and statues in marble and terra-cotta; three thousand seven hundred and nineteen glass vases and bottles; sixteen hundred articles in gold, silver, and bronze, some of beautiful workmanship; two solid gold armlets, weighing two pounds

[1] Daniel v, 30. [2] Isaiah xiii, 19–22.

each, belonging to the king of Paphos; a great variety of rings, necklaces, and bracelets, some like serpents, others with the head of Medusa. He also found the name of the proconsul, Paulus, probably Sergius Paulus, one of Paul's converts, and governor of Cyprus at the time of the apostle's visit.[1]

This island was first settled by the Phœnicians, afterward held successively by the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Turks, and is now an English colony, having lately been ceded to Great Britain by the Sultan of Turkey.

Other explorations have been made at Sus, or Susa, the Shushan of Scripture and royal residence of the Persian kings, situated on the river Eulæus, about one hundred and twenty miles north of the Persian Gulf. General Williams and Mr. Loftus, in their excavations on the site of this old capital of ancient Elam, found the citadel and other extensive remains, among them the supposed palace of Ahasuerus, the Xerxes of history. This ruin stands on a raised platform of sun-dried bricks, covering sixty acres and seventy feet high. The walls, being of sunburnt brick, have all crumbled to dust, but the bases of seventy-two richly-carved pillars, together with many other pieces of sculpture, have been recovered.

The palace was a pavilion very similar to that at Persepolis, consisting of a grand central hall or inner court, two hundred feet square, paved with colored marble, the roof of which was supported by thirty-six beautiful marble columns over sixty feet high. This hall was inclosed on three sides by wide colonnades or porches, in which Ahasuerus gave his public receptions. The "inner court" was where he held his private audiences, and probably where Queen Esther went "in unto the king," to intercede for her people.[2] The great feast was

[1] Acts xiii, 7. [2] Esther iv, 16.

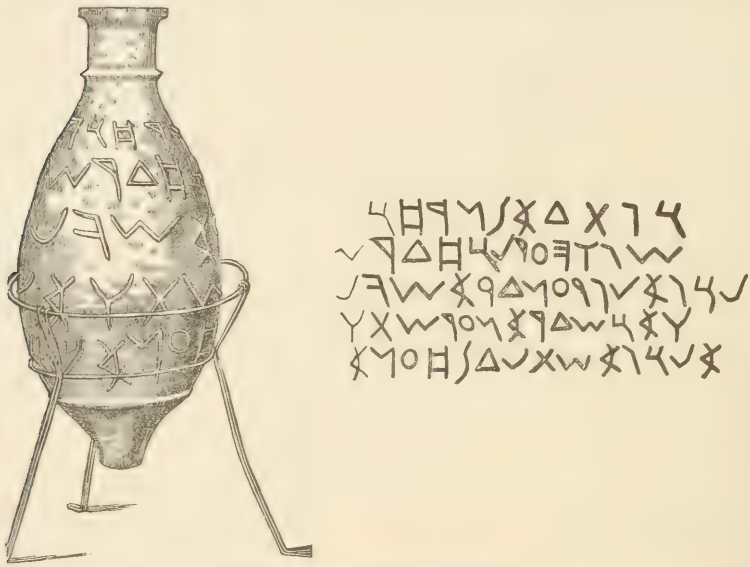
given "in the gardens of the king's palace," or the courts surrounding the palace. "The king's gate," where Mordecai sat, was a hall one hundred feet square that stood about two hundred feet in front of the main entrance.

The city is now entirely deserted, save by lions, wolves, jackals, and other wild beasts, which find here a safe hiding-place, and hold their nightly carnivals in the courts of the renowned king who "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia," and commanded the largest army ever marshaled on earth. The reputed tombs of Daniel, Esther, and Mordecai are still pointed out near this the scene of their labors and death.

Equally important discoveries are being made in Palestine. In a former chapter we gave an account of the finding of the "King's Highway," over which the Israelites, after passing the wilderness, entered Canaan. It is a paved road, with side walls, and can easily be traced from "the city that stood in the midst of the river," at the "fords of Arnon," through Aroer to Heshbon and Nebo. Dibon, once the capital of Moab, and where the celebrated Mesha stone was found, was situated on this highway, and just now is the center of considerable interest from reports that other similar stones have been discovered near there, during the last year. It is also in this neighborhood that the unique Moabite pottery is found, about which there has been such a sharp controversy among antiquarians. Personally, we have no doubt concerning the genuineness of these articles, but are not disposed to discuss the question here. The savants of Europe are at work upon the inscriptions, and the result of their investigations will shortly be made known. We, however, are fully satisfied from what has already been deciphered, that the discovery will shed much additional light upon many obscure portions of Old Testament history.

The collection thus far made consists of about fifteen thousand kiln-burnt urns, idols, vases, tablets, and other articles, many of them small images and coins; and, what is remarkable, no two are alike, except in this one particular, they all have seven indentations upon them, symbolical of something mysterious.

Generally they are rudely made, and some of them indecent, but this was peculiar to the worship of Peor, the favorite goddess of the Moabites. Perhaps one thousand of the larger



MOABITE VASE, WITH INSCRIPTION.

articles bear inscriptions in Greek or Phœnician characters. These characters appear to be divided into four or more systems, belonging to as many ages and dialects. In addition to the Greek alphabet there are several irregular letters, the meaning of which has not yet been determined. About one third of the characters are uniform in all the systems, and identical with those on the famous Moabite stone.

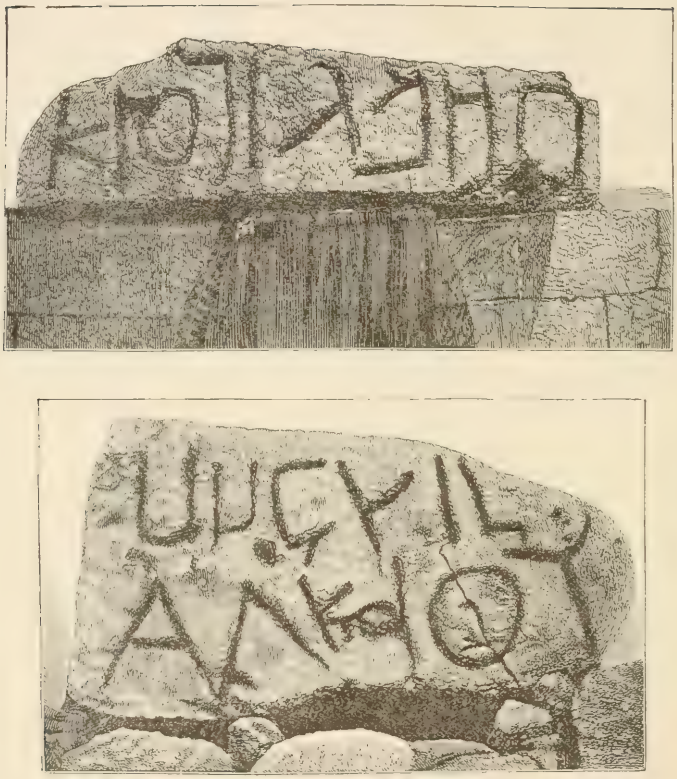
We have before us, belonging to this collection, an urn sixteen and a half inches high, without the base, which has been broken off, and seven and a half inches in diameter, found in a cave near Heshbon, not far from Beth-Peor. It appears, so far as we are capable of judging, to have been a votive offering, probably filled with wine or oil, and presented to the god Taad —corresponding to the Egyptian Thoth—the god of letters, by a person named Hasak or Hezekiah, with the prayer that Taad would remember and bless him, and all the gods protect him. It has on it sixty raised characters, about two inches long, arranged in five lines extending entirely round the vase.[1]

Abu Shusheh, about four miles south-east of Ramleh, has lately been identified as the ancient Levitical city of Gezer, retaken from the Philistines by Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and given to his daughter, Solomon's wife. The boundaries of the forty-eight cities set apart for the sons of Levi have long been a subject of controversy. Last summer, in visiting this place, my attention was called to two large stones with inscriptions upon them in old Hebrew and Greek characters; the letters were about nine inches long, and deeply cut in the horizontal face of the native limestone rock where it cropped out of the ground. According to Mr. Clermont-Ganneau, and other archæologists, the inscriptions read: "The limits, or boundary, of Gezer," and these old land-marks were no doubt intended to define the outer boundary of the city suburbs.

It is to be regretted that the stones are no longer in their original position, the Turkish authorities having removed them to Constantinople.

This discovery will go far toward fixing the standard of the

[1] This vase is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

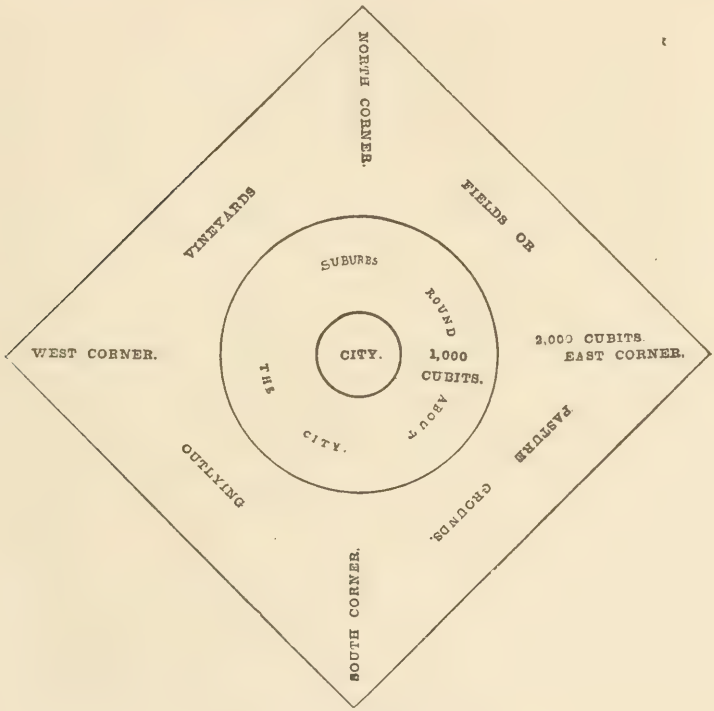


OLD HEBREW INSCRIPTIONS.

Jewish cubit, and in determining the shape and extent of the suburbs of the Levitical cities.

The cities themselves being among those taken from the former occupants of the country, were more than likely of different dimensions, no two, perhaps, alike. Some may have been square, others round. The limit of the inner suburb was one thousand cubits from the wall "round about;" this may have been circular. The outer precincts were two thousand cubits beyond the inner, east, west, north, and south, or, accord-

ing to the Hebrew text, "to the east corner two thousand cubits."[1] So the boundary of the outlying fields could not have been circular, but angular. The suburbs did not measure three thousand cubits in all directions; only the angles at the four cardinal points, the sides being diagonal. The first thousand



PLAN OF LEVITICAL CITIES.

cubits were to be measured "from the *wall* of the city," not from the center of it, the city being "in the midst."

A discovery of some interest has also been made at Gaza, in the old mosque of that city, which was once a Jewish syna-

[1] Numbers xxxv, 3–4.

gogue. On one of the marble columns of this mosque is a beautifully executed model of the golden candlestick of the Temple. It resembles very much the one on the arch of Titus at Rome; only this one is surrounded with a wreath, as if trimmed for some festive occasion, perhaps the feast of tabernacles. It has the seven branches with candles represented as burning in the sockets. The knife of sacrifice hangs from one of the branches, and some other instrument from another branch on the opposite side. The name of Rabbi Hanna, son of Yoseph—John, the son of Joseph—in old Hebrew, is inscribed below on the same column.

A few months since, a peasant man found near Ekron, five miles south-west of Ramleh, on the great maritime Plain of Philistia, a stone seal about one inch square on the face, bearing a peculiar device, and which I purchased for a trifle, not considering it of any great value. Since then many antiquarians, to whom impressions were sent, have pronounced the device an image of Beelzebub, the great Fly god, and the only one ever discovered. He is represented as a man of the Assyrian type, with short beard and four wings. In his hands he holds two apes or monkeys, denoting, perhaps, his office as "Prince of devils," apes being sometimes translated devils in the Scriptures.[1] Beelzebub was the principal deity of the Philistines, and is frequently referred to in the New Testament. We are also informed that when Ahaziah, King of Israel, fell from his palace window in Samaria and was fatally injured, he sent to this god at Ekron, to inquire whether he should recover or die. We, however, have never before been able to form a correct idea of the figure of this celebrated deity. The name signifies Fly-god, or destroyer of flies, a generic term applicable

[1] Deuteronomy xxxii, 17.

to all winged insects, as flies, gnats, locusts, mosquitoes, and the like, which have always been the plague of the Orient.

It has generally been supposed that this god was worshiped under the symbol of a fly, others argued for the beetle or scarabeus; but Beelzebub, you will observe, was an oracular divinity, so must have been represented in the human form, as man is the only creature endowed with the gift of speech.

And may not this deity answer to "the prince of the power of the air," referred to by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians?[1] Beelzebub was regarded as the god of all the insects

BEELZEBUB.[2]

that fly in the air, and the ignorant Philistines in their worship sought to secure his favor under the impression that he only could protect them from the fearful plague of flies, locusts, and grasshoppers, so common in the East; the visitation of which was generally followed by famine and pestilence, translated in some instances demon or destroyer in the Scriptures. This view appears more rational than to suppose the air we breathe to be swarming with evil spirits

[1] Ephesians ii, 2; Mark iii, 22.

[2] This seal is still in possession of the author, who has refused a large sum offered for it by the British Museum, it being the only image of Beelzebub thus far discovered. It was probably used for sealing the oracles of this god.

An order was recently issued by the Sultan for removing the old walls, and dismantling the fortifications of Jaffa. In cutting a gate through a water battery at an angle of the sea wall, built by Vespasian, and directly in front of the reputed house of Simon the tanner, the workmen came upon three oval-shaped tanners' vats, hewn out of the natural rock, and lined with Roman cement, down very near the sea, and similar in every respect to those in use eighteen centuries ago. There is also a freshwater spring flowing from the cliff close by, long known as the Tanners' Spring.

This discovery, at least, proves that the house on the rocky bluff above, from which steps lead down to the vats, must have belonged to some tanner; and, as it is not likely more than one of that trade would be living in so small a place as Jaffa, this, in all probability, is the identical spot where the house of Simon stood, with whom Peter was sojourning when he saw his wonderful vision, and received the servants of Cornelius, who came all the way from Cæsarea to have the apostle visit their master in that city. A cedar beam was also found under a section of the wall, deeply imbedded in the sand, showing that this was probably the very port where Solomon landed the timber and marble for his gorgeous temple on Moriah.

Another interesting discovery has just been made by the Palestine Exploration Society. It will be remembered, that after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the city was rebuilt by order of the Emperor Hadrian, and the name changed to Ælia Capitolina, in honor of himself. This emperor also, to commemorate his victory over the Jews and the overthrow of their religion erected a grand temple on Mount Moriah, which he dedicated to Jupiter, placing therein a beautiful marble statue of himself.

Lately a poor peasant, digging among the rubbish in the old road-bed, just outside the Damascus gate, near the Tomb of the Kings, came upon what appears to be the head of this celebrated statue. The physiognomy of Hadrian is striking, and there is little difficulty in identifying his statue by the rather low forehead, Roman nose, crisp beard, curved eyelids, stern look, and curled mustache, all of which are here clearly defined. M. Clermont-Ganneau, and other archæologists, consider this the

HADRIAN'S HEAD

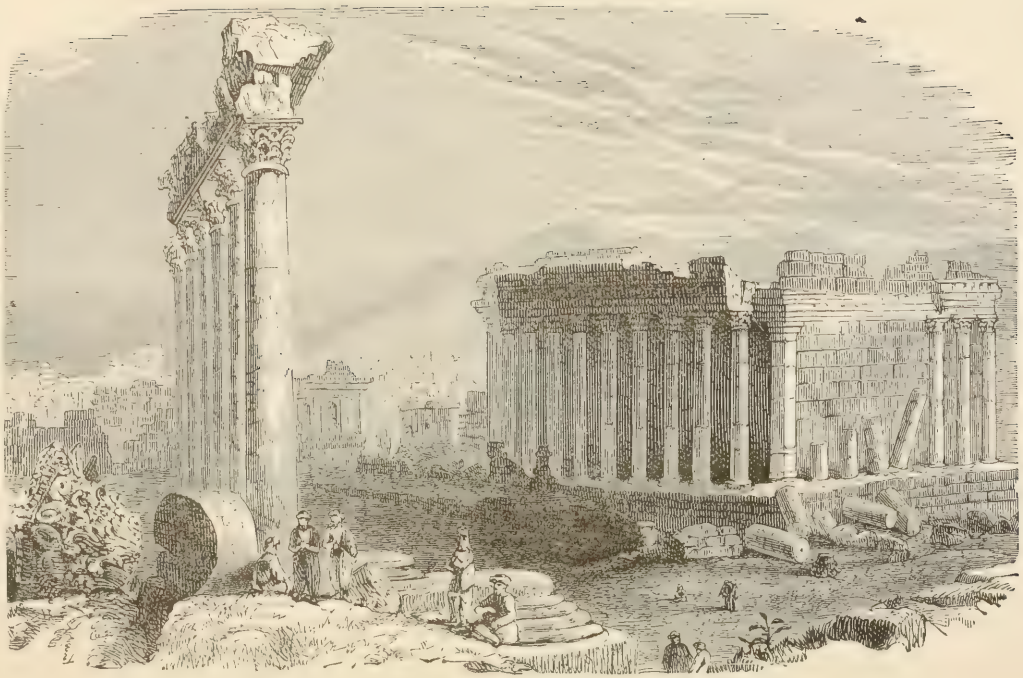
head of the identical statue of the great emperor, which originally stood in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, erected on the site of the once magnificent temple of Solomon.

The statue had been broken into fragments, its head used as a common paving-stone, and when found was lying in the highway, face downward, where for centuries it had been

trampled in the dust by almost every donkey, camel, and pilgrim that entered the gates of Zion!

How strangely God brings to naught the designs of wicked men! This emperor sought to obliterate all knowledge of the true God and his worship; blotted out the very name of the holy city; piled up mountains of earth over the tomb of Christ; built pagan temples on Calvary and Moriah, and set up his own image in the most sacred place to receive the homage due only to God. All which seems to have transpired but yesterday in the history of our race. To-day, in clearing away the ruins of the past, we find the mutilated head of the conqueror of the Jews, with the laurel and eagle still upon his brow, and the imperial expression in his eye, but his power and glory forever gone. To-day Hadrian only lives in history, his beautiful tomb in Rome is the Castle of St. Angelo; his marble sarcophagus is the baptismal font in St. Peter's, and Jupiter, his favorite deity, is without a temple, priest, or worshiper, on the face of the whole earth; while, on the other hand, for every fragment of Jehovah's temple demolished by this emperor, a Christian church has sprung up somewhere in the earth, and to-day millions of devout hearts crowd the courts of the Lord's house in every land, to join in doxologies of praise to "Him whose dominion is universal, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end."

These, and other discoveries which are almost daily made in the sites of cities and places not hitherto identified, help very much to settle long-disputed points, go far toward establishing the inspired record, and add greatly to the interest taken in biblical researches.



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

CHAPTER IX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Impressions on leaving Jerusalem—Old City of Damascus—Turkish Bath—Great Mosque—Baalbec by Moonlight—Cedars of Lebanon—Ruins of Ephesus—Temple of Diana—Classic Athens—Vestiges of Ancient Greece—Home again.

IN leaving Jerusalem, after a residence of four years, we experienced the saddest feelings. It was like parting with some long-cherished friend, and painful to tear ourselves away. Our heads were continually turning and looking back to catch, if possible, another and still another view of the Holy City. Even when miles away, we found ourselves standing up in our stirrups, stretching our necks and straining our eyes in hopes of getting yet another glimpse. And when, near Bethel, we saw for the last time the "Dome of the Rock" on the summit of Moriah, it was like taking a last look of the old homestead or of a beloved parent. Crossing the Jordan at Damieh, and taking on our route Jerash, Bozrah, Edrei, and other famous stone cities of Bashan and the Hauran, after many adventures, but nothing serious, we safely reached the old city of Damascus.

The history of this city dates back very near the Flood. It is supposed, by some, to cover the site of the Garden of Eden, and to have been founded by Uz, the great-grandson of Noah. It must have been a place of importance in the days of Abraham, whose steward was "Eliezer of Damascus," and according to Josephus, Abraham himself at one time was a reigning prince of this city. It certainly is among the oldest cities on our globe, and, what is remarkable, has flourished under every

dynasty, and is still the largest city in Syria. Beautifully situated on the banks of the Abana and Pharpar rivers, in the midst of luxuriant gardens, it may very appropriately be called "the pearl of the East."

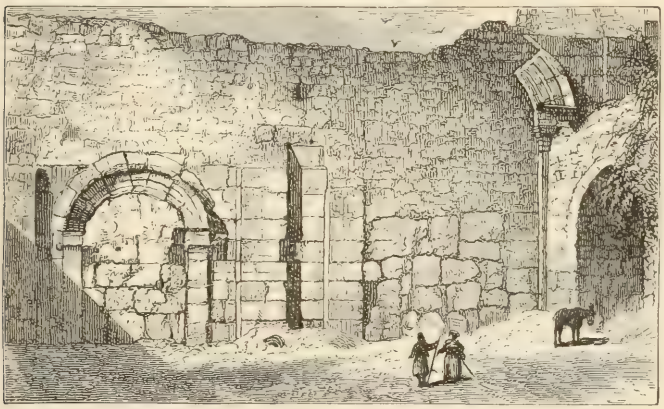
Our first stroll was through the crooked "street called Straight," by the house of Judas, and Ananias, and out of the eastern gate, where we were shown the traditional site of

DAMASCUS.

Naaman's house, and where Paul was let down over the wall. But to me, the most interesting object was the Great Mosque, eleven hundred feet long and eight hundred wide—the largest house of worship in the world, except the noble sanctuary at Jerusalem, originally a pagan temple, then a Christian church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and said to contain his head in a casket of gold—now a Mohammedan mosque. Over one

of the grand entrances to this temple, now closed, may still be seen the very singular Greek inscription, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." This prophetic inscription has stood here since the earliest ages of Christianity, and over the portals of Islamism for these twelve hundred years.

Never having taken a Turkish bath, several of us one morning concluded to test this Oriental luxury. On entering the establishment, we were met by two turbaned Turks evaporated into



EAST GATE, DAMASCUS.

mere skin and bones, and conducted to an elevated platform where we were requested to undress. From here we were taken from apartment to apartment, each one hotter and hotter, until respiration became difficult, and a peculiar sensation of suffocation came over me. Very soon we were ushered into a small oven-shaped room, feeling hot enough to roast a man, and stretched out on its heated marble floor, the perspiration oozing profusely from every pore, as if the whole body were dissolving. After this we were drenched, at intervals, with

pails of hot water thrown over our shoulders, the steam filling the room and almost par-boiling us. Next, in came a gaunt, raw-boned Arab, looking as if all commiseration had been stewed out of him, and with brush and soap-suds began scrubbing our tender, half-cooked bodies at a fearful rate, fairly taking the flesh from our bones. This process of steaming, scraping, scrubbing, was kept up for perhaps half an hour; when, blind from the soap in our eyes, faint from the excessive heat, sore from the unmerciful scouring, and provoked at our own folly in submitting to such vile treatment, we were taken into another apartment and plunged into a bath up to our chins, hotter if possible, than any thing we had yet experienced. Never did mortals suffer more in the same length of time than we poor wretches in that seething caldron. Taken from this vat, we were wrapped in winding sheets and laid out on marble slabs to cool, as if, sure enough, they intended us for immediate burial; and really, if this process had continued much longer, we would soon have been fit subjects for the tomb. Finally, after more rubbing, rolling, and thumping, we were conducted back to the room we first entered, stretched out on Turkish divans, regaled with Turkish coffee, fumigated with Turkish tobacco until our eyes began to swim as in some dreamy state, from which we were soon aroused by our sharpened appetites clamoring for something more substantial than smoke and vapor. So off we hastened to our tents, reaching them just in time for a good breakfast, thoroughly satisfied and disgusted with the Turkish bath.

About midway between this and Beirut, on the high plain between the two ranges of the Lebanons, are the ruins of Baalbec, in some respects the sublimest works ever executed by the genius of man. Nothing in Greece, Rome, or Egypt can com-

GREAT STONES AT BAALBEC—TEMPLE OF BAAL.

pare with them. Here, on a vast platform nine hundred feet long and five hundred wide, standing thirty feet above the plain, and supported by a wall of immense stones, the largest sixty-nine feet long, fifteen feet thick, and seventeen feet wide, are the remains of two magnificent temples, one dedicated to Baal, and the other to Jupiter, the most perfect ruins in the world—single columns seventy-five feet high and twenty-one feet in circumference, surmounted by an entablature fifteen feet high, all of exquisite workmanship. The eastern door-way to the temple of Jupiter is forty-two feet high in the clear, and twenty-one feet wide, with massive pilasters richly carved. The key-stone of this portal weighs sixty tons, and on it is sculptured the symbol of Jupiter, power and dominion—an eagle soaring among the stars, grasping in his talons the thunderbolts of Jove. The eagle on the standard of our country was taken from this Roman symbol, and I suppose but for this sculpture over the entrance to the temple of Jupiter at Baalbec we never would have had any spread-eagle speeches in America. Our tents were pitched in the very center of this grand ruin, the history of which is lost in the misty past, and we were permitted to eat and sleep and dream in this gorgeous temple of the sun. The night was clear and warm, and we enjoyed the rare privilege of seeing Baalbec by moonlight. The effect was very fine; our own shadows seemed to people anew the place, and as we wandered from temple to temple over broken columns and crumbling walls, we could almost fancy we saw the old fire-worshipers in their midnight orgies again.

In visiting the cedars of Lebanon from Baalbec, we crossed the broad rich plain of Bukâ'a, nearly four thousand feet above the ocean level, and in two hours began ascending the lower

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

spurs of the mountain, and in two hours more were at 'Ain 'Ata, where we encamped for the night. After pitching our tents we retired early, hoping to enjoy a comfortable night's rest; but about midnight a furious hurricane suddenly struck our camp, blowing down our tents and leaving us exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm. The next morning, half frozen, we continued our journey, and after three hours' hard

climbing by a rocky, tortuous path over fields of snow and the highest ranges of Lebanon, when near the summit we encountered another fearful storm of wind, rain and hail. The thunder shook the very mountain beneath us, bringing down great avalanches across our path. The lightnings shot forth their fiery fangs like enormous serpents. The rain fell in torrents. Our horses refused to face the storm, and all we could do was to turn our backs to the blast and wait until it had spent its fury. Cold, wet, hungry, almost dead, we reached the famous cedars, so celebrated in sacred history, about nightfall, greatly enjoying the dinner and warm fire that awaited our arrival.

This grove covers a knoll six thousand three hundred feet above the sea, at the head of the Kadisha River, on the verge of perpetual snow; thus crowning with glory the summit of the vegetable world! There are not more than four hundred trees in this collection, mostly small, the twelve largest, known as the twelve patriarchs, are from thirty to forty feet in circumference, and about one hundred feet high. Other groves have recently been discovered to the north and south, one back of Sidon, very beautiful; and no doubt the whole mountain, at one time, was covered with these goodly trees. But Hiram's thirty thousand men, and the ravages of three thousand years, have made sad havoc among them, and the wonder is that any remain to this day. The wood is of a close-grained, firm texture, very durable, and in appearance resembles our white-pine. Anciently it was used only by royalty and for religious purposes. The great image of Diana, at Ephesus, and the oldest idol in Egypt, were of cedar. The palace of King David was "a house of cedar," and the wood-work of the grand temples of Solomon, Apollo, and Diana, were of the same material.

These trees are called in the Scriptures, "The trees of the Lord, . . . which he hath planted,"[1] and they belong exclusively to Lebanon—are indigenous to no other part of the world. "No other tree was like unto them for beauty." And

RIVER OF ADONIS.

in the poetic language of Ezekiel, "All the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied" them.[2] Though somewhat shattered with age, they still spread wide their fragrant

[1] Psalm civ, 16. [2] Ezekiel xxxi, 9.

branches, and run out their roots far and deep, taking hold of the very foundation of the mountain, so that the storms of many centuries have failed to destroy them: beautifully symbolizing the Christian rooted and grounded in Christ, whom no storm can uproot. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." [1]

The solitude of this forest is oppressive; and the somber shade cast by the evergreen foliage, the sighing of the winds through the gnarled branches, and the associations awakened

NATURAL BRIDGE.

by the venerable appearance of these trees, made us feel more solemn than joyous; and after a few hours' rest we turned our faces westward, first down the valley of the Kadisha, then over a succession of rocky ridges, through the grandest scenery, but over the roughest roads, ever traveled by horsemen.

Passing the river Adonis, near the fabled scene of that young man's death and frequent interviews with Venus—a wild, picturesque gorge, with numerous fountains and water-

[1] Psalm xcii, 12.

falls—fit temple for Cupid—and crossing a deep chasm on a natural bridge, one hundred and sixty-three feet long, eighty feet high, by about one hundred and twenty wide—a most romantic spot, and a wonderful freak of nature, we, on the second day, began the ascent of another mountain range near the coast, and as we were wondering in our own minds whether we should ever reach its craggy summit, lo, all at once the sea, the blue, tideless Mediterranean Sea, burst upon our

TOMB OF KINGSLEY.

vision! and in a few hours we were in Beirut, the end of our journey on horseback, feeling very thankful for our safe passage of the Lebanons.

In the Prussian Cemetery, close by the road-side, as you enter Beirut, a gray granite obelisk marks the tomb of the lamented Bishop Kingsley, who died in this city April 6, 1870, on his tour round the world. The monument was shipped from New York during the author's residence in Palestine, and

it became his painful, yet pleasing, duty, to superintend the erection of this memorial over the grave of a brother minister.

Three days from Beirut brought us, by steamer, to Smyrna, the largest city in Asia Minor, and the seat of one of the "seven Churches," the one of which the venerable Polycarp was bishop, and where he suffered martyrdom. A cypress-tree on the hill back of the city is supposed to mark the spot where this good man was burned at the stake.

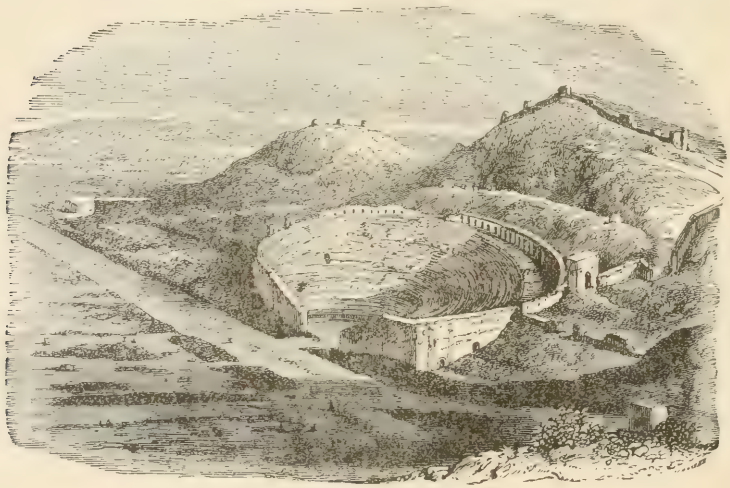
In two hours by rail from Smyrna we were at Ephesus, once the principal city in Ionia, and for centuries the metropolis of Western Asia. Among the splendid edifices for which this city was celebrated was the magnificent temple of Diana, said to have been two hundred and twenty years in building. Its roof was of cedar, supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns sixty feet high, each a single shaft of Parian marble, fluted and beautifully colored. This temple was one of the seven wonders of the world, and contained the famous statue of the goddess Diana, which was supposed by the credulous people to have fallen from heaven, and "whom all Asia and the world worshiped."[1] The site of this grand temple, which for centuries was unknown—some persons even questioning whether it ever existed—has recently been discovered after a search of eight years, by Dr. Wood, of the British Museum, at the end of the sacred way, a colonnade of gorgeous tombs, and about one mile from the Magnesia gate. No young mother ever rejoiced more over her first-born than did the doctor over the recovery of this long-buried temple.

The earthquake that destroyed Smyrna, in 178 A. D., greatly injured Ephesus, by filling up the harbor and creating a pestilential morass of mud and rushes over the rich valley of the

[1] Acts xix, 27.

Cayster. So that now most of the ruins are covered with rubbish and a rank growth of vegetation, no one living on the site of this once populous city. All is silent as the grave.

Paul visited Ephesus in the year 54, and the large theater, where he "fought with beasts,"[1] and stirred up the great tumult on that occasion, is still standing on the side of Mount Prion. It is partly cut out of the mountain, ellip-

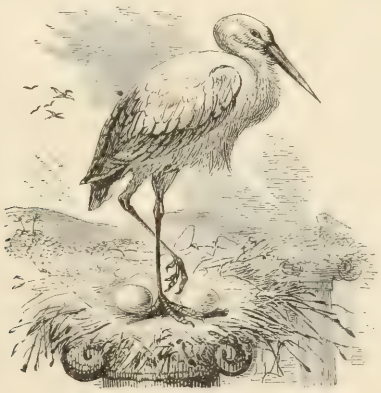


AMPHITHEATER AT EPHESUS.

tical in form, being six hundred and sixty feet in its greatest diameter, and capable of seating an audience of fifty-six thousand spectators. Timothy was the first bishop of the Church here, one of the seven in Asia, and, with Luke, is supposed to be buried here; John, the "beloved disciple," also preached, and, it is said, died and was buried here after his return from Patmos. The remains of his old church, and his tomb back

[1] 1 Corinthians xv, 32.

of the altar, are still pointed out. The buildings along the quay are in good preservation, and the steps leading down to the water as firm as when Paul with Priscilla and Aquila landed here eighteen hundred and twenty-five years ago. It was very solemn to wander among the ruins of this desolate city, to see the stork building her nest on the stately columns, to stand in the church where, perhaps, John the beloved, and Paul, and Timothy, and Luke often preached a pure gospel to assembled multitudes, and to think that the Epistle to the



STORK.

Ephesians, now read throughout Christendom, has no one to read it in Ephesus! She lost her first love, and her candlestick was removed forever.

It was from Ephesus we derived the word Evangelist. When about to build this city, there was a great scarcity of good building material. A shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, feeding his flock on the neighboring hills, discovered a quarry of fine marble, bringing back a specimen. He was received with great joy; his name was changed to Evangelus, that is, bearer of glad tidings, and divine honors were paid him. Thus

we see how words full of sacred import are derived often from pagan legends.

Returning to Smyrna, we took the steamer for Greece, and after touching at Patmos, Rhodes, Scio, and other beautiful islands in the Ægean Sea, landed at Athens, so renowned in classic history, for centuries the great seat of learning, the center of civilization, and the capital of the first Republic in our world's history, 1068 B. C. Just before entering the harbor of Piræus, the port of Athens, we passed over the scene of the celebrated naval engagement of Salamis, and could distinctly see from our vessel's deck the hill on which Xerxes erected his silver throne, from which he witnessed the destruction of his vast fleet, and with it all his ambitious aims of conquest in Europe. Close by the light-house, as we entered the bay, a rock-hewn tomb, over which the sea was breaking, was pointed out as the humble grave of Themistocles, the hero of Salamis.

During our visit to this city I have been living in the past—living my life over again—living amid the stirring scenes of two thousand years ago. How inspiring to stand amid the ruins of this classic city, and on the very rock where the great apostle first expounded the doctrines of "Christ and the resurrection" to the learned Areopagites!

It is hard for me to realize that I am in Athens, but far more difficult to believe what I really see. That the mountains that tower above the plain are Hymettus, and Lycabettus, and Pentelicus; that the temple that crowns, like some airy castle, the Acropolis, is the unrivaled Parthenon of Phidias, the votive offering of the gods to Minerva, or Athene, erected four hundred and forty-eight years before Christ; that the few tottering, broken columns on the plain are the last of one hundred and twenty-six that once composed the gorgeous temple of

Jupiter Olympus; that just here, where I write, on the hill of Colonus, is where Sophocles was born, and the celebrated temple of Neptune once stood—I say to realize all this, and much more, is to roll the ages back and live through twenty centuries in a day.

We were especially interested in visiting the cemetery of ancient Athens, dating back to 400 B. C., and only recently discovered. Some of the monuments were very fine and sugges-

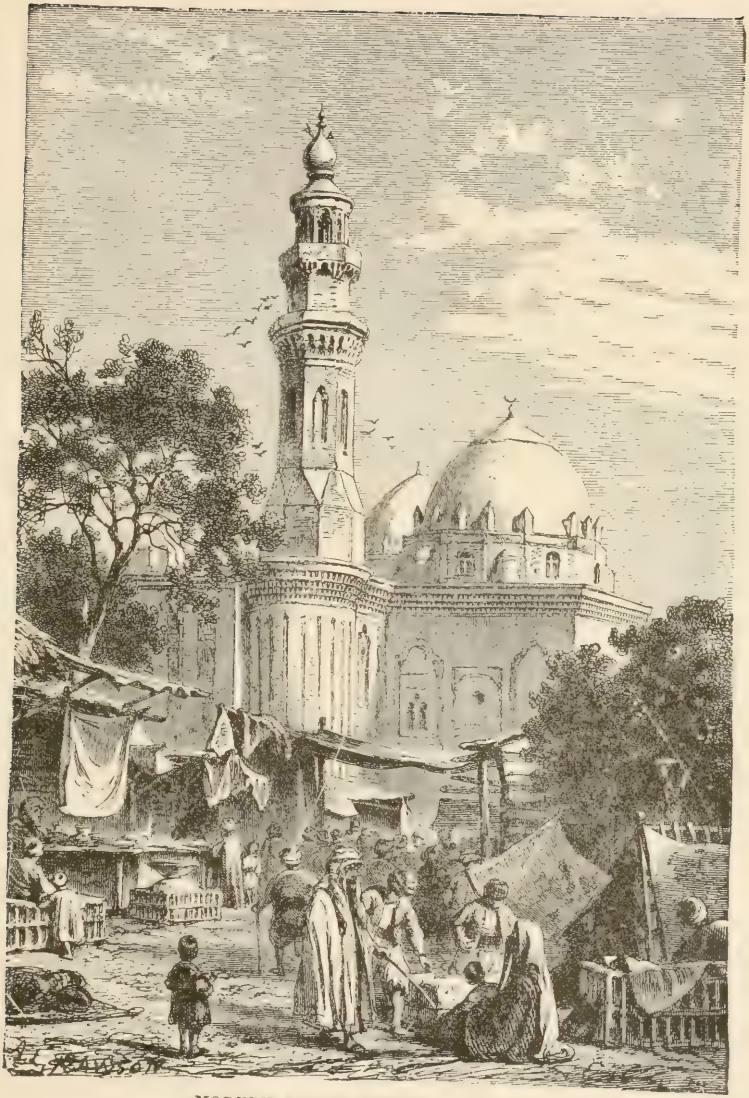
MARS' HILL

tive. There was nothing gloomy in the expression of the dying, but rather a hopeful look; and they seemed to part with their friends in expectation of another meeting in the great hereafter. They were generally attired as if about starting on a journey, some shaking hands, others distributing mementos to loved ones before their departure. On one tomb a young lady was taking a last look of herself in a metallic mirror—the ruling passion strong in death. On another, Charon

was represented waiting with his boat to take the deceased over the river Styx, but refused to start until the price demanded was paid, and was holding out his hand for the money. Some, who had not the required amount, were sitting weeping on the shore as if their hearts would break, because they could not enter the spirit land beyond. They all carried lamps with them to light up the dark valley they were entering. How we should rejoice that Christ has hung up the lamp of life in this dismal region of death, and that all may now, through his merits, pass safely to a state of blessedness beyond!

After spending a delightful week rummaging amid the vestiges of this ancient metropolis of Greece, enjoying the soft sunshine and dreamy quietude of Attica's loveliest month—visiting the monuments of art and power on the Acropolis, among the grandest in the world—standing on Mars' Hill, so sacred in its associations to the Christian, and on the Pnyx, where Demosthenes and Pericles often swayed the populace by their eloquence; strolling through the deserted courts of the Parthenon, once honored with the presence of such men as Solon, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Zeno; and over the site of the Academic groves, where Plato and Aristotle taught their disciples, we turned our faces homeward, and bade farewell forever to heroic, classic Greece.

As the echoes of the evening guns on the men-of-war in the bay of Piræus reverberated along the shore, and the flags dropped, tinged with the golden hues of a glorious sunset, we sailed out of the port of Athens on our way to America and home.



MODERN EGYPT, SUBURBS OF CAIRO.

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.

Land of the Pharaohs—Tower of Syene—Oldest Civilized Portion of the Globe—Battle-field of the World—Grand Monuments—Tombs of the Kings—Wonderful Discoveries at Dayr el Bahree—Royal Mummies—Pyramids at Sakara—Cleopatra's Needle—Prophecy Fulfilled—Mahommed Ali—Slaughter of the Mamelukes—Joseph's Well—Ishmaelites—Arabi Bey—Late Conflict—Future of Egypt.

JUST now the attention of the civilized world centers on the land of the Pharaohs, and all are anxious to know every thing that relates to the history of this ancient nation.

Egypt proper is confined to the valley of the Nile, "the river of Egypt," extending from the Delta up to the First Cataract, a distance of about eight hundred miles from north to south. The "Tower of Syene," modern Assouan, has always been the natural southern boundary of "the land of Ham." True, some of the old Pharaohs extended their conquests higher up the river, but they were never able to hold the territory they conquered. This part of Africa was first settled from the north, as the Scriptures state and the oldest monuments clearly prove, by Mizraim the son of Ham;[1] and it is a singular fact that Mizraim, the Hebrew word for Egypt, is the Arabic name of the country at the present time.

[1] Genesis x, 6.

The history of Egypt almost covers the history of our race. It is probably the oldest civilized portion of the globe, and the most fertile, with the most uniform climate; and her monuments are among the grandest ever erected by man. All the great powers of antiquity have coveted this rich prize, and millions of lives have been sacrificed for its possession; so that the valley of the Nile has been the battle-field of the world, and to-day is nothing more than one vast cemetery of buried cities and buried races.

The monumental remains of this ancient people have long been the wonder of the world. Nothing could surpass in grandeur and magnitude her temples, pyramids, and rock-hewn tombs, a full account of which will be found in the first part of this book.

These explorations are still going on, and within the last year several important discoveries have been made; one, the mummy-pits near the old temple of Dayr el Bahree, just back of Thebes, the renowned capital of Upper Egypt.

The "Tombs of the Kings," recovered by Belzoni, more than half a century ago, were regarded as a great discovery. They are situated among the cliffs at the head of a desolate gorge, about three miles west of Thebes—vast temples for the dead, composed of numerous richly-colored sculptured halls, corridors and chambers excavated out of the solid rock and penetrating the mountain in some instances from five to eight hundred feet. No human remains were found in these tombs, and yet, from the empty, broken sarcophagi, and other evidences of vandalism, it was clear they had once been occupied but plundered by unknown parties centuries before, and it was a great mystery what had become of the remains of

VALLEY OF THE NILE.

the old kings of Egypt. Happily, through the faithful exertions of Herr Brugsch and Professor Maspero, this problem is now solved.

In a gallery two hundred feet long and thirty deep, cut in the natural rock at the base of the bleak Libyan Mountains that form the western boundary of ancient Thebes, thirty-six mummies of the old Pharaohs and their families have been recently found. They had been removed ages before from their royal tombs, perhaps during the Persian or some other foreign invasion, and for safe keeping placed in this more secure, though humbler sepulcher. And to-day, in the museum at Boolak, may be seen lying side by side the kings and queens, princes and priests of royal blood, who lived between three and four thousand years ago. How marvelous!

Their bodies were carefully embalmed, and are wonderfully preserved. Even the garlands of the sacred lotus, and other floral mementos, left with the dead by sorrowing friends, are still there, looking as fresh as if cut but a few months ago. The mummy cases are richly decorated, some had been overlaid with gold, and on each the name and titles of its inmate are legibly written; on one this inscription is set in precious stones.

There is Sethi I., one of Egypt's greatest kings, whom Joseph, it is supposed, served as governor; next to him lies Thothmes III., who first erected, in front of the grand temple at Heliopolis, the obelisk now in Central Park; then comes Rameses II., before whom Moses wrought his miracles, and near by the beautifully embalmed body of his daughter, supposed to be the princess who rescued Moses from the Nile; with many other royal personages of different dynasties, cover-

ing a period of at least seven centuries. And what is even more surprising, with each coffin was found a bronze canopic urn, or alabaster vase, containing the embalmed heart of its occupant; so we have here before us the Pharaoh whose heart was hardened when he refused to let the children of Israel go, and the Pharaoh's daughter whose heart was touched with pity when she heard the young child cry in its ark of bulrushes. Was ever fiction more strange!

Several of the mummies are females, one an infant, only sixteen inches long, and yet has all the titles of royalty. It

EMBALMED BULL, OR APIS.

was found in the same coffin with its mother, and they appear to have been buried at the same time.

This process of embalming was practiced by the Egyptians for more than two thousand years; and not only all natives, but strangers, captives and slaves, were subjected to the rite; so that there must be at the present time millions, if not hundreds of millions, of these mummies hidden among the mountain ranges or concealed by the ever shifting sands of Egypt. They also embalmed their sacred birds, cats and bulls, the latter being

regarded as the incarnation of Osiris. It was the custom to bury with the dead such articles as were found about their persons, or belonged to their profession. Thus we find the soldier with his bow and arrows, the painter with his palette, the scribe with his pen and papyrus, the carpenter with his adze, the mason with his mallet and chisel, the musician with his cymbals, and the child with its doll and other playthings. On one young man was found a sealed letter directed to a friend, the youth dying before the letter was delivered.

With the mummies found at Dayr el Bahree there were five thousand seven hundred different articles, among them a royal funeral canopy, three thousand years old, very richly embroidered on leather; also four large rolls of papyri, one of them one hundred and forty feet long and sixteen inches wide. When these rolls are translated they will no doubt give a full history of the royal dead, with many other important facts.

Among the effects belonging to the women were numerous statuettes, libation jars, bottles of ointment and cosmetics, alabaster cups of beautiful design, goblets of variegated glass, and fifteen full-dress wigs, of curled and frizzed hair, of the latest Paris style, all ready to put on when the soul returned to reoccupy its body.

Equally interesting discoveries have been made recently in the Pyramids at Sakara, the oldest in Egypt, by Mariette Bey and Professor Maspero. These eminent archæologists succeeded in finding the long-concealed entrance to these tombs of royalty; found within them the mortuary chapels of the old Pharaohs covered with sacred inscriptions, giving all details of their religious belief; found the regal sarcophagi of black basalt, and the mummied remains of the old Memphite kings

belonging to the fifth and sixth dynasties, proving beyond controversy that these monuments were designed as tombs for their kings, and exploding forever the wild speculations lately indulged in touching the Pyramids.

INTERIOR OF TOMB, SAKARA.

Next to these royal mausoleums in point of antiquity are the obelisks, of which so little is known. They all appear to have stood east of the Nile, toward sunrise, and probably sym-

bolized the dawn of life, as the pyramids did the shades of death. One of the two known as Cleopatra's Needles, recently brought to America and now standing in Central Park, N. Y., is a single shaft of rose-colored Syenite granite, sixty-eight feet eleven inches long, and about eight feet square at its base, tapering to five feet at the top; weighing one hundred and eighty-six tons, and measuring in height, with its pedestal, ninety-six feet. These monuments were first called obelisks by the Greeks, from "*obeliskos*," a spit, awl, or large needle, a name probably suggested by their peculiar shape; and the two lately taken from Alexandria have long been known as "Cleopatra's Needles," though that celebrity had nothing to do with their erection, and may never have seen them. The one in Central Park is among the oldest extant. It originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, but was removed to Alexandria by order of Augustus Cæsar, in the seventh year of that emperor's reign, B. C. 23, or eight years after Cleopatra's death, and placed with its companion, now in London, in front of a temple dedicated to Augustus.

The four sides are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, cut sharply in the hard granite in three lines from top to bottom. The middle column on each face records the heroic deeds of Thothmes III., who first set up the obelisk at Heliopolis. The side lines, which are two hundred and seventy years later, but not so bold, recite the exploits and virtues of Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty, the most famous of Egyptian kings, who reigned sixty-seven years, about fourteen centuries before Christ.

Egypt was the land of obelisks. Anciently, hundreds of them stood in front of her grand temples, but she has been

cruelly despoiled of these graceful monuments. They have been carried away to Rome, Constantinople, Paris, London, and now New York, until not more than half a dozen are left standing in all Egypt. The largest of the twenty-five in Europe is before the basilica of St. John Lateran, Rome. The shaft alone is one hundred and six feet high and weighs four hundred and forty-five tons. It belongs to the dynasty of Thothmes III., the same as the one in Central Park, and was transported from Thebes to Rome by Constantius, A.D. 357. The next largest is the one at Karnak, ascribed to Hatasoo, sister of Thothmes III., which is estimated to weigh four hundred tons.

According to Herodotus, the entire temple of Sais was a monolith, weighing five thousand tons, and two thousand men were three years transporting it from Syene. How such enormous blocks of granite were taken from the quarry at the first cataract of the Nile, eight hundred miles from the sea, and brought down to the delta, and to different parts of Europe, at that early period, before modern appliances were known, is marvelous. There must have been operative masons in that day, and this, probably, is the great secret our Masonic friends have so long and so faithfully kept.

No one can visit these remains of former wealth and power, and contrast the present condition of Egypt with what it was under the Pharaohs, without being impressed with the truth of revelation as seen in the literal fulfillment of the prophecies that relate to this land. These predictions were uttered when Egypt was in all her glory, and when nothing but Omniscience could have foretold her degradation.

Thus saith the Lord God: "Behold, I will give the land of

Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; and he shall take her multitude, and take her spoil; and it shall be the wages for his army."[1] "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations."[2] "And the Egyptians will I give over into the hands of cruel lords; and a fierce king shall rule over them."[3] "I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations." "And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."[4] There are many other prophecies of the same import, but these are sufficient to show their striking fulfillment.

We have here given the very name of the king who was chosen to break the power of this mighty nation, with the whole list of reverses experienced in her subsequent history. In fact, the history of this country is little more than prophecy fulfilled. Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon's greatest king, was the first to invade and conquer Egypt, B. C. 572. It remained a dependency of Babylonia until the Persian conquest by Cambyses, B.C. 525, after which it was governed by Persian satraps down to its conquest by Alexander the Great, B. C. 332. The Greeks held possession until it was taken from them by the Romans, B.C. 30, when it became a Roman province, and remained so until conquered by the Arabs under Amer, A. D. 638, after which it was governed by the Caliphs, or Saracens, until conquered by the Turks under Sultan Selim, in 1517, when it became a part of the Ottoman Empire. So that during the last twenty-four centuries there has not been a native prince for any length of time on the throne of Egypt.

The founder of the present dynasty, Mohammed Ali, by birth a European, was made Viceroy of Egypt by the Porte

[1] Ezek. xxix, 19. [2] Ezek. xxix, 15. [3] Isa. xix, 4. [4] Ezek. xxx, 13–26.

in 1806. He was a man of great courage, intelligence, and liberality, and did for Egypt more than any other prince in centuries. He not only restored order and created an army, but established schools, encouraged industry, protected Christians, aided science, and for over forty years ruled the land with wisdom, firmness, and justice; and, but for the intervention of Europe, would have added all Syria to his dominion. Ismail Pasha, who succeeded to the Vice-Royalty in 1863, was the adopted grandson of Mohammed Ali, and, in 1868, his title of Viceroy was changed to that of *Khidewe*, or Khedive, a Persian title of higher rank. Owing, however, to his extravagance and misrule, Ismail was deposed in 1879, and his eldest son, Tewfik, the great-grandson of Mohammed Ali, appointed by the European powers to reign in his father's stead. The present Khedive is a young man of sound judgment, good education, liberal in his views, with but one wife, and if let alone will make a good ruler.

Cairo, the capital and residence of the Khedive, is the largest city in Africa, containing a population of half a million, with beautiful avenues, parks, palaces, hotels, opera-house, mosques, bazaars, not to mention the dogs, donkeys, camels, and motley crowds of men, women and children, that serve to make up all Oriental cities. On a rocky ridge to the east, overlooking the city, is the Citadel, built by Sultan Saladin in 1166, of stone taken from the pyramids of Ghizeh. A fine view is had from this eminence of Cairo and its surroundings. Just in front of you is the grand Mosque of Sultan Hassan; then comes the city with its numerous minarets and sun-lit domes, with the river and its fleet of little boats beyond, and away off on the horizon the great African desert in all its soli-

CAIRO, FROM THE CITADEL.

tude, flanked by the pyramids on the one hand and the evergreen delta on the other. A view never to be forgotten. It was in the courts of this Citadel the Mamelukes were betrayed and cruelly slaughtered by Mohammed Ali in 1811. Originally the men composing this celebrated cavalry were Circassian slaves, belonging to the Sultan, but in time they almost gained control of the army and country, and Mohammed Ali, suspecting them of certain plots and intrigues, resolved on their extermination, which he finally accomplished, by alluring them into the Fortress, and then murdering them in cold blood. The spot where Emin Bey, the only one who escaped, made his fearful leap, is still pointed out. The old palace of Saladin formerly stood within the Citadel, but was removed to make room for the splendid mosque and tomb of Mohammed Ali, which now covers the same site. But the greatest curiosity here is the "Well of Joseph," which supplies the Citadel with water. It is supposed to be the work of the ancient Egyptians, if not of Joseph the Hebrew, whose name it bears, and was discovered by Saladin, filled with sand, when clearing away the site for his fortress. It is two hundred and ninety feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter, excavated in the solid rock, with a spiral staircase or inclined plane, like the thread of a screw, winding around the well from top to bottom, wide enough to drive two mules abreast down, all cut out of the natural rock, making the entire opening at least twenty-five feet in diameter. The water is raised by means of earthen jars fastened to an endless rope passing over a wheel, and kept continually revolving by mules or oxen, stationed above and below. The jars that come up full discharge at the top, and descend empty. It certainly is a grand piece of engineering, and how

such an excavation was made to such a depth, without fracturing the rock, is even a greater wonder than the well itself.

The present population of Egypt numbers about 5,000,000, principally Arabs, or the descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's eldest son, by Hagar, his Egyptian wife.[1] Ishmael also married an Egyptian,[2] and was the father of twelve sons, or twelve noted princes, who became the progenitors of twelve Arab tribes.[3] These tribes are the wandering Ishmaelites, or Arabs of the desert, and, as foretold, have become "a great nation,"[4] numbering probably 100,000,000. They are a fearless, independent race, claiming never to have been conquered, paying tribute to no king, leading a nomadic life, roving at pleasure over the country, with their vast flocks and herds, having no local habitation, but dwelling in tents of black goat's hair, and living by plunder. A race of hereditary robbers.

Their history is a standing miracle. They are still wild men, their "hand against every man, and every man's hand against them."[5] Dwelling for centuries in the presence of their brethren, the Jews, Edomites, Moabites, and Ammonites, all highly civilized nations, the Ishmaelites are, nevertheless, as wild and uncivilized to-day as they were 3,000 years ago. They build no cities, make no improvements, have no schools, but lead a predatory, lazy life, looking upon all labor as degrading. There are two classes of Arabs—the Bedouin and Fellaheen. The Bedouins are the wild sons of the desert, warriors by profession, ever on the war-path, and, when mounted on their fleet Arab steeds, in their gay trappings, armed with long lances, the blades, highly polished, gleaming in the sun-light, look very

[1] Genesis xvi, 3. [2] Genesis xxi, 21. [3] Genesis xxv, 16.
[4] Genesis xvii, 20. [5] Genesis xvi, 12.

formidable. The Fellaheen are the tillers of the soil, generally very ignorant and superstitious, have no taste for war, and will never make soldiers. The Egyptians are principally of the latter class, and though they make good field hands, know very little of politics, and are not the material to form a national party out of. The late army of Arabi Bey was made up almost entirely of this class, and having been forcibly taken from their lands, they were only too glad to throw down their arms and run at the first opportunity. The only soldiers that stood fire during the late conflict were the black troops from the Soudan. These soldiers were formerly slaves, stolen from the interior of Africa, and set free by the late Khedive, on the condition that they would serve in the army; and, having no country to fight for, and being far removed from their homes, with no prospect of ever returning, are a class of desperate, reckless men, fond of slaughter, who would rather die than live.

BEDOUIN LANCE.

BEDOUIN LANCE.

No importance is to be attached to the religious movement in the Soudan under Senoussi, the so-called Moslem Messiah. His followers are merely troops of beggars and dervishes, armed with war-clubs and lances, who from superstition or mercenary motives have joined his standard. One regiment of English soldiers would scatter them like chaff before the whirlwind.

The annual revenue of Egypt is about $40,000,000, collected principally from the products of the soil, and as there are only 5,000,000 acres of land capable of cultivation, this imposes an average tax of eight dollars per acre on these poor Fellaheen. It is this oppressive system of taxation that has crushed out the life of the nation, and still hangs, like a great millstone, around her neck. Nothing could be more wretched than the condition of the peasant women of Egypt. No provision is made for their education; they are allowed but few privileges, are never consulted in marriage, do all the drudgery, carry all the water, and are treated worse than slaves by their cruel husbands. They are divorced for any trifling offense, bought and sold like cattle, and die unmourned. There are few Arabs but would grieve more over the loss of a camel than the death of a wife.

Alexandria, the sea-port of Egypt, and largest commercial city in Africa, before passing through its late fiery ordeal, was a stirring place of 300,000 population, and rapidly growing. We give its eventful history elsewhere, save its last bloody chapter, enacted on the 11th of June, 1882, when hundreds of innocent Christians of every age were brutally murdered by fanatical Mussulmans, the sequel of which was the bombardment of the forts by Admiral Seymour, and the burning of the city by Arabi Bey.

It was this spirit of rebellion and plunder, and the Khedive's inability to enforce law and preserve order, that caused England to send her army and navy to his assistance.

Arabi Bey is nothing more than a religious enthusiast, and ambitious rebel, who, under the popular cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," tried to get up a national party, clamoring for

independence. But there can be no national party in Egypt, simply because they are not a nation, merely a population, that have had no voice in their national affairs for twenty-four centuries, and are too ignorant, and have been too long under the heel of despotism, to appreciate a free government. In the recent outbreak, being backed by the army, Arabi first attempted to depose the Khedive. Failing in this, he next, like a highwayman, undertook to murder or drive out of the country all Europeans and Christians, confiscating their property, and even threatened to inaugurate a holy war and desolate the whole land if his authority was not recognized. He is a fanatical Mohammedan, and under the impression that he was a second Cromwell, divinely inspired to restore the ancient faith of his prophet, urged on by the students of El Azhar, he began his crusade with sword and torch against all foreigners and Christians.

In September, 1881, he first appeared upon the Egyptian stage as a mutinous colonel in the Khedive's army, claiming to be influenced by pure and patriotic zeal in the holy cause of Egyptian independence. Those who knew him, however, declared that the so-called patriot was a restless, ignorant puppet, worked by secret wire-pullers in Cairo and Constantinople, to produce anarchy in Egypt, in the hope of exhibiting the incompetency of the Khedive to rule, and of inflaming the fanatical hatred of the population against the European control. Such a combination would cause an outbreak, the Khedive would be deposed, the Europeans flee the country, and the Sultan would intervene and appoint a ruler to the throne of Egypt who would re-establish the tottering influence of the Porte.

The entire world has watched with interest the successive acts in this drama. The curtain rose in September, 1881, with Arabi Bey at the head of his mutinous troops defying the Khedive in front of his own palace in Cairo. The curtain has fallen in September, 1882, with Sir Garnet Wolseley's victory. How changed the scene! Arabi's army has been scattered to the winds; all national aspirations have been dispelled, and the late leader of the rebellion is left without a follower—a crouching sycophant, at the feet of his conquerors.

England and the other great powers of Europe were under treaty stipulations to support the Khedive and put down this rebellion; but the other nations refusing to interfere, England nobly assumed the responsibility, crowning herself with immortal glory.

But for British interference, the flames that consumed the best portion of Alexandria would have spread all over the East, and thousands of innocent Christians would have been cruelly murdered. The battle of Tel-el-Kebir, on the 13th of September, 1882, will determine the future of Egypt. England is there, and she will stay there, and under the protectorate of Great Britain, the land of the Pharaohs will recover much of her ancient glory. Africa will be opened up to commerce, slavery and polygamy will be abolished, law and order will be enforced, life and property protected, woman emancipated, the people elevated, schools and Christian missions established, and civilization promoted throughout the dark continent.

CHAPTER II.

RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES IN THE LIGHT OF PROPHECY.

Foretelling Future Events—The Jewish Prophets—History, Prophecy Fulfilled—Nebuchadnezzar's Dream—Rise and Fall of the Chaldean, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Empires—A Little Stone Breaks them to Pieces—Symbol of Christ's Kingdom—Daniel's Vision of the Four Beasts—The Little Horn of Mohammedanism—Makes War against the Saints—Pilgrimages to Mecca—Tomb of the Prophet—Conflict between the Crescent and Cross—The Prophet's Flag—To Prevail 1,260 Prophetic Days—Great Battle of Armageddon—Overthrow of Islamism—The Little Stone becomes a Mountain, and fills the Earth with the Glory of God.

THE foretelling of future contingent events belongs exclusively to God, and the fulfillment of these predictions is the highest proof of their divine origin. Many of the Scripture prophecies foretold events ages before they occurred—events of which there was then no apparent probability, and the occurrence of which depended on innumerable contingencies. Some of them are of vast extent, reaching down to the end of the world's history.

The Jewish prophets were a class of holy men specially inspired to reveal the purposes of God in relation to both future and current events, and to denounce his judgments against the wicked.

Their messages were received either directly from God, or through dreams, visions, or trances, and were delivered to those they concerned in writing, or by word of mouth; often with miracles to enforce them. Many of their prophecies relate to certain persons, cities, or nations, which had incurred the divine displeasure. Others, such as we shall more particularly notice,

to the rise and fall of empires, and to the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the world.

Of all the Old Testament prophets, none give so full an account of the political changes which have taken place among the nations, as Daniel, who lived in the seventh century before Christ, and foretold, centuries before they came to pass, some of the most astonishing events which have ever occurred; not only under types and figures, but with all the precision of facts, giving the names, dates, and every particular.

So literally have the predictions of this prophet been fulfilled, that some, on that ground, have questioned the authenticity of his book, alleging that his prophecies must have been written after the events transpired. No historian relates events in more exact order of time, and his revelations cover the whole history of the world from Cyrus down to the close of the present dispensation.

In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as explained by Daniel, we have clearly set forth the rise, progress, and termination of the four greatest monarchies of earth, which have been so celebrated in history, together with other mighty changes in the political state of the world, and at the same time, the origin and nature of a fifth kingdom, destined to absorb all the others, and to which there should be no end. The king saw, in his dream, an image exceedingly luminous, of terrible form, and composed of different substances. The head was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the thighs brass, and the legs iron.[1] Nebuchadnezzar was greatly troubled in his mind by this vision, and his own wise men failing to tell him the meaning of his dream, he sends for Daniel, then a young man con-

[1] Daniel ii, 31.

nected with the Babylonian court, who, under divine inspiration, proceeded to show his majesty its signification; the interpretation of which we also are now able to understand, since the prophecy has become history.

The "*head of gold*" represented the brilliant kingdom of Babylonia, "the lady of kingdoms,"[1] "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." The first and grandest among the nations founded by Nimrod, B. C. 2233, which, under Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon's greatest king, extended over all Western Asia. So that the prophet might very truthfully say, "Thou, O king, art this head of gold."

The "*breast and arms of silver*" denote the Medo-Persian empire under Cyrus the Persian, who, after the fall of Babylon, B. C. 538, and the death of his uncle, Darius the Mede, united the two kingdoms and established the powerful Persian empire on the ruins of ancient Chaldæa.

The "*thighs of brass*" apply to the Grecian and Macedonian empire under Alexander the Great, who, in his victorious march, not only conquered the Medes and Persians, but all the countries between the Adriatic and the Ganges, and, according to the prophecy, "bore rule over all the earth," there being "none to withstand him."

The "*legs of iron*" evidently refer to the Roman monarchy, which succeeded, and was formed out of the wreck of, the Grecian. A strong military kingdom, iron in nature, invincible in war. The feet were "iron and clay," denoting that it was a mixture of strength and weakness, of good and bad qualities, which would not freely mingle nor "cleave one to another," but become weakened by conquest and be easily broken to pieces.

[1] Isaiah xlvii, 5.

The "*stone cut out of the mountain*" can have but one meaning, and must refer to the "rock of our salvation," the kingdom of Christ, against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail." Cut from the mountain, "*without hands*," refers to the spiritual nature of this kingdom, showing that it "is not of this world,"—not of human origin; but a kingdom which the God of heaven has set up, an everlasting kingdom, to which there shall be no end. Every thing made with hands is perishable and doomed to destruction; but this, being a spiritual kingdom, and not made with hands, "shall stand forever." This little stone, after striking the image and breaking it to pieces, "became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."[1] Thus Christianity, after the fall of the Roman Empire, became a great power, consuming all that remained of the four great monarchies of earth, leaving scarcely a vestige of their former greatness—nothing but desolation and ruin to mark the sites of their renowned cities.

These empires were destroyed in the very order foretold. First, the head of gold, next the arms of silver, then the thighs of brass, and, finally, the legs and feet of iron and clay. So completely are they blotted out, that none of them are to be found to-day; all have become extinct, and only live in history. The Chaldeans were absorbed by the Medes, the Medes by the Persians, the Persians by the Greeks, the Greeks by the Romans, and the Romans by the Goths and other nations into which the Roman empire was divided.

The conversion of Constantine was a severe blow to pagan Rome, and his edict, A. D. 331, abolishing idolatry, speedily established Christianity throughout the empire. And ever since

[1] Daniel ii, 35.

the downfall of Rome the kingdom of the stone has been gathering strength from year to year, and it will continue to increase from century to century, until all "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." [1]

It will be observed that "*the feet and toes of* this image" were iron and clay, and after it was broken these formed a separate kingdom, a mixture of iron and clay, or truth and error. This, it would seem, refers to the rise of the Mohammedan power, or the Saracenic Caliphate, which was a mixture of many races, and a part of the dismembered Roman Empire.

Fifty years later, when Daniel was in the palace at Shushan, the summer residence of the Persian kings, being nearer the mountains and cooler, he himself had a vision of the same import, under the symbol of four beasts, which were to represent more fully the order, succession, and character of these four great monarchies.

"The first was like a lion, and had eagle's wings;" [2] this applies to Babylonia, in her great strength and glory, after the conquest of Assyria. The symbol of her kings and deities was the human-headed winged lion, which may still be seen guarding the entrance to her ruined temples and palaces. The wings, however, are represented as "plucked," which refers to the decline of the empire; she is no longer to soar above the nations, has already lost Lydia, Media, and Persia. Her last king is now upon the throne, and soon "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency" will fade forever from the earth.

The next was a ram with "two horns." [3] These horns symbolize power, authority, dominion. One of these horns "was

[1] Revelation xi, 15. [2] Daniel vii, 4. [3] Daniel viii, 3.

higher than the other," and the higher one "came up last." This higher horn clearly refers to Cyrus the Persian, who came up after Darius the Mede, but soon towered above him. We have here represented the two kingdoms of Media and Persia united under Cyrus, who, like a ram, pushes his victories in every direction, "according to his will." The ram was long the emblem of Persia; the golden diadem of the empire was ornamented with rams' horns; and, what seems strange, among the sculptures at Persepolis, the old capital, may still be seen the ram's head with two horns, one higher than the other.

Then "a he-goat came from the west," with "a notable horn," and ran at the ram in "the fury of his power," breaking his two horns and casting him to the ground, "and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand."[1] All which clearly applies to Alexander the Great, who broke to pieces the Persian Empire, and whose conquests were so rapid he seemed to fly, and there was no power that could stand before him. Alexander's victories over the Persians at the Granicus, at Issus, and at Arbela, were as easy as they were rapid and decisive. "Therefore the he-goat waxed very great," having conquered all the world in twelve years, when suddenly "the great horn was broken," but not in battle, Alexander dying a natural death, in the zenith of his glory and power, B. C. 323.

After this a fourth beast appeared, exceedingly terrible, with "great iron teeth," "nails of brass," and "ten horns."[2] All admit that this monster represents the Roman monarchy; exceedingly strong and fierce, oppressing her subjects, and devouring the nations she conquered. The horns denote the ten

[1] Daniel viii, 7. [2] Daniel vii, 7–23.

kingdoms out of which the empire was formed, and the great extent of her dominions.

These beasts are represented as coming up out of a troubled sea, indicating that these monarchies arose from the disturbed state of society, political storms, civil wars or revolutions, brought about by ambitious men. The Almighty, however, overrules all these warring elements for his own glory, and in due time sets up his kingdom of righteousness and truth, that is to control the destiny of our world.

After the goat's "notable horn" was broken, or the death of "the king of Grecia,"[1] there came up four others, "toward the four winds of heaven;" plucking up and dividing Alexander's kingdom, but "not to his posterity."[2] No one was ever more ambitious to leave a numerous family behind him, and yet it is a singular fact that all the near relatives of this great general either died or were cruelly murdered within a short time of his own death, so that none of his own kindred were left to inherit the vast dominions he conquered with his sword. Those who succeeded him were four of his generals: Cassander, toward the west, in Europe; Lysimachus, toward the north, in Asia Minor; Ptolemy, toward the south, in Egypt; and Seleucus, toward the east, in Syria and Persia; forming four strong kingdoms, all of which, subsequently, were absorbed by the fourth monarchy.

Out of one of these horns that sprang from the broken "notable horn," there "came forth a little horn,"[3] plucking "up by the roots" three of the horns belonging to the beast with ten horns. This prophecy has generally been applied to the papal power, but undoubtedly refers to the rise of Moham-

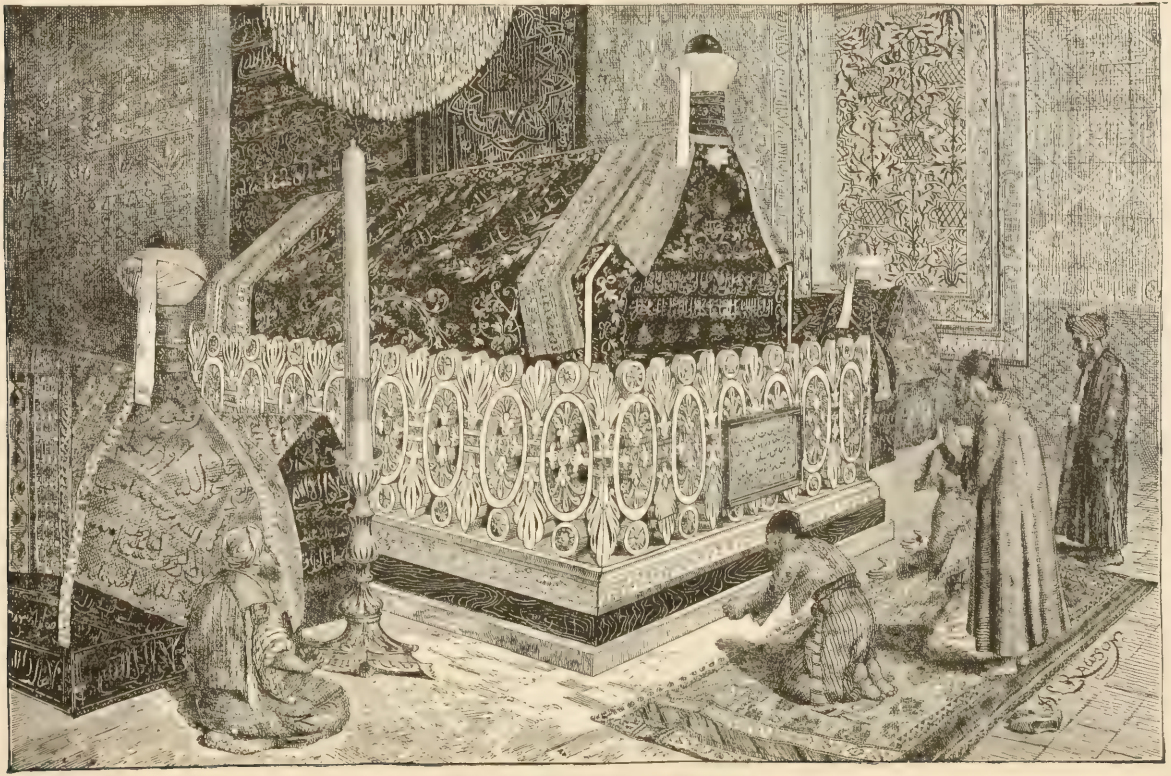
[1] Daniel viii, 21. [2] Daniel xi, 4. [3] Daniel viii, 9.

medanism, which arose after the "stone" had struck the feet of the great image, and "plucked up" Arabia, Egypt, and Syria—three Roman provinces—from the shattered empire of the Cæsars. This "little horn," or crescent, had "eyes like the eyes of man,"[1] denoting that it was a far-seeing, sagacious, cunning hierarchy, a religious, military despotism, formed out of the feet of the broken image, which were "part of clay, and part of iron;" hence, it was a mixture of strength and weakness, religion and politics, truth and error. Though Mohammed taught some important truths, he gave to the world nothing good which Christ had not given centuries before. It appears that this system was formed out of the "feet and toes" of Nebuchadnezzar's image; and it at least is a curious fact, that the Ottoman Empire, the seat of this hierarchy, has always been governed by *Pashas*, the meaning of which is, "the feet of the Shah."

Though little at first, it "waxed exceedingly great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land," that is, in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, making "war against the saints, and prevailing against them;" casting "down the truth to the ground," and taking away "the place of his sanctuary," which is literally true of Islamism. All her conquests have been by the sword, and there is no bloodier chapter in history than the wars of Mohammed and his successors against the followers of Christ.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, A.D. 570, but died and was buried at Medina, 200 miles north of Mecca. His tomb is in the south-east corner of an old mosque, inclosed with a silver railing, and overhung with a green velvet pall, richly wrought

[1] Chap. vii, 8.



TOMB OF MOHAMMED, MEDINA.

in gold and silver. Suspended over his grave is a gorgeous chandelier, a present from the Sultan, hung with sparkling prisms. Large wax candles stand in golden sockets on the right and left, and the whole effect is most solemn and impressive. Caliph Omar, his successor, lies buried by his side. Pilgrimages are annually made to his tomb and to Mecca by pious Moslems from all parts of the East. They come in caravans, often many thousands together, from the remotest parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, under the superstitious belief that their salvation depends on seeing the tomb of their great Prophet.

The principal object of interest at Mecca is a building about forty feet square by fifty high, known as the Kaaba, that stands in the center of the great mosque, and is said to have been built by Abraham. It is also claimed that Ishmael is buried here, and that here God manifested himself to the patriarchs of old. One thing is certain, this place has long been regarded with religious awe, and was a seat of worship for a thousand years before Mohammed was born. The Kaaba, of which very little is known, is covered like a coffin with a black pall; and about five feet from the ground, inserted in the outer wall, is a black stone seven inches in diameter, of irregular shape, and supposed by the credulous to possess miraculous powers. This stone, said to have fallen from heaven, and which looks very much like an aerolite, the pilgrims kiss after bathing and marching around the shrine seven times, dressed in robes of spotless white. This completes their pilgrimage, and they return home to die, feeling that the great end of life with them has been attained. Many never live to return to their native land, and some in their superstition put out their sight, that they may die with the vision of the Kaaba before them.

Mohammedanism is still a great power, prevalent throughout the Orient. Not less than one hundred and eighty millions of our race daily turn their faces toward Mecca when they pray. The Sultan of Turkey, who is regarded by all good Moslems as "the shadow of God on earth," is the civil head of this vast host, and the Shereef of Mecca is their high-priest or spiritual head. They are all the avowed enemies of the Cross, and as intolerant, fanatical, and blood-thirsty as in the days of the Caliphs. This is the religious element in the Eastern question, and will be the great difficulty in the settlement of that question. Christianity and Islamism can never compromise or combine. They hopelessly diverge from each other in precept and practice. One is cruel and oppressive, blasting every thing it touches, and can only live by blood. When it ceased conquering by the sword it began to decline and relapse into barbarism. The other is liberal and progressive, elevating and ennobling man; makes all its conquests by love, and carries with it, wherever it goes, peace, prosperity, and civilization.

Naturally the Mussulman is docile and submissive, but, when fired by religious fanaticism, his frenzy knows no bounds. It was this enthusiasm that carried the Crescent to the gates of Vienna, and planted it on the walls of Granada; and for centuries this delusion hung like a death pall over southern Europe, and seemed destined to sweep every thing before it.

Some timid persons apprehend danger from the same source in the near future. The Moslems still claim to have the "Flag of the Prophet," a faded green silk banner, with a few texts from the Koran upon it, which is said to be the same carried by Mohammed in his wars. It is the sacred standard of their

faith, and is regarded by the superstitious as possessing some magic power, and if unfurled "would set the whole world ablaze." It should be black, for it is a banner of blood, allows no mercy to be shown, and when thrown to the breeze every follower of the Prophet, under the penalty of eternal punishment, is required to take up arms and die if necessary in defense of his religion.

Several things, however, assure us that there is no immediate danger to be feared from this source. First, the flag itself, which is kept in the Mosque of St. Sophia, is so old and rotten it would not bear unfurling, and is not likely ever again to be taken from its golden case to call the faithful to arms. Then, their own internal dissensions, the numerous sects and factions into which the followers of Islam are divided, and the vast territory they occupy, being scattered over three continents, tend greatly to weaken their influence. And, finally, the greater intelligence, wealth and power of the Christian nations, especially England, with her powerful navy, in possession of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, Aden, and India, can effectually prevent any combined aggressive movement from this quarter.

This whole system of antichrist, like the kingdoms preceding it, is to be overthrown and absorbed by the Messiah's kingdom. According to the prophecy it was to prevail "until judgment was given to the saints,"[1] which may refer to the final verdict to be rendered by the Christian powers of Europe, who are to sit in judgment on this whole Eastern question, and administer on the "sick man's" estate. "The end shall be at the time appointed;"[2] when "the judgment shall sit, and

[1] Daniel vii, 22. [2] Daniel xi, 27.

they shall take away his dominion, and it shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom."[1]

Its duration was limited to 1260 prophetic days,[2] or years, a day answering for a year, and if we add this number to A. D. 622, the Mohammedan Hegira, or time of the Prophet's flight from Mecca, we have as our resultant the year 1882, as the period for the downfall of this hierarchy. This is the Jewish mode of reckoning, or thirty days to the month. Our mode of computation would make a few years difference: or if we date our calculations from Mohammed's return to Mecca, it would add six years to our estimate. From the obscurity of prophecy previous to its fulfillment, we are cautioned not to assign the date of future events too confidently. It, however, is only a question of time, not of fact. "The time of the end shall come;" and many things appear to indicate the speedy fall of the Ottoman Empire, the only centralizing power of Mohammedanism.

Daniel, in closing up his prophcies relating to the kingdoms of this world, foretold occurrences which have not been fully understood, but which, we think, clearly apply to the Turkish power and current events. For instance, "The ships of Chittim shall come against him: therefore he shall be grieved."[3] Any one who will examine this prophecy touching the "king of the north" invading the south, taking the "fenced cities," laying his "hand on Egypt," and devouring the "glorious land," will find that reference is had to the Turkish conquest of these countries, and that Cyprus is the Chittim of the Scriptures. This island is now an English colony, and, what seems singu-

[1] Daniel vii, 26, 27. [2] Daniel vii, 25. [3] Daniel xi, 30.

lar, the ships that lately bombarded Alexandria came from Chittim, greatly to the grief and indignation of the Sultan.

"But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him."[1] Nothing has given the Porte more trouble of late than the Russian advance on Harat and the other movements of the great Bear in the east and north, closing in upon him on every hand. "Therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and he shall plant the tabernacle of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain."[2] This would indicate the Sultan's retreat from Constantinople to some place in Palestine, perhaps Jerusalem, where he will make his last stand. This would be "between the seas," and in "the holy mountain"—Moriah—where Solomon's glorious temple once stood, and from which, according to the legend, Mohammed ascended to heaven. But this will only be for a brief period. His palace being nothing but a "tabernacle," a temporary structure, and his days numbered. "Yet he shall come to his end and none shall help him;" England and France have helped him out on other occasions, but now all his allies desert him, and the kingdom of the Crescent, that has desolated the Holy Land for more than a thousand years, and laid waste the fairest portion of our globe, shall speedily come to a shameful end.

"And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation."[3] The time of trouble here alluded to may refer to the great final struggle between the Crescent and the Cross—"Gog and Magog"—that is to witness the signal overthrow of antichrist, and the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom on

[1] Daniel xi, 44. [2] Daniel xi, 45. [3] Daniel xii, 1.

earth. Michael the archangel, who has always been the protector of God's people, now takes the field and commands the Christian host. This last great battle will probably take place at Megiddo, on the plain of Esdraelon, the scene of so many bloody conflicts. Here, as we learn from the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the walls of the Temple at Karnak, Thothmes III., before the exodus, when the Canaanites still occupied the land, fought a great battle, and he gives us the names of one hundred and nineteen towns he conquered in Palestine during that campaign. Here Necho, another of the Pharaohs, seven centuries before Christ, on his march to Assyria, defeated the Israelites, and slew Josiah, the wise and pious, but overzealous, king of Judah.[1] Here Barak overthrew the hosts of Sisera with their "nine hundred chariots of iron."[2] Here, also, Gideon routed and put to flight the countless army of the Midianites, slaying of their number "one hundred and twenty thousand men that drew the sword."[3] And here, upon this same bloody field of Megiddo, where the armies of Israel have so often met their foes in battle, probably the last great conflict of Armageddon[4] is to take place, that shall witness the destruction of God's enemies and the establishment of Christ's kingdom throughout the world.

[1] 2 Kings xxiii, 29. [2] Judges iv, 13. [3] Judges viii, 10. [4] Revelation xvi, 16.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUSION—MULTUM IN PARVO.

Authenticity of Scripture — Egyptian Sculpture — Colossal Sphinx — Southern Cross—Pyramids of Ghizeh—Sinaitic Inscription—Wilderness of Wandering — Ash Beds of the Israelites' Camp-fires — Overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah—Lot's Wife—Confirmation of Book of Daniel—Explorations in Assyria—Lion's Den and Fiery Furnace—Ur of the Chaldees—Home of Abraham—Temple of the Moon—Ancient Graves—Tower of Babel—Writing 4,000 Years Old—Late Discoveries at Pompeii, Mycenæ, and Troy—Deluge Records—Discovery of Sippara, Oldest City in the World.

IN preparing this volume our aim was to crowd as much information as possible into the smallest compass, avoiding all unnecessary details, giving simply the latest facts; leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. But as many of these statements are entirely new and somewhat startling, and as much controversy has been awakened touching the correctness of some, we deem it proper to append a few chapters of additional matter, explaining more fully certain points only incidentally noticed.

In this agnostic age there is a disposition to rule God out of the universe, ignore entirely the supernatural, doubt all revealed truths, and reject every thing like intuitive knowledge, receiving that only as truth which is derived through the organs of sense; nothing more than a revival of the old Epicurean philosophy, somewhat modified. Paul had to combat these same errors, and denounces this class of infidels as "proud blasphemers, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; men of corrupt minds—ever learning and never able to come to the

knowledge of the truth." [1] "Nevertheless," the apostle adds, "the foundation of God standeth sure." [2]

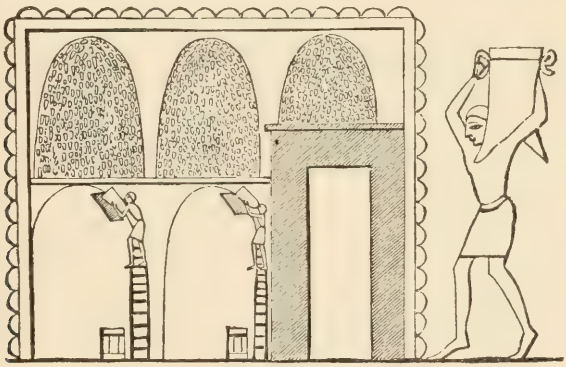
Others, who are not willing to go to this extreme, deny the historical narratives of the Old Testament, or treat them as mere legends; reject the theory of the origin of our race as given in the book of Genesis; ridicule the idea of God dwelling with the patriarchs; even deny that Moses was the author of the laws he gave to Israel, or that David composed the psalms ascribed to him; and boldly assert that Solomon never wrote the Proverbs that bear his name.

We are free to confess that we have no sympathy with the above views. The Bible states certain great facts, and these facts are recorded in God's word because they are facts. We believe in the genuineness and divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and have published our explorations in the East to show how wonderfully late discoveries in the lands of the Bible corroborate the statements of the inspired volume.

We have studiously avoided speaking positively concerning any place or event where a doubt existed in reference to its correctness. In our remarks on Egyptian hieroglyphics we carefully qualify every expression, giving only a few brief details, and merely cite Brugsch Bey in reference to the famine,[3] because that learned Egyptologer believed that direct allusion is here had to the famine that prevailed in the days of Joseph. He affirms that the text is perfectly simple and clear, and that the most rigid criticism cannot object to his conclusions.[4] The sculptures represent a number of slaves carrying wheat in sacks, and filling the royal granaries.

[1] 2 Timothy, iii, 2–7. [2] Timothy ii, 19. [3] Page 25. [4] Histoire d'Egypte, p. 177.

We do not know positively that the persons represented making brick in the sculpture[1] are Jews, but they appear to be, and the inference is, they are. Here may be seen a large number of slaves going through the whole process of making bricks, under the eyes of their task-masters, and, above the sculpture, an order of the king directing the captives "to build the temple of the great god." True, the slaves are not called Hebrews in the royal decree, but they have Asiatic features, and are evidently of the Semitic race,



EGYPTIAN GRANARIES.

some of them with bearded faces, looking very much like Jews; and as the Hebrews were the only foreigners, so far as known, in bondage at that time in Egypt, is it not more than probable that reference is here had to the oppressed Israelites?

That the colossal Sphinx was an idol and the local deity of the old Egyptians, is fully attested by the sanctuary in front of the image, and the altar of incense that stood between its huge paws. On a monumental tablet, older than the pyra-

[1] See page 25.

mids, lately found by M. Mariette, near the Sphinx, and now in the museum at Cairo, may be seen representations of all the principal Egyptian divinities, and among them the Sphinx, which is called the god of *Hor-Em-khoo*—"The sun in his resting-place." On another tablet, found in the sanctuary of the Sphinx, Thothmes IV. is represented offering a libation and incense to this god; and on two other tablets in this same temple are similar representations of Rameses the great worshiping the same deity, to which are ascribed all the attributes of a god, such as granting power and life to the king; showing, as Pliny observes, that the Sphinx partook of the character of a local deity, and received divine honors.

Some have questioned whether the Southern Cross could be seen from the Nile Valley between Thebes and Syene; but there is no ground for doubt in the case. I carefully noted down every event of interest, and by referring to my diary under date of January 7, 1875, I find the following entry: "Tied our boat up last night a few miles above Luxor. Mr. and Mrs. Mills, from Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Balch, of New York, and Mr. Warner, from Hartford, Conn., came on board to spend the evening. About five o'clock this morning we had a fine view of the Southern Cross, which appeared far away to the south, directly above the green waters of the Nile. The effect was grand. The sky being clear and the night favorable, with no hills to obstruct our vision." So, if this constellation, as some contend, cannot be seen north of about twenty-four degrees of north latitude, the maps of Egypt are incorrectly drawn, and Thebes should be located several degrees further south.

Our statement that the Great Pyramid of Cheops was

originally beautifully cased and covered with hieroglyphics, is supported by the best authorities, both ancient and modern. The father of historians says: "On the outside were inscribed in Egyptian characters the various sums of money expended in the progress of the work," etc.;[1] Sir Gardner Wilkinson, that "it was covered with a smooth inaccessible casing."[2] And Dean Stanley adds, "It also seems that these smooth outsides were covered with sculpture."[3] According to the Hindoo records, it was "cased with colored marbles," which, at least, is probable, as fragments of marble and granite were found among the *debris*. And Dr. Shaw, in his Travels, says,[4] "It was incrusted all over with the finest granite marble." All of which is confirmed by Abd-el-Lateef, who states that "the polished exterior stones were covered with writing, which, if copied upon paper, would fill more than ten thousand pages." As a settlement, however, of all disputes upon this subject, Col. Howard Vyse, in 1837, actually discovered two of the casing-stones *in situ*, and on the Pyramid of Chephren, near by, more than ten thousand square feet of the original casing may still be seen. Then, it is a historic fact that the casing-stones of the Great Pyramid were removed in A. D. 1166, by order of Sultan Saladin, to build his citadel at Cairo.

Pliny, in describing the grand temple of Diana, says: "It was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, two hundred and twenty broad, and supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each of which had been contributed by some prince, and were sixty feet high; thirty-six of them were richly carved."[5] Falkner and other historians speak of its

[1] Herodotus, book ii, Eut. cxxv. [2] Wilkinson's Hand-book of Egypt, p. 185.
[3] Sinai and Palestine, p. 52. [4] Vol. ii., p. 201. [5] Hist. Nat., xxxiv., 21.

roof being of cedar and cypress.[1] We were present when Dr. Wood discovered this long-buried temple in 1871. We did not measure the columns, but saw the coloring and gilding on them, and the charred remains of the edifice. And it is difficult for us to conceive how a building, constructed entirely of marble, as some contend, could be destroyed by fire—a historic fact never before denied.

The Sinaitic inscriptions are not confined to Wady Mukatteb, but are found all over the peninsula of Sinai. Some, doubtless, are Nabathean, and others Christian, but those in Wady Magarah, Dean Stanley says, "are among the oldest hieroglyphics in the world."[2] And, what at least is interesting, an oval was here found bearing the identical name of Joseph the Hebrew. Cosmas, the Indian traveler, about A. D. 518, makes mention of the rocks in the peninsula being "written with carved Hebrew characters." And Diodorus, six centuries earlier, B. C. 59, of a stone altar, "very old, inscribed with ancient unknown letters."[3]

Dr. S. C. Bartlett, in his "Egypt to Palestine," speaks of numerous ash-beds he discovered in the desert of wandering, some with charcoal in them.[4] These hillocks, Mr. Palmer says, "are found for miles around, generally small inclosures of stone, the largest about twelve feet in diameter, and evidently the remains of a large encampment. The stones show the action of fire, and on digging we found charcoal in great abundance."[5] These ash-beds are out in the desert, where there never could have been either water or vegetation to sustain a village. They are also on the direct route of the Israelites, and Mr. Palmer gives

[1] Ephesus and Temple of Diana, 1857. [2] Sinai and Palestine, pp. 57, 71.
[3] Diodorus, iii, 42. [4] Page 290. [5] Desert of the Exodus, pp. 25–27.

it as his opinion that they not only mark the encampment of Israel, but that the graves outside the camp are the graves of those who were cut off by the plague mentioned Numbers xi, 34. Dean Stanley says, "These rude burial grounds, with the many nameless head-stones, found in the wilderness of wandering, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress." The Arabs still call them, *Turbet es Yahoud* —"the graves of the Jews."[1]

Lieut. Conder, after describing several of these ash-heaps on the plain of Gilgal, closes his report with the remark: "It may seem bold to suppose that these mounds are traces of the permanent Israelite camp on the spot, yet we know that nothing in Palestine is more ancient than are such earthworks."[2] Some of these hillocks have since been found to contain calcined stones, charcoal, ashes, and other traces of a deserted camp.

Though but little remains of ancient Jericho—not a house—its site is easily determined by the fountains and aqueducts that supplied the city with water, also by the ford of the Jordan, and old highway leading to Jerusalem, and by the stone quarries, brick kilns, and other earth-works that still mark the spot. That there are pillars of salt standing in every fantastic shape in the vicinity of Jebel Usdum on the shores of the Dead Sea, and that others are constantly forming by accretion from the spray and exhalations of the sea, all who have explored that region will admit; and as no corpse would likely decompose in such a locality, but would soon become incrusted with salt, and in time a pillar of salt, there is nothing very marvelous in the Bible statement that Lot's wife "became a pillar of salt."[3]

[1] Sinai and Palestine, p. 23. [2] Quarterly Statement, April, 1874. [3] Genesis xix, 26.

Our theory of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the other cities of the plain by volcanic agency is sustained by the general character of the country and all recent explorations in the Ghor. Russegger, after expressing his opinion that the whole valley of the Jordan was volcanic in its origin, remarks: "This idea is supported by the crater-like form of the basins of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea, and by the many other tokens of volcanic action, past and present."[1]

From Hon. George Grove we learn that in Palestine, bitumen or asphaltum is only met with in the valley of the Jordan; that the rocks and soil on the plain of Esdraelon are volcanic; that streams of lava, very porous, containing much pumice and scoria, with beds of basalt, are found back of Tiberias, and three ancient craters near Safed; that east of the Jordan the most extensive and remarkable developments of igneous rocks are found, covering a large portion of the surface from Damascus to south of the Dead Sea and beyond, and that the hot, salt, and fetid springs along the valley of the Jordan, and the rock salt, niter, and sulphur of the Dead Sea, are all evidences of volcanic or plutonic action[2]—facts which we also gather from Newbold, Sir Charles Lyell, Drake, Tristram, and many others.

M. Lartet found basalt and other evidences of volcanic action in the Jordan valley, and directly east of the Dead Sea traces of three eruptions reaching down to its shores. He also mentions hot springs and bituminous eruptions similar to those which follow volcanic action. And yet he did not see all, as Lieut. Conder, after showing that the Jordan crevasse was produced by volcanic action, and that the country around Baisan was purely volcanic, closes his report with the statement:

[1] Russegger, p. 206. [2] Smith's Bible Dictionary, article Palestine.

"It is a remarkable instance of the ignorance of Palestine geology, that this great field of basalt, extending over perhaps two hundred square miles, is not shown on Lartet's map." [1]

Dean Stanley, referring to this region, says: "Traces of volcanic agency in the limestone bed of the Jordan valley are found here in a greater degree than anywhere else in Palestine. Of this nature are the masses of bitumen which give their name to the Asphaltic Lake, the warm springs at Callirrhoë, on the Dead Sea, and the remains of lava on the shore. And that some such means were employed in the catastrophe of the five cities is now generally acknowledged." [2]

Dr. Thomson gives it as his opinion "that, until the destruction of Sodom, this was a fresh-water lake, and that its character was changed at that time by the obtrusion from below of rock-salt and other volcanic products." [3] And Dr. Anderson, Lieut. Lynch's geologist, further adds: "In the Jordan valley the basalt is frequently encountered. It is visible on the banks and in the bed of the river, but so covered with deposits of tufa, conglomerate and alluvium, as not to be traceable without difficulty," [4] clearly showing that this whole region has frequently been disturbed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Researches in Assyria very fully confirm the Book of Daniel, and shed much additional light on many seemingly contradictory statements. It has been contended that "Darius the Mede," referred to by Daniel,[5] was the same person as Darius the Persian, son of Hystaspes, mentioned by Herodotus and other Greek historians; and that, therefore, the biblical chronology of that period was incorrect, as there was no evidence

[1] Quarterly Statement, July, 1874. [2] Sinai and Palestine, p. 285.
[3] Land and Book, p. 623. [4] Anderson, 136–152. [5] Daniel v, 31.

that the son of Hystaspes ever reigned in Babylon. Recent discoveries, however, show that this is an error. Dr. Oppert, one of the most eminent Assyrian scholars in France, says that at least fifty tablets have been recovered, showing that Darius the Persian did rule at Babylon during the very period in dispute. We also find that Nabonidus and his eldest son, Belshazzar, were associated in the government of the country—hence Daniel was made the third ruler in the kingdom, Belshazzar being second; and that Nabonidus was at Borsippa, and Belshazzar in Babylon, the night the city was taken by Cyrus.

Another confirmation of the accuracy of this book has also come to light. Daniel records the punishment common at Babylon as being so extremely cruel, such as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego being cast into a burning fiery furnace, and Daniel and his enemies into a den of lions, that some have denied the authenticity of the book on this ground alone. In the days of Asshur-bani-pal, son of Esarhaddon, King of Assyria, there is contemporary evidence that both these punishments were in use at Babylon a few years before the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Saulmugina, brother of Asshur-bani-pal, King of Assyria, was made by his relative king of Babylon, where he reigned prosperously for seven years. Afterward, for some unknown reason, he rebelled against his elder brother, but, after a severe contest, was defeated and taken prisoner. The Assyrian monarchs appear to have been always animated with a spirit of revenge. Hence we are not surprised to find among the inscriptions containing the annals of Asshur-bani-pal the following: "I ordered Saulmugina, my rebellious brother, who made war with me, to be cast into a fiery *burning furnace!*"

EXPLORATIONS IN ASSYRIA.

Of Saulmugina's followers many perished with him in the flames, and of those who escaped, but were subsequently captured, it is said, "The rest of the people *I threw alive among the bulls and lions*, as Sennacherib, my grandfather, used to throw men among them."

These inscriptions also give evidence of the observance of the Sabbath among the early Babylonians. The cuneiform text of the first and fifth of the "Creation Tablets," published by the late George Smith, which belong to the reign of Asshur-bani-pal, but which were copies of earlier inscriptions supposed to be as old as B. C. 2000, after speaking of the upper region before it was called heaven, and the lower region before it was called earth, and the abyss of Hades, and the chaos of waters, says: "God appointed the moon to rule the night, and to wander through the night until the dawn of day. Every month, without fail, God made holy assembly days. In the beginning of each month, at the rising of the night, the moon shot forth its horns to illuminate the heavens. *On the seventh day God appointed a holy day*, and commanded to cease all business." These and other discoveries, daily made, must add greatly to our knowledge of the Scriptures, and tend to strengthen our faith in the accuracy of the sacred narrative.

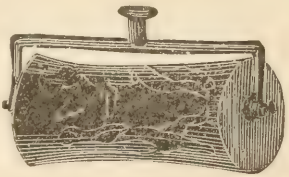
Some scoffers at religion have greatly amused their hearers by pointing out what they term the "Mistakes of Moses," and among these blunders they cite the ark resting on Mount Ararat, 17,000 feet above the sea, amid eternal snows. It is only monkish tradition that locates the landing of Noah on this mountain in Armenia. There is nothing in the Bible to warrant any such notion. The name Ararat is derived from the Babylonian word *Urdu*, which signifies "highland;" and all

we know touching the site where Noah landed is, that it was somewhere among the highlands east of the Euphrates.

Recent explorations in Chaldæa show that "Ur of the Chaldees"—the city of Abraham—was not where it generally was supposed to be, at Orfah, in North-western Mesopotamia, a comparatively modern city, and not mentioned on the tablets,[1] but at Mugheir, in lower Babylonia, west of the Euphrates, and near the head of the Persian Gulf. If Ur was in Chaldæa, then it must have been in this vicinity, as the name is never applied to Mesopotamia in the ancient records.

Extensive ruins have been discovered here, and the very name, Hur of Khaldi, in Old Armenian, which is identical with "Ur of the Chaldees" in Hebrew, has been found here on the bricks of the oldest temple.

Among the most interesting ruins unearthed is the old temple of the Moon, where Abraham probably worshiped before his conversion. In the foundations of this temple were found some of the oldest inscribed tablets and cylinders yet discovered, with not only the name of the city, but a full list of the kings of Ur, dating back B. C. 2230 years, among them Urukh, the first monumental king, and Chedorlaomer, whom Abraham defeated at Dan,[2] wonderfully confirming the Scripture account.



CYLINDER SEAL.

But the most curious remains found here are the tombs that encircle the city for miles. It must have been the necropolis for all Chaldæa for many centuries. The tombs mostly are brick vaults, drained with earthen pipes, and containing from three to eight skeletons each. Those not in vaults are buried

[1] George Smith's "Genesis," p. 291. [2] Genesis xiv, 15.

in terra-cotta coffins, piled on top of each other, thirty and sixty feet deep. Many little articles, such as cups, lamps, bracelets, seals, and ornaments of different kinds, were found with the dead. Where two skeletons were in the same grave, they were always male and female, likely man and wife.

The most conspicuous object on the plain of Shinar, about seven miles south-west of Hilleh, modern Babylon, is Birs-Nimroud, or citadel of Nimrod, and all that remains of the famous Tower of Babel, the oldest historic monument of man. In this rich valley the descendants of Noah settled soon after the flood ; and, as a bond of union, commenced building a city and great tower. But, as this was contrary to the divine purpose of replenishing the earth, "The Lord came down and confounded their language." "So they were scattered abroad, *and left off to build the city.*"[1] This is the only intelligent account we have of the dispersion of the nations and the diversity of languages spoken in the world. There can be no doubt touching the identity of this tower, as there is no other such ruin on all the plain. The Greeks called it Borsippa, or "Tower of Tongues," only another name for Babel.

After lying in ruins for many centuries, it was rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar, and dedicated to Jupiter Belus ; and Herodotus describes this temple as situated at Borsippa, seven miles south-west from Babylon, the precise location of Birs-Nimroud ; so there can be no doubt about the temple of Belus covering the site of the Tower of Babel.

But what seems very curious, in further proof of the identification of this tower, an inscription has been found among its ruins, which, as M. Oppert says, gives Nebuchadnezzar's own

[1] Genesis xi, 8–11.

account of the rebuilding of Babel. As a specimen of their ancient documents, we give the inscription entire:

"Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, shepherd of peoples, who attest the immutable affection of Merodach,[1] the mighty ruler—exalting Nebo;[2] the Saviour; the wise man, who lends his ears to the orders of the highest god; the lieutenant without reproach, the repairer of the Pyramid and the Tower, eldest son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon. We say:—

"Merodach, the great master, has created me; he has imposed on me to reconstruct his building. Nebo, the guardian over the legions of the heaven and the earth, has charged my hands with the scepter of justice.

"The Pyramid is the temple of the heaven and the earth, the seat of Merodach, the chief of the gods, the place of the oracles, the spot of his rest. I have adorned it in the form of a cupola with shining gold.

"The Tower, the eternal house, which I founded and built, I have completed its magnificence with silver, gold, other metals, stone, enameled bricks, fir, and pine.

"The first, which is the house of the earth's base, *the most ancient monument of Babylon*, I built and finished it; I have highly exalted its head with bricks covered with copper.

"We say for the other, that is, this edifice, the House of the Seven Lights of the Earth, *the most ancient monument of Borsippa;—a former king built it, but he did not complete its head. Since a remote time people had abandoned it, without order expressing their words.* Since that time the earthquake and the thunder had dispersed its sun-dried clay; the

[1] The supreme deity of Babylon. [2] The patron of learning, or genius of inspiration.

bricks of the casing had been split; and the earth of the interior had been scattered in heaps. Merodach, the great lord, excited my mind to repair this building. *I did not change the site, nor did I take away the foundation stone.* In a fortunate month, an auspicious day, I undertook to build porticoes around the crude brick masses and the casing of burnt bricks. I put the inscription of my name in the porticoes, I set my hand to finish it, and to exalt its head. As it had been in former times, so I founded, I made it; as it had been in ancient days, so I exalted its summit.

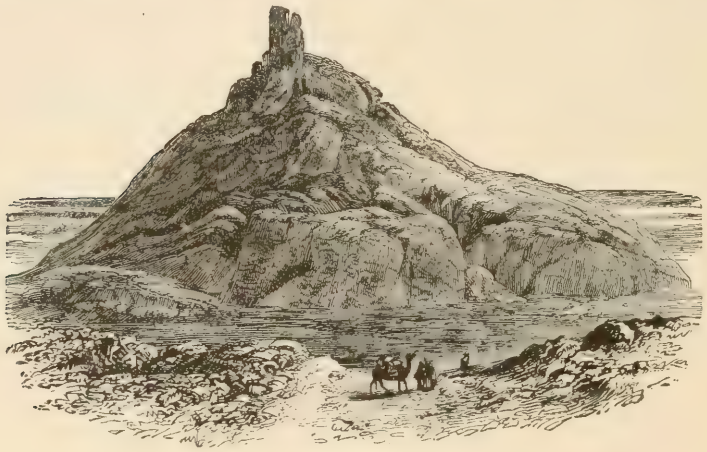
"Nebo, son of himself, ruler who exaltest Merodach, be propitious to my works, to maintain my authority. Grant me a life until the remotest time, a sevenfold progeny, the stability of my throne, the victory of my sword, the pacification of my foes, the triumph over the lands! In the columns of thy eternal table, that fix the destinies of the heaven and earth, bless the course of my days, inscribe the fecundity of my race.

"Imitate, O Merodach, King of heaven and earth, the father who begot thee; bless my buildings, strengthen my authority. May Nebuchadnezzar, the King repairer, remain before thy face."

This inscription very clearly shows that the ruins of Birs-Nimroud are on the original foundation of the Tower of Babel.

The temple of Belus was in the form of a pyramid, standing on a platform of crude bricks six hundred feet square, and seventy-five feet high. Rising from this platform, cased with enameled bricks in different colors, or overlaid with plates

of gold or silver, were seven stages, the lower one two hundred and seventy-two feet square, and twenty-six high; the next two hundred and thirty feet square by twenty-six high; and thus diminishing as they ascended. On the summit was the chapel, or golden cupola, that contained, with many other images, the great golden statue of Belus, forty feet high. The seven stages represented the seven lights or planets of Earth, hence it was known as the "Temple of the



BIRS NIMROUD.

Seven Spheres." The interior was cased with glazed hard-burned brick of various colors; the ceilings were of carved black-wood from India, supported by mosaic columns, and the gates of the finest brass or bronze. These gates, according to Josephus, were made out of the two bronze pillars, Boaz and Jachin, that once stood at the entrance to Solomon's temple, and which Nebuchadnezzar carried away from Jeruslem.[1]

This was the royal residence of the kings of Babylon. It

[1] 2 Kings xxv, 13.

was here Nabonidus was taken prisoner by Cyrus, and it was in the courts of this temple that his father before him ate grass like an ox. It was also the royal treasury, where the golden vessels taken from the house of the Lord at Jerusalem,[1] were deposited, and all the wealth of the nation kept, which must have been vast, as Xerxes, on his return from his disastrous campaign in Europe, robbed this temple of $600,000,000 in gold.

All that remains of this celebrated temple is an immense mound of sun-dried bricks, laid with bitumen;[2] a truncated cone two hundred and fifty feet high, broken off abruptly and rent asunder. The sides of the mound are deeply furrowed by the storms, and the whole ruinous heap scathed as if by lightning. Mr. Rassam thinks it was destroyed by volcanic eruption, which at least seems probable, as the brick and pottery lying around in masses have been fused and vitrified by some intense heat.

Among the most interesting ruins of the class we are considering, to be found in Europe, are Pompeii and Herculaneum, two Roman cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius A. D. 79. Herculaneum was buried beneath a torrent of metallic lava so hard and thick as to defy removal, so that most of the city remains still entombed, and a modern city of twenty thousand inhabitants has grown up over the site of long-buried Herculaneum. Pompeii, a few miles to the east, was destroyed by a shower of hot ashes and pumice that fell like a great snow-storm upon the place, burying it to the depth of from ten to seventy feet, so that its very site was unknown for more than seventeen hundred years, and only discovered lately by a mere accident. Since then the governments of

[1] 2 Chronicles xxxvi, 7.

[2] "They had brick for stone, and slime (or bitumen) for mortar." Genesis xi, 3.

Europe have been at work clearing away this great deposit of ashes and lava, and now you can stroll for hours and days through the deserted streets and dwellings of this once populous city. The streets are nicely paved, with sidewalks and stepping-stones at the crossings. On some of the houses may still be seen the names of their old occupants, others were labeled "To Let," but have been without a tenant for more than eighteen hundred years. In the Forum there was a call for a political meeting that night, but it stands forever adjourned. The houses usually face an open court, in some of which were fountains, statues, and vases for flowers. Others were paved in mosaic of beautiful designs—one a battle scene, Alexander in the battle of the Granicus, and here you may see the war-chariot and prancing steeds, and mailed warriors in all the heat of battle, true as life, and almost as large as life. As a work of art this has never been surpassed. You can enter these houses, go up-stairs and down-stairs, into their reception-rooms, dining-rooms and sleeping apartments. Some of them were elegantly furnished with bronze tables, statues, bedsteads, lamps, and many other articles. In some instances the walls were richly frescoed, the coloring still bright, and of exquisite workmanship and design.

In strolling through these streets you are impressed with the melancholy silence of the place; and this profound solitude awakens in the heart feelings of the greatest awe. The houses stand in unbroken blocks, with doors and windows all open, and you are constantly wondering what has become of the people, and why they don't come out to salute you. Of the inhabitants, many doubtless escaped when they saw the storm gathering, though thousands must have perished. In

one street a woman and three children were dug up, perhaps a mother and her family; the mother might have escaped, but she was trying to save her little ones, and they were all buried together. In another place a young man and woman were found in each other's arms, probably lovers, attempting to escape together, but death overtook them, and wedded them just there. An old miser was found near his treasure-chests, still grasping in his bony hand a purse of gold.

Another man was found sitting at his table writing his will. Heaven willed it otherwise. In one saloon the drinking goblets were still on the counter and the money lying untouched on the marble slab. In another, the table was spread as for dinner, but the guests had all fled, leaving every thing behind them, loaves of bread still in the oven, honey still in the comb, wine still in the bottle, and in the stone sink the cloth was still lying just as the servant had left it after drying the dishes, eighteen centuries before. In the house of one Dimond seventeen young ladies were found, dressed as for some festive occasion, one with her hand and handkerchief to her face, as if weeping at the moment of her death; another had fallen on the floor, and the impression of her bust could still be seen in the cold lava. In the Herculaneum gate the sentinel was found in his box holding with his left hand his tunic to his mouth, and with his right hand still grasping an old rusty sword.

A woman and a little boy about ten years old were recovered in a narrow street, more than likely a mother and her son, as she was clasping the child to her bosom, whose body was very much emaciated, leading to the supposition that the child was very ill at the time of the catastrophe. The woman appeared to be a person of wealth; on one arm she wore two gold brace-

lets, and on her fingers several rings, one set with an amethyst, on which was engraved the head of Mercury.

In one of the prisons sixty-two skeletons were exhumed, their feet still in the stocks, and rusty manacles on their arms. Also, in the amphitheater, a large number were recovered, some in their private boxes, others in the galleries, just as they were suffocated by the sulphurous fumes when witnessing the tragical scene enacted on that occasion. And in the temples of Jupiter and their other gods many were found around the altars, just as they perished, vainly imploring these their deities to protect them from that terrible storm of fire and of brimstone. And so all over the city you can still see the footsteps of the destroyer, and how sudden and fearful was the overthrow of Pompeii. It was during this eruption the elder Pliny lost his life, a graphic description of which is given by the younger Pliny, who was an eye-witness of the scene.

It is worthy of observation that in all this opulent Roman city, where so much culture and wealth are displayed, there is no trace of any institution for the relief of suffering humanity; showing how far superior our Christianity is to the cold philosophy of paganism. We here find grand temples for their idols, magnificent tombs for their dead, great theaters for their amusement, and barracks for their soldiers; but nowhere a hospital or asylum for their sick and dying. Only Christianity makes provision for such.

Equally important discoveries have been made recently at Mycenæ, in the peninsula of Greece. Dr. Henry Schliemann has here found the old capital of Argos and home of Agamemnon, "King of Men;" found the Acropolis surrounded with its cyclopean walls, sixteen feet thick; found the famous

"Gate of Lions" leading to the citadel, and within the citadel the old council-chamber; and down thirty feet beneath its marble floor found the treasury and tomb of Atreus, also, the supposed remains of Agamemnon sleeping in his golden armor, surrounded by his warriors, all clad in gold, their helmets of solid gold, masks of gold over their faces, gold stars and buttons and foliage on their dresses, some wearing gold rings and bracelets and diadems, others with breastplates of massive gold, and drinking goblets, even the scabbards of their swords gold. Such a profusion of gold was never before found on human remains. This city was destroyed by the Argives, B. C. 468, and until now was considered lost beyond recovery.

And this same indefatigable archæologist has lately found the long buried city of Troy. So many centuries had elapsed since the fall of Troy, and as no trace of the place remained above ground, many began to doubt whether such a city ever existed, or such a poet as Homer ever lived, or wrote the "Iliad."

Dr. Schliemann commenced his excavations on the plain of Troy, at Hissarlik, a few miles south of the Hellespont in 1870. I met him there the following spring, still hard at work, for which he has been amply rewarded; having recovered beyond question the old city of the Trojans. Being fully convinced that the hill Hissarlik was the acropolis of long lost Ilium, he began digging, and at a depth of six or eight feet came upon the remains of a city, but it was not classic Troy. The coins, inscriptions, and other articles found indicated that it belonged to the Roman period, about the third century of the Christian era.

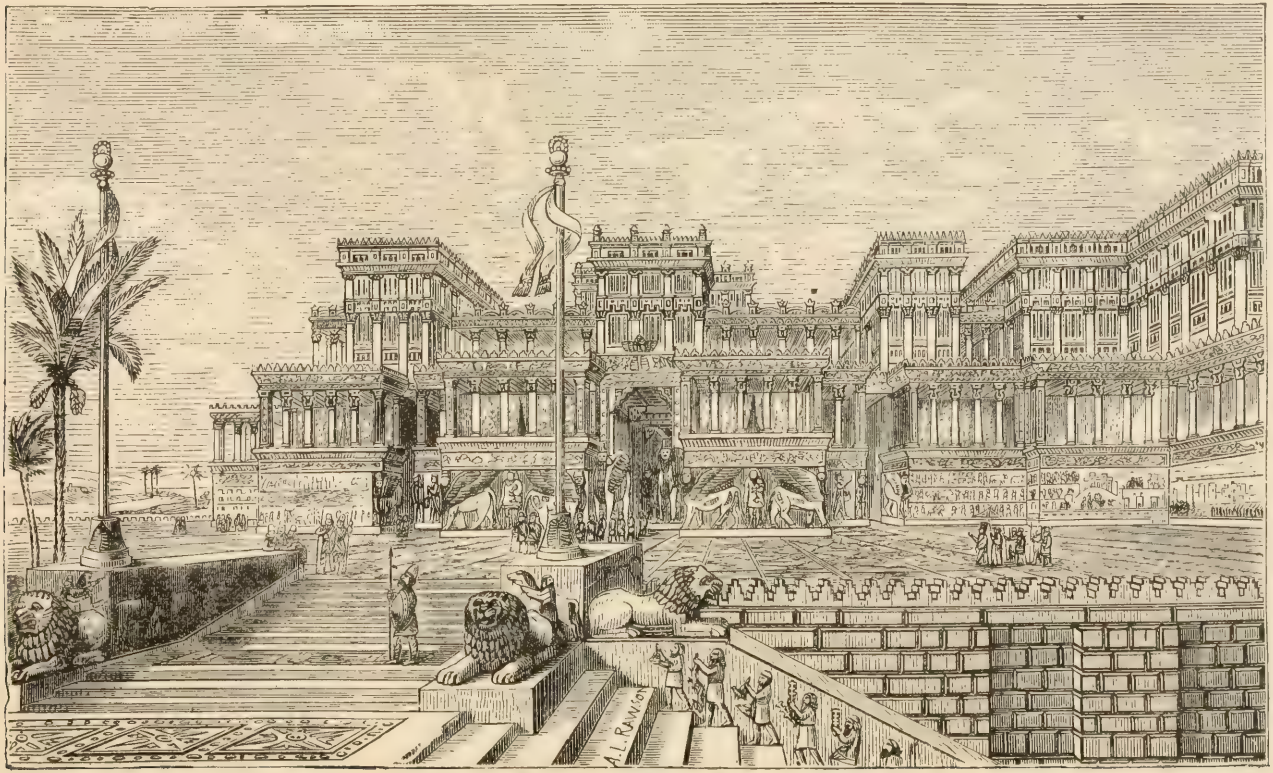
He continued digging, and at a depth of about twenty feet

came upon a second city, but it was not ancient Troy. It belonged to the stone age, perhaps the fourth century before Christ. Stone idols, axes, hammers, hand-mills, mortars, pestles, lance-blades, sling-shot, every thing stone. Digging through this second city he came at a depth of thirty feet to a third city, to historic, renowned Troy. Every thing indicated a high degree of civilization. There were the paved streets, the massive walls of dressed stone, the well-built brick houses, the ponderous gate-way, and in front of it heaps of human skeletons, some in their bronze armor, with bronze shields, battle-axes, spears, and other weapons; probably the soldiers who fell in defense of their citadel, when the Greeks made their last successful charge. Within the city he found the supposed palace of Priam, and under its crumbling walls the old king's treasure chests filled with different articles in pure gold, such as goblets and vases, flagons weighing nearly two pounds each, golden diadems, coronets, bracelets, chains, rings, in all eight thousand seven hundred and fifty articles in solid gold.

Through these streets, probably, brave Hector walked. Here Paris lived, and some of these may be the very ornaments once worn by the beautiful Helen. The houses appear to have been built first with large sun-dried bricks, then, after the walls were up, the bricks were burned hard by means of great wood fires kindled against them within and without. The floors were made in the same way, first covered with soft clay, and after drying, burned hard.

But for a full description of these remarkable ruins we refer the reader to the doctor's "Ilios."

There can be no doubt that this was the ancient city whose renown was sung by Homer. These excavations reveal a civil-



PALACE OF SARDANAPALUS—RESTORED.

ization that must antedate the present era at least fifteen hundred years; and yet, in digging still deeper Schliemann passed through the rubbish and ashes of two other prehistoric cities that had been consumed by fire, and at a depth of fifty feet below the surface came upon a sixth city, dating back not less than two thousand years before Christ. So here were found six cities, one above another, all buried on the classic plains of Troy.

We conclude our explorations with one of the latest and most wonderful discoveries of the century.

Berosus, a Chaldean priest of Babylon, in the third century before Christ, compiled from the records in the temple of Belus a history of Babylonia, giving what has long been known as "The Chaldean account of the Flood." Many, however, looked upon the whole account as mythical, and treated the matter as a mere legend.

Layard, in his explorations among the ruins of Nineveh, came upon the grand palace of Asshur-bani-pal, the Sardanapalus of history, and connected with the palace found the "Royal Library" of the old Assyrian kings, written in the wedge-character, on clay tiles and cylinders, some dating back very near the flood. Thousands of these inscribed tablets were found, containing the names of their deities, chronological tables of their kings, astronomical observations, legal documents, such as deeds, leases and bills of sale, royal decrees, bearing the king's seal; even promissory notes, drawing three and four per cent. interest, secured by mortgage on real estate with the names of the parties and witnesses affixed; and, strangely enough, those who could not write made their mark in the plastic clay, very much as such documents are signed

at the present day; with many other records equally curious, on all subjects.

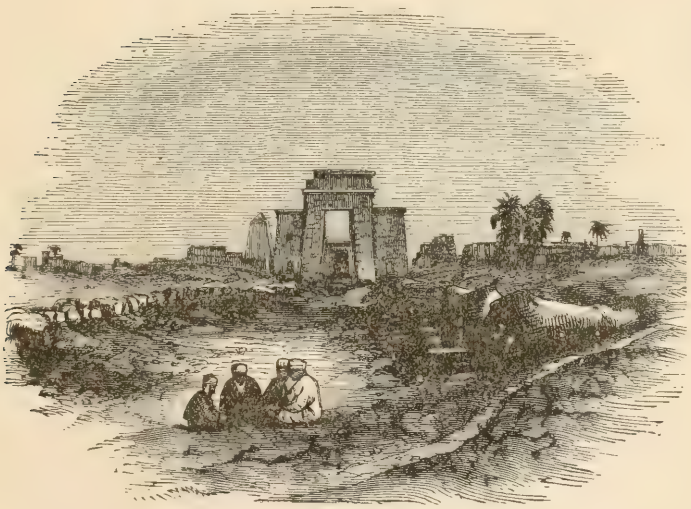
These discoveries awakened such an interest in Europe, the late lamented George Smith was at once sent out by the British Museum to make further explorations, and he soon found among the rubbish of ages copies of the original tablets of the creation and deluge, which Berosus had translated into Greek more than two thousand years before.

These records are now in the British Museum, but as many have not the privilege of seeing them we give a brief extract of those relating to the Flood.

"God (Kronos) appeared to Xisuthrus (Noah) in a vision, and warned him that on the fifteenth day of the month Dæsius mankind would be destroyed by a deluge. He therefore directed him *to write a history of the beginning, course, and end of all things, and to bury it in Sippara, the city of the sun,* and to build a vessel, and take with him into it his friends and relatives, and put on board food and drink, together with different animals, birds and quadrupeds, and when all was ready to commit himself to the deep."

Also, a full account of the building of the Ark, the sending out of the dove, and the destruction of our race by water. There is a striking agreement between these stone records and the Mosaic account. They both, in creation, represent "the earth without form, and void," and state that "darkness was on the face of the deep." In both "man is formed out of the dust of the ground," and after the animals were created; and in both he falls under strong temptation, is expelled from the garden of Eden, and the deluge is sent as a divine punishment for sin.

Now, what seems most marvelous, Mr. Rassam has just found at Balawat, in the Euphrates Valley, the antediluvian city of Sippara, the oldest in the world, so far as known; has also found the old temple of the sun-god, and beneath its altar, in a stone cist, or terra-cotta chest, the original records said to have been buried there by Noah himself, giving us the history of the beginning, progress and end of all things antediluvian, fully identifying this city and temple, and carrying us back in our researches beyond the Flood.



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